





De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro"

[Al Watts:] Hey all you kids out there! Welcome to Three Feet High and Rising. Now, here's what we do. The following contestants... how are you doing, contestants?

[Contestants:] (General babble, inc. 'Okay', 'Alright', 'Yo Mama')

[Al Watts:] So fellas, tell us a little bit about yourselves.
Contestant number one!

[Contestant #1 (Dove):] How ya doin', Al. Just came all the way down from Wichita just to be on this show. You know it's gonna be swell and I'm gonna win all the money. Gonna win all the money. See ya.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 2.

[Contestant #2 (Mase):] Excuse me, um, my name is, um, P.A. Mase, I'm from Australia, and I'm just glad to be here.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 3.

[Contestant #3 (Pos):] Hello, my name is, uh, Plug One, and uh, let me tell you a little bit about myself, I like Twizzlers, and I like the Alligator Bob, and my favorite movie is um, Bloodsucking Freaks, just like your mama.

[Al Watts:] Okay, contestant number 4.

[Contestant #4 (Prince Paul):] Hello, my name is Prince Paul, and I'm just... glad to be on the show. Thank you.

[Al Watts:] Okay. Now we've met the contestants, let's get to the game! I'm going to ask an amount of four questions, and the contestants will try to answer them correctly. Now, you out there in the audience can answer along with them.

How many feathers are on a Perdue chicken?
How many fibres are intertwined in a Shredded Wheat biscuit?
What does "touche et lele pu" mean?
How many times did the Batmobile catch a flat?

Now that we know the questions, we'll let the contestants think them over, and we'll return right after these messages.

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Magic Number"

(Got to have soul!)

[POS:]

3

That's the Magic Number

Yes it is

It's the magic number

Somewhere in this hip-hop soul community

Was born 3 Mase, Dove and me

And that's the magic number

(What does it all mean?)

Difficult preaching is Posdnuos' pleasure

Pleasure and preaching starts in the heart

Something that stimulates the music in my measure

Measure in my music, raised in three parts

Casually see but don't do like the Soul

'Cause seein' and doin' are actions for monkeys

Doin' hip hop hustle, no rock and roll

Unless your name's Brewster, 'cause Brewster's a Punky

Parents let go 'cause there's magic in the air

Criticising rap shows you're out of order

Stop look and listen to the phrasin' Fred Astaires

And don't get offended while Mase do-se-do's your daughter

A tri-camera rolls since our music's now set

Fly rhymes are stored on a D.A.I.S.Y. production

It stands for "Da Inner Sound Y'all" and y'all can bet

That the action's not a trick, but showing the function

Everybody wants to be a deejay

Everybody wants to be an emcee

But being speakers are the best

And you don't have to guess

De La Soul posse consists of three

And that's the magic number

[DOVE:]

This here piece of the pie

Is not dessert but the course that we dine

And three out of every darn time

The effect is "Mmmm" when a daisy grows in your mind

Showing true position, this here piece is

Kissin' the part of the pie that's missin'

When that negative number fills up the casualty

Maybe you can subtract it

You can call it your lucky partner

Maybe you can call it your adjective
But odd as it may be
Without my 1 and 2 where would there be
My 3
Mase Pos and Me
And that's the Magic Number

Focus is formed by flaunts to the soul
Souls who flaunt styles gain praises by pounds
Common are speakers who are never scrolls
Scrolls written daily creates a new sound
Listeners listen 'cause this here is wisdom
Wisdom of a Speaker, a Dove and a Plug
Set aside a legal substance to feed 'em
For now get 'em high off this dialect drug
Time is a factor so it's time to count
Count not the negative actions of one
Speakers of soul say it's time to shout
Three forms the soul to a positive sum
Dance to this fix and flex every muscle
Space can be filled if you rise like my lumber
Advance to the tune but don't do the hustle
Shake, rattle, roll to my Magic Number

Now you may try to subtract it
But it just won't go away
Three times one?
(What is it?)
(One, two, three!)
And that's the Magic Number

(Yo, what's up?)
(1, 2, 3)
(I say, children, what does it all mean?)
(Woah-woah-wo, 1, 2, 3)
(I wouldn't lie to you)
(No more no less, that's the magic number)
(No more no less)
(What it is?)
(No more no less)
(Is this the future?)
(No more no less)
(Do the shang-a-lang)
(No more no less)
(No one on the subway ever chats to me)
(No more no less)
(Anybody in the audience ever get hit by a car?)
(No more no less)
(How high's the water, mama?)
(No more no less)
(How high's the water, mama?)
(No more no less)
(Three feet high and rising)

(No more no less)
(Three)
(That's the magic number)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Change In Speak"

[POS:]

Once again it's time to bite more soul
A flavor you will savor in your soul
Wax is distributed and then sold
So watch it turn, bring your next of kin soul
P.A. Mase has rocked it on the console
Scream real hard until you blow your tonsils
Bang-oh-bang until you burn your shoe soles
'Cause you are now dancing to the big soul

[DOVE:]

Live is the motion of the soul step
Set the exposure to my one step
This scene'll last to the next step
All those in favor take a big step
True to the Soul, we'll never back step
In sense to that, we don't half step
Just as a reminder from the last step
Negative ones are lost in footsteps

Levels we've set will never go down
Competitions commence the step down
Those involved with peace who know the Soul's down
Can see that the Soul has got a new sound
Dance until you find yourself a new part
If you don't then I'll give you the True part
When received you'll see the real small part
Of the new way is no part at all

[POS:]

Pos and Dove is rarely caught not dressed in peace
Movements always walking round now stressing peace
When this biter should know true in peace
Instead they cause violence and shoot out beef
Still we are professing to be on a roll
Public cause this party going on the road
And if you crave sex, drugs and rock'n'roll
Sent by the Quest, Jungle and De La Soul

Give 'em a taste, Mase

De La Soul Lyrics

"Cool Breeze On The Rocks"

Cool breeze
Rock that shit homie
Rock
Lyte as a
Rock
A-a-a-a-as a rock
Cool breeze
Rockin' it, rockin' it
Rock
You gotta rock it
Keep on rockin'
Rock's the best
Rockin' music
Cool breeze
The king
Of rock'n'roll
Rock, rock
This world for you
King Adrock
Rock those bells
I want
Body body rock, body body rock
You are now rockin' with the best
I put this together to
Rock the house
Michael?
"I wanna"
Rock!
"With you"

[AL WATTS:] Contestant number one, do you have any answers?
DOVE: Ummm... I wish my cousin Nag was here, he knows these things,
no, I'm sorry I don't.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Can U Keep A Secret?"

Ahh yeah, ah ah ah

Prince Paul likes Buddy
Posdnuos likes Buddy
Trugoy likes Buddy
Mase likes Buddy
Wouldn't you like to Buddy too? Ooh

Prince Paul needs a haircut
Mase needs a haircut
Posdnuos needs a haircut
Trugoy would you please give us a haircut?

Prince Paul needs a luuden
Trugoy needs a luuden
Posdnuos needs a luuden
Mase needs a luuden
Everybody I want to just get a luuden

Paul has dandruff
Posdnuos has a lot of dandruff
Mase has big fat dandruff
Trugoy has dandruff
Everybody in the world, you have dandruff

Dante is a scrubb
Dante is a scrubb (scrubb)
Dante is a scrubb (is a big scrubb)
Dante is a scrubb (a super scrubb) (scrubb)

(And ya not gettin' the haircut either, scrubb!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Jenifa Taught Me (Derwin's Revenge)"

[DOVE:]

Access to her code
Lovestruck was my mode
Took a look, dropped my textbook
Jenifa... (OH!)

Breakfast, broke it fast
She was in my English class
Asked for notes, rocked my boat
Jenifa... (OH!)

Jenny
Lost her favourite penny
So I gave her a dollar
She kissed me
(And I hollered)

In a flash the school bell rang
Jenny grabbed on to my hand
Took me home and said, Trugoy just
Swing and swing and swing

[POS:]

The downstairs, where we met
I brought records, she cassettes
Lost the breaks, found her shape
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Transcripts showed more than flirt
'I love daisies' read her shirt
Grabbed my jeans, Jimmy screamed
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Marvelous
Shaped like a vase
No one can live their life for Pos
Found a house, aroused my joust
Jenifa, oh Jenny

Her clothes, I did shuck
Just like Dan I strictly stuck
To the punt, she cried 'kick it'
Posdnuos was in

Jenny
Only thought about Jimmy
But asked was I a virgin

Like some kid named Derwin?

She said 'Let's try it in the bathroom'
But 'Dnuos is way above sinks
So to the kitchen she did Dan
And came back wrapped in Saran

(Now wait a minute! Little Derwin got something to
show us that Jenny could never do. Listen...)

(Hey. Look at little Derwin. Look at him go, look at him go!
Awww, baby.)

[DOVE:]

Positions, muscles flexed
Dove was lost in a Ghana hex
Passed her test, felt her teddy
Jenifa oh Jenny

Notions
Soothed the mood
Dove was lost in De La heaven
Screwed Plug Two, did the do
Jenifa oh Jenny

Jenny
Teased my homeboy Granny
In fact she teased so many
She was known as a garden tool

[POS:]

No more
I dispatched
Was it Jimmy had met his match
Or could it be the realisation
All girls owned a Jenny

For normal health
I had fought
A valuable lesson she had taught
Don't flaunt that the candy is good
Unless you came with plenty

De La Soul Lyrics

"Ghetto Thang"

[POS:]

(Mary had a little lamb)
That's a fib, she had two twins though
And one crib
Now she's only fourteen, what a start
But this effect is ground common in these parts
Now life in this world can be such a bitch
And dreams are often torn and shattered and hard to stitch
Negative's the attitude that runs the show
When the stage is the G-H-E-T-T-O

[DOVE:]

Which is the one to blame when bullets blow
Either Peter, Jane, or John or Joe
But Joe can't shoot a gun, he's always drunk
And Peter's pimping Jane, and John's a punk
Infested are the halls, also the brains
Daddy's broken down from ghetto pains
Mommy's flying high, the truth is shown
The kids are all alone
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

[POS:]

Who ranks the baddest brother, the ones who rule
This title is sought by the coolest fool
Define coolest fool? Easy, the one who needs
Attention in the largest span and loves to lead
Always found at the jams, but never dance
Just provoke violence due to one glance
The future plays no matter, just the present flow
When the greeting place is the G-H-E-T-T-O

[DOVE:]

Lies are pointed strong into your skull
Deep within your brain against the wall
To hide or just erase the glowing note
Of how to use the ghetto as a scapegoat
Truth from Trugoy's mouth is here to scar
Those who blame the G for all bizarre
So open up your vents and record well
For this is where we stand, for the True tell
Ghetto gained a ghetto name from ghetto ways
Now there could be some ghetto gangs and ghetto play
If ghetto thang can have its way in ghetto range
Then there must be some ghetto love and ghetto change

Though confident they keep it kept, we know for fact
They lie like ghettos form, 'cause people lack
To see that they must all get out the ghetto hold
The truth they never told
'Cause it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

[POS:]

Do people really wish when they blow
Out the cake candles, and if so
Is it for the sunken truth which could arise
From out the characters in which the ghetto hides
Roses in the ring supply their shown relief
Granted it's planted by their shown belief
Kill and feed off your own brother man
Has quickly been adopted as the master plan
Posses of our people has yet to provoke
Freedom or death to them, it's just a joke
What causes this defect, I don't know
Maybe it's the G-H-E-T-T-O

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

Standing in the rain is nothing felt
When problems hold more value, but never dealt with
Buildings crumbling to the ground
Impact noise is silent sound
But who's the one to say this life is wrong
When ghetto life is chosen strong
We seem to be misled about our dreams
But dreams ain't what it seem
When it's just the ghetto thang

IT'S JUST THE GHETTO THANG (WORD)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Transmitting Live From Mars"

(Ecoutez. A midi.)
(Quel heure est-il? Il est midi.)
(C'est l'heure de déjeuner. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a a manger?)
(Il y a saucisse, sans doute.)
(Ecoutez et repetez. A midi.)
(Quel heure est-il?)
(Quel heure)
(Quel heure est-il?)
(Est-il?)
(Il est midi. Midi. Midi. Il est midi. Il est midi.)
(C'est l'heure de déjeuner.)
(C'est l'heure de déjeuner. C'est l'heure de déjeuner. De déjeuner.)
(C'est l'heure de déjeuner.)
(Qu'est-ce qu'il y a a manger?)
(Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Eye Know"

[POS:]

Greetings, girl, and welcome to my world of phrase
I'm right up to bat
It's a Daisy Age and you're about to walk top-stage
So wipe your Lottos on the mat
Hip-hop love this is and don't mind when I quiz your
Involvements before the sun
But clear your court 'cause this is a one-man sport
And who's better for this than Plug One
Now you don't have to worry about me squashin' other deals
'Cause they've already been squooshed
Freeze a frame about moods the same which we can continue
Right behind the bush
You'll stay with me
Eye Know this
But not because of all my earthly treasures
Or regardless to the fact that I'm Posdnuos
But because

(Eye know Eye love you better)

[DOVE:]

May I cut this dance to introduce myself as
The chosen one to speak
Let me lay my hand across yours
And aim a kiss upon your cheek
They name's Plug Two
And from the soul I bring you
The Daisy of your choice
May it be filled with the pleasure principle
In circumference to my voice
About those other Jennys I reckoned with
Lost them all like a homework excuse
This time the Magic Number is two
'Cause it takes two, not three, to seduce
My destiny of love is brought to an apex
Sex is a mere molecule
In this world of love that I have for you
It's true

(Eye know Eye love you better)

[POS:]

Now it's time to let this rhyme style
Get somewhat poured in the mold
Hold my hand and we'll pick my plantation
Of Daisies for a bouquet of Soul

Life will begin at the cut of a rim
Take it as filled to the rim as in brim
Squeeze your stoop like Betty Boop
We'll make Campbell's Alphabet Soup
And spell Plug One's within
Forward march is the say
When transistors will play
Come into bed is the mood
Dolby sound will be then top crowned
When I put the needle into your groove
I got a good thing
And in full swing
I show this in gifts, words or letters
But even without those three
Eye know you'll be close to me 'cause

(Eye know I love you better)

[DOVE:]

It's I again and the song that I send
Is taking steps to reach your heart
Any moment you feel alone
I can fill up your empty part
We can ascend 'till we reach De La Heaven
And in a spin we'll hit the Top Ten
Then we will meet Mr Stuckie
And Pos' brother Lucky will preach
Let the wedding begin
Shot by an arrow of cupid
Through the string of a G-clef
My dear, I claim you're def
And if you can hear me, by golly gee,
Trugoy is ready for what you possess
We could live in my Plug Two home
And on Mars where we could be all alone
And we make a song for two,
Picture perfect things and I sing of how

(Eye know I love you better)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Take It Off"

(It's hurting.)
(Smell your breath!)
(You smell like Jabba.)
(Your nose is what's doing it.)
(You're talking into the recording... YO!)
(Okay Lucky, start it off.)

Take take take take take it off...
Take it off, take take take take it off
Take it off, take take take take it off,
Take it off, take take take take it off,

Take it off,
Take it OFF!

(Take that suede front off)

Take it OFF!

(Take those contacts off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that horsemeat off)

Take it OFF!

(Take those shell-toes off)

Take it OFF!

(Take those track fleas off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that doo-rag off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that moth rag off)

Take it OFF!

(Take those fat laces off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that bomber off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that BVD off)

Take it OFF!

(Take those Converse off)

Take it OFF!

(And those Gazelles too)

Take it OFF!

(Take that Kangol off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that Jordache off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that Afro off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that jhericurl off)

Take it OFF!

(Take that Le Tigre off)

Take those acid-washed jeans, bell-bottomed, designed by your mama... off? Please? Please..

De La Soul Lyrics

"A Little Bit Of Soap"

[POS:]

Please listen to this simple De La style I'm gonna sing
It's strongly directed to all the misery you're bringing
Now I'm not all about dissing someone else personnel
But there's no quota on your odor
That's right, you smell
Now you might feel a little embarrassed, don't take it too hard
And don't make it worse by covering it up with some Right Guard
Before you even put on your silk shirt and fat gold rope
Please take your big ass to the bathroom
And please use
(A little bit of soap....)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Tread Water"

[DOVE:]

I was walking on the water when I saw a crocodile
He had daisies in his hat, so I stopped him for a while
He delivered me a message, a message to soothe my stage
What it was was more then plug-up dosage
More than DAISY age
Conversation drew a rule,
Which the crowd will roar by millions
Mr. Crocodile said, 'Dove, you must look
For now the villains try to hold you underwater
But one thing we all must heed
Sony Walkmans keep us walking
De La Soul can help you breathe when you tread water'

As I walked along my journey,
I thought 'What have I just learned?'
In a flash I saw commotion
There was movement in these ferns
Silently the silence came, was it the end of my world?
I shouted out in fear, 'Who's there?'
'It's me,' said Mr. Squirrel
'I've searched for you all over, now you're found,
No time to waste. We must find the Preacher Man,
We must find the P.A. Mase. All my population's dying,
And we're all in tune to doom.
Like the Daisy, I need water
I need chesnuts to consume.'
'Mr. Squirrel,' I said, 'I'm sorry,
But the problem can't be solved
If there's no one here to help, and no one to get involved
Always look to the positive and never drop your head
For the water will engulf us if we do not dare to tread
So let's tread water'

[POS:]

Now one weary day I woke, my alarm said 'Plug time's up'
Filled my bath up with the water, gargled with my gargle cup
As I bathed I felt a presence, and I'm sort of ticklish
I looked down and then around and I heard,
'Hi! I'm Mr Fish. How do you do? As for me,
I'm in tip-top shape today, cause my water's clean
And no-one's menu says Fresh Fish Filet
See I look past all my worries, which is something you must do
Though you're fed up, throw your head up
With this advice ffrom me to you
And that's to tread water'

As my day went unexplained, time was finding nothing fun
As I walked along the sidewalk, I heard,
 'Psst, excuse me, Plug One.'
From my Soul, De La that is, I hollered
 'Yes, are you talking to me?'
'No alarm meant,' he said, 'Let me introduce myself.
 I'm Mr Monkey.'
'Mr Monkey, I pledge you slap of five,
 Now how does your problem meet?'
He said, 'My bananas are at their ripest, but they all
Stand at three feet. My swinging hand is bandaged up.
 Could you help me with this chore?'
I brought him down to the Native shop
And bought him copies of the De La score
 Which assisted well in his elevation
 Now all bananas is at his grasp
 He decided with this accomplished,
 He would put me on to the path
He to my to live by the Inner Sound, y'all
Which would bring me health in showbiz
 Then to use them, not abuse them
And then in the words that got me to 'em
 And that is to tread water

De La Soul Lyrics

"Potholes In My Lawn"

(Yo, something's wrong here. No, not again!)
(Get the daisies for the...)

Potholes in my lawn

[DOVE:]

Everybody's sayin'
What to do when suckin' lunatics start diggin' and chewin'
They don't know that the Soul don't go for that
Potholes in my lawn
And that goes for my rhyme sheet
Which I concentrated so hard on, see
I don't ask for maximum security
But my dwellin' is swellin'
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall
Into a spot
Where no ink or an ink-blot
Was on a scroll
I just wrote me a new 'mot'
But now it's gone
There's no
Suckers knew that I hate
To recognise that every time I'm writin'
It's gone

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

Potholes in my lawn

[POS:]

I've found that it's not wise
To leave my garden untended
'Cause eyes have now pardoned all laws of privacy
Even paws are after my writer
See, I've found that everyone's sayin'
What to do when suckers are preyin'
On my well-guarded spreadsheets
Oh why, hell does it send up fleets
Of evil-doers through the big hole
To get to evil-doers who dig holes
Which leaves my lawn with lawn-chew
I think I'd better plant traces to give clues
Or better yet call 911
And when they get here I inform them I'm the Plug One
Open a chair and let them realize the reason
For concern of the Soul,

'Cause we've come down with a case of potholes

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

Potholes in my lawn

(Who stole, who stole, who stole the cookie
from the cookie jar?)

[DOVE:]

Now you got the message
What to do when you die
The death that I predict in 'Plug Tunin'
It's a shame that you deny to claim
That you stole my words of fame
That I wrote in my rhyme sheet
Which I concentrated so hard on, see
I don't ask for a barbed wire fence, B
But my dwellin' is swellin'
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall
Into a spot
Where no ink or an ink-blot
Was on a scroll
I just wrote me a new 'mot'
But now it's gone there's no
Suckers knew that I hate
To recognise that every time I'm writin'
It's gone

Potholes in my lawn

(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Say No Go"

[POS:]

Now let's get right on down to the skit
A baby is brought into a world of pits
And if it could've talked that soon
In the delivery room
It would've asked the nurse for a hit
The reason for this?
The mother is a jerk
Excuse me, junkie
Which brought the work of the old
Into a new light, what a way
But this what a way
Has been a way of today
Anyway push couldn't shove me
To understand a path to a basehead
Consumer should erase it in the first wave
But second wave forms relievers
And believers will walk to it
Then even talk to it and say

(You got my body now you want my soul)
Nah, can't have none of that
Tell 'em what to say Mase

(Say no go)

[DOVE:]

Nah, no my brother
No my sister
Try to get hip to this
Word, word to the mother
I'll tell the truth
So bear my witness
Fly like birds of a feather
Drugs are like pleather
You don't wanna wear it
No need to ask that question
Just don't mention
You know what the answer is

[POS:]

Now I never fancied Nancy
But the statement she made
Held a plate of weight
I even stressed it to Wade

[DOVE:]

Did he take any heed?

[POS:]

Nah, the boy was hooked
You coulda phrased the word "base"
And the kid just shook
In his fashion class once an A now an F
The rock rules him now
The only designs left
Were once clothes made for Osh-Kosh
Has converted to nothing but stonewash

[DOVE:]

Now hopping in a barrel is a barrel of fun
But don't hop in if you wanna be down, son
'Cause that could mean
Down and out as an action
What does that lead to?
Dum da dum dum
People say what have I done for all my years
My tears show my hard earned work
I heard shoving is worse than pushing
But I'd rather know a shover than a pusher
'Cause a pusher's a jerk

(Say no go)

[POS:]

Believe it or not
The plots forms a fee
More than charity
But the course doesn't coincide
With the ride of insanity
Is it a chant that slants
The soul to fill for it?
I know it's the border
That flaunts the order
To kill for it

[DOVE:]

Standing, scheming on a young one
Taking his time
8 ball for a cool pool player
Racked it all
Tried to break, miscued
Got beat by the boy in blue
Next day you're out
By the spot once more
Looking hard for a crack in the hole
I ask what's the fix for the ill stuff
Word to the Dero
The answer shoulda been no

[POS:]

Run me a score from the funky four plus one more

(It's the joint!)

Rewind that back

This is the age for a new stage of fiend

Watch how the junkies scream

For their crack

"It's the crack"t should explain it from the start

Behind the ideals of cranking up the heart

Now the Base claims shot over every part

(Say no go)

(Say no go)

(Don't even think about it)

(Say no go)

(Say no go)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Do As De La Does"

(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Uh-huh! All right now! Oh yeah! Yo! Word! Oh! Yeah! Uh-huh!)

[MASE:]

Yo yo yo yo! We got De La Soul in the house, the producer Prince Paul, P.A. Mase, and I wanna know one thing!

Yo, yo! You gotta show right up your hands, let me hear you say Aa-ow!

(AA-OW!!)

Aa-ow!

(AA-OW!!)

Come on! Come on! Come on!

[POS:]

Plug One on the mic, P-L-U-G-O-N-E, yo what's up, you know about Jimmy, you know about Jenny,

I want everybody in this place, c'mon, say Plug it up!

(PLUG IT UP!)

Say Plug it up!

(PLUG IT UP!)

You got somebody next to you with some bad-ass breath, I want you to tell that brother, come on, tell him "Take a Luuden!"

(TAKE A LUUDEN!)

Say take a Luuden!

(TAKE A LUUDEN!)

Plug Two!

[DOVE:]

Sto-o-op! Here we go!

If you like to drink some soda, let me hear you say Coca-Cola!

(COCA-COLA!)

Coca-Cola!

(COCA-COLA!)

Stop!

[PAUL:]

Ah yeah, pump it, pump it, ah yeah, pump it up!

You if you got doo doo in your pocket, you got doo doo in your pocket, put one hand in the air like this, wave it back and forth, say doo doo!

(DOO DOO!)

Say doo doo!

(DOO DOO!)

Come on! Ah yeah!

[MASE:]

Yeah yeah this is Plug Three! This is Plug Three! Yeah! Say hoo!

(HOO!)

Hoo!

(HOO!)

[POPMASTER HIGHT:]

Hey De La Soul, you fucking lasagne heads, that's better than my mama's lasagne! Hey! Hey, come on!
That was freakin' A, man! I really wanna take it back home with me, you know! I really get into your fuckin' music!
It's so excellent! Ah, you big sconsilli heads! De La Soul's so fuckin' great!

[DOVE:]

Let me hear you say 'I like to eat that...'

De La Soul Lyrics

"Plug Tunin' (Last Chance To Comprehend)"

(And now for my next number, I'd like to return to the classics.
Perhaps the most famous classic in all the world of music...)

[DOVE:]

The first time around, you didn't quite understand our new style of speak.

(Don't worry, we can fix that right now)

So why don't you all just grab your bags

(Come on aboard, hoist the anchor, and we'll be off)

(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

[POS:]

Answering any other service,

Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted

Enemies publicly shame my utility

After the battle they admit that I'm with it

Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue

Transistors are never more shown with like

When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin

Due to a clue of a naughty noise called

Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhhh)

Flock to the preacher called Pos

Let him be the stir to the style of your stew

Sit while the kid of the Plug form aroma

Then grab a Daisy to sip your favorite brew

Lettin' this soul fire be your first prior,

But don't let the kick drum stub your big toe

See that the three will be your thread

But like my man Chuck D said, 'What a brother know'

Dance while I play and the cue cards sway

From my flower girls China and Jette

The button is pressed in '89 we'll start the panic

From De La Soul and a Prince from Stet

Negative noise will be all divided

Dangerous to dance, Posdnuos will croon

Ducks and kizids will all be rid

When paying position to the naughty noise called

Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhhh)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

[DOVE:]

Freeze 'cause these are the brothers
Brothers of the Soul who present a new flick
Every last viewer is tuned to the method,
Known to be a method, no magicians, not a trick
Bitten by the spoken who been titled Plug Two
Swallowed by the loonies who are jealous with the showbiz
Dove'll teach the truth, Posdnuos will preach the youth
To the fact that this will bring an end to the negative
Flow to the sway 'cause I say fa-so-la-ti
At the top we will dwell
Difference is fame and we rise then we build
Where we are set we get fat and we swell
Motions of the Soul is a positive stride
One step forward is the space we consume
Vivid as the moon, you have yet to assume
How the Soul found the motto of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

Vocal is local so believe that
This chant shan't rely on the strong lap
Trying and live so you best realise
That the gift that I present, I say gift wrap
Style of the Tune is personal
And defining what's the rhyme is worst of all
Stop, sit and study 'cause the meaning isn't muddy
Just preach and do the gear as the first of all
Watch while the pitcher is pitching
'Cause this is the pitch of the year
Sing a simple song but keep the swing strong
Though you heard Dove crying 'I ain't fair'
Those who think De La's on the flip tip
Try to flip this and you're doomed
Watch for the B-B 'cause if you try to grieve me
You'll be hung by the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)

(I can't twist your arm and make you stay with me)

(Are you ready for this?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"De La Orgee"

[DOVE:]

This is De La Orgee...

[Various male and female grunting, panting and screaming sounds, including...]

(It's in there.)

(Say you like it. Tell me you like it.)

(I like it, oh I like it)

(More! More!)

(What's my name? What's my name?)

(Flip over!)

(Mase!)

(On your stomach. Put your face in the pillow.)

(Yes!)

(Seven feet. Seven feet long!)

(Cut it!)

(You like Jimmy? Tell me you like Jimmy.)

(I like Jimmy!)

(Speak to Jimmy.)

(I like Jimmy...)

(Cut the damn tape!)

(Cut it!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Buddy"

[DOVE:]

Hello

Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany, mean
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)
Meany, meany, meany, meany, mean (Okay)

Hello it's the soul
Troopin' in wit the Jungle patrol
And this one's about the KO's the knockouts out there
Who's holdin' my buddy
Hold up
(wait a minute)

[POS:]

Now just wait
We're gonna talk about Buddy on this plate
But before we let the herd out the gate
Make sure the all the levels are straight out the jungle
(The Jungle, the Jungle, the Brothers, the Brothers)

[AFRIKA:]

De La Soul from the soul
Black medallions no gold
Hangin' out wit Pos hangin' out wit Mase
Buddy buddy buddy all in my face

[MIKE G:]

For the lap Jimbrowski must wear a cap
Just in case the young girl likes to clap
Ain't for the wind but before I begin
I initiate the buddy with a slap

[Q-TIP:]

Now for the next
I'm the Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest
And when I quest for the buddy I don't fess
For my jimmy wants nothin' but the best (the best)
The best (Ooh Wee!)
Let's stick out jimmy and see what we can catch
(Stick em up, stick em up jimmy)
Next won't be needed unless
(Jenny wanna get right to the flesh)

(Sweet little woman, sweet little woman)

[POS:]

I won't lie, I love B-U-D-D-Y (why)
Cause I never let it walk on by
When it comes to me and Jenny I seem (very serious)
Like a Peak Freen
Buddy is the act that occurs on the lip
when Jenny and jimmy start shootin' the gift
Boy let me get shot I won't even riff

[AFRIKA:]

Buddy buddy don't you know you make me go nutty
I'm so glad that you're not a fuddy duddy
Not too skinny and not too chubby
Soft like silly putty
Miss Crabtree I hope that you're not mad at me
Cause I told you that it was your buddy
That was making me ever so horny
Junglelistically horny

[DOVE:]

On the dial my buddy talks to me for a while
Plug Two is the

[Q-TIP:]

Q to her tip

[DOVE:]

On the A side and sometimes the flip
(Gotta gotta flip this record)
Buddy is the bud to my daisy tree
And the luuden to my do-re-mi
And the pleaser to my man Plug 3
(Plug 3 gets all the buddy)

[MIKE G:]

Behind my bush my buddy likes the way that I push
And like a champ just knock it on out
Never ever once sellin' out
(Oh let loose the juice)
My buddy helps me to
(De La my Soul)
Keepin' jimmy in total control
Without Buddy I'd be on a roll

(La la la I-la la la la, la la la I-la la la la)

[Q-TIP:]

Hey girl I heard ya lookin' for some good times
If you Quest from the Soul here's what we'll find
A whole lot of fun lots of fun together
Just like kissin' cousins (yeah that's kinda clever)

Close like bosoms, bosoms stay close
If you be my buddy I will toast
That we're like Ethel Merts and Lucille MacGillicuddy
You can be mines and I can be your buddy

[DOVE:]

The best buddy's in evening wear
Long lovin' less Tru know (he's in there)
I feel sorry for those who pay a fare (a fee) word to the D
I don't beg I just tease my buddy with my right leg
And when it's ready what's said is buddy is best in bed

[AFRIKA:]

Fly buddy told us all to get into a circle
Said don't worry cause I won't hurt you
All I really wanna do is freak you (she freaked us)

[MIKE G:]

And I watched and then I checked my swatch
To see the time
The Soul had formed a buddy line
And that buddy was (mine all mine)

[POS:]

Now when Tribe, the Jungle, and De La Soul
Is at the clubs our ritual unfolds
Grab our bones and start swingin' our hands
(Then Jenny start flockin' it everywhere)
Cause Jenifa just wants to stay aware
Yo fellas should we keep her aware
(Mmm Hmm, yeah!!!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Description"

[DOVE:]

I am Trugoy
A Dove-like boy
Could wingspread,
But instead,
I will employ

[MASE:]

Me the Plug Three
Or Baby Huey
I eat up
All ketchup
For its tendency

[POS:]

I am Plug One
I'm 19 years young
I love peace
Well at least
I think we need some

[Q-TIP:]

I'm Q-Tip y'all
3 Feet produced by Prince Paul
This session
Was lessoned
By one Qualiall

[GRANNY:]

I am Granny
Thank discoriety
The 3, 4
Yo, no more
I need peace for me

[CHINA & JETTE:]

I'm China
I'm Jette
The Cue Cards we inject
We're crazy for Daisies
When we're on the set

[PAUL:]

Will rise, not fall
Definition, Prince Paul
The Mentor
Don't be sore

When I say
That's all

De La Soul Lyrics

"Me, Myself And I"

[DOVE:]

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Tell me, mirror, what is wrong?
Can it be my De La clothes
Or is it just my De La song?
What I do ain't make-beleive
People say I sit and try
But whan it comes to being De La
It's just me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[POS:]

Now you tease my Plug One style
And my Plug One spectacles
You say Plug One and Two are hippies
No, we're not, that's pure Plug bull
Always pushing that we've formed an image
There's no need to lie
When it comes to being Plug One
It's just me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[DOVE:]

Proud, I'm proud of what I am
Poems I speak are Plug Two type
Please oh please let Plug Two be
Himself, not what you read or write
Right is wrong when hype is written
On the Soul, De La that is,
Style is surely our own thing
Not the false disguise of showbiz
De La Soul is from the soul
And this fact I can't deny
Strictly from the Dan called Stuckie
And from me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

[POS:]

Glory, glory hallelu
Glory for Plugs One and Two
But that glory's been denied
By kizids and dookie eyes
People think they dis my person
By stating I'm darkly pack
I know this so I point at Q-Tip
And he states, 'Black is Black'
Mirror mirror on the wall,
Shovel chestnuts in my path
Please keep on up with the nuts
So I don't get in aftermath
But if I do I'll calmly punch them
In the fourth day of July
'Cause they tried to mess with
Third degree, that's me myself and I

It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I
It's just me myself and I

De La Soul Lyrics

"This Is A Recording For Living In A Fulltime Era (L.I.F.E.)"

(This is a recording) (Life)

[POS:] Living in everyday is something,
Something everyday like this is our livin'
[DOVE:] Giving something sheer for the crowd is our major,
Major to the crowd is to hear what we're givin'
[POS:] No time to rest, we got work in the studio
Studio suppliers rest at no time
[DOVE:] Showtime is enough when the Soul is performing,
Performing is the Soul y'all, and it's showtime
[POS:] Coping with dates in clubs, can't even lounge,
Lounge with the homeboys how we are copin'
[DOVE:] Scoping new material for Paul to plug high-pitched,
High-pitched what Paul plugs in and still scopin'
[POS:] Bearer of peaceful views to express peace,
Peaceful expressions why we are bearers
[DOVE:] What the Soul tries to project is when existing in rap,
You're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)

(This is a recording) (Life)

[POS:]

Puttin' in spin the rhyme, rappers fear so
Fear so much of what Pos is puttin'
Couldn't do better, the punks they don't try hard
Try hard enough, they don't, so they couldn't
No joke to what I do inside this field,
This field to me is filed, there's no joke
So soak up the fact there's no part-time,
Part-time rappers at, so soak
Taking in new ideals leads to new groups,
New groups to better the Soul, I'm takin'
Wakin' from days and nights to do my best
[DOVE:] Your best gets us paid
[POS:] So I'll keep on wakin'
Wearer of a Plug logo to the dying,
Dying are rappers who think I'm no wearer
What I'm trying to say is when dealing in rap,
You're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)

(This is a recording) (Life)

[DOVE:]

Love is to all, to all goes my love
Dove comes to peace like stand comes to sit

Stand for the court, 'cause standing is healthy
Healthy in sense is mentally fit
Pause for the poets of a new style of speak
Just here to do the same with no trick
Grab the Plug Two's live wire, my brother
And find that you've grabbed my pet boa constrict
Ring goes the garbage I'm hearing
Seek for the truth, my brother is tearing
No time to back-step, 'cause if you back-step
Look what you stepped in, you stepped in mess
So look what's around you
Don't worry for the Soul will find the truth
About three years from now, you know why?
'Cause we're living in a fulltime era

(This is a recording!)

(This is a recording) (Life)

De La Soul Lyrics

"I Can Do Anything (Delacratic)"

(It's Delacratic)

If I want to I could jump off this building.

(It's Delacratic)

I could hold two pieces of doo-doo in my hand.

(It's Delacratic)

I could call everybody in that room a rubberneck.

(It's Delacratic)

Come on, please?

(It's Delacratic)

I can say anything that I want.

(It's Delacratic)

I could wave my hand in my air.

(It's Delacratic)

I could stick my hand up my nose.

(It's Delacratic)

I could hold my foot and count to three.

(It's Delacratic)

I can do anything.

(Possie? Dovie? Masie?)

(Pass my bag.)

De La Soul Lyrics

"D.A.I.S.Y. AGE"

(Woah. Stay, stay, stay)
(Daisy! Daisy!)
(I love daisies, I love daisies,
I love pushing up your favourite daisies)
(Daisy!)
(This is Posdnuos, the president of a paragraph)

[POS:]
Paragraph
President
President preaching 'bout the on-tech,
Known for the new step,
Stop and take a bow

Amityville
Resident
Resident supported by the speaker view
Want to feel it in your shoe
Let me show you how

Platform
Witnesses
Witnesses, show you to my show-lab
Fill you with my vocab
Hope you have a spoon

Discuss
Contracts
You like the way I vocalise
And bring it to a compromise
My P.A. won't set up till noon
It's a DAISY age

Sun
Ceiling
Ceiling connects to the sun
Burning inside everyone
On a side, plug-a-fied sire

One
Million
Demonstrations have been heard
My hair burns when I'm referred
Kid shouts my roof is on fire

Go
Dancing

Dancing like a bandit
Psychics try to stand it
Keep it up until they burn a cell

Romancing
Romancing dialect in shows
Posdnuos creating flow
You say you didn't know
Oh well, it's a DAISY age

[DOVE:]
Pedal
Promenade
Promenade people to the providence
Dove will show dominance
Inside of every phrase

Rebel
Renegade
Renegade reaching only topflight
Can't find your new height
Think you need a raise

Dialect
Ultimate
Ultimate strings from the soul stuff
Copies always staying rough
Before they go to plate

Try a pack
It'll stick
Stick to you but won't deflate
Keeping all the levels straight
I tell you, mate, that we're top rate
'Cause it's a DAISY age

The speak
Motor
Motor is the heart beat
Sleeping in your car seat
Kept alive to every mile discovered

Complete
Quota
Quota sharp at 12 noon
Risen to a new tune
Positive is greater than negative

Image
Mirror
Mirror image don't contend
Vocals should be comprehended
Silver audience'll say what's said

Scrimmage
Nearer
Nearer to the goal line
Forget about the rose vine
The Soul will let you know it's time
And it's a DAISY age

(La la la la, lah)
(This is a DAISY age)

(Sing about, sing about the DAISY age)
(Let it rain, let it rain, rain on a DAISY)
(Rain on, rain on)

[Al Watts:] Now it's the end of the show. Contestants, do you have any answers?

[Contestants:] (Clueless babble, including 'Nah,' 'I dunno,' 'Mama')

[Al Watts:] For those of you who think your answers are correct,
Don, tell them where to send the answers to.

[Don:] Thanks, Al. For all you listeners at home who think you have the right answers, jot 'em down on a four by ten sheet of paper, and get two proof of purchases from the back of the album, and send them to Tommy Boy records in care of Dante the Scrubb, 1747 First Avenue, New York, New York, 10128. For those who have all four answers correct, you will receive a specially selected grand prize. Thanks and goodnight, for Three Feet High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Plug Tunin' (Original 12" Version)"

[MASE:]

Yo Pos and Dove, stand clear to be plugged up into line one and two
So y'all can flaunt the new style of speak

(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

[POS:]

Answering any other service,
Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted
Enemies publicly shame my utility
After the battle they admit that I'm with it
Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue
Transistors are never more shown with like
When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin
Due to a clue of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Flowing in file with a new style
Barrels are cleaned and loaded for salute
Chanters with the choice standing steady like my mouth
This paragraph preacher is now introduced
Drums are heard sounding off on each and every person
Vocal confetti is blown at top stage
Roses and violets aren't proper for throwing
When showing appreciation, why? This is a Daisy Age
Hands won't sweat 'cause there's no threat
Mic will stay dry while pitchin' so loose
Rhymes aren't fables but stable to be on time
'Cause they're marketed and labeled sticker 'Posdnuos'
This pitch will fit with every consumer
Microphone loosed in cycles, start blooming
Profit and cost should never be lost
All due to a clue of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)
(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two
Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

[DOVE:]

Dazed at the sight of a method
Dying at the death of a neverending verse
Gasping and swallowing every last letter
Vocalised liquid holds the quench of your thirst
Reasons for the rhythm is for causes unknown
Different individuals are dazzled with the showbiz
Auditions are gathered but the Soul would just rather
Hold a count at three and in the end leave it as it is
Flow to the sway of my do-re-mi
Leaving are fixed lunatics who will hawk
Words are sent to the vents of humans
Then converted to a phrase called talk
Musical notes will send a new motto
Every last poem is recited at noon
Focus is set, let your polaroids click
As they capture the essence of a naughty noise called
Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)

(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

Vocal in doubt is an uplift
And real is the answer that I answer with
Dying yet live, what you must realise
That the tune that I present is surely not a gift
Different in style is definite
And style which I flaunt is sure legit
Now set aside, I say I hold pride
In performing this melodic misfit
So swing 'cause this pitcher is pitching
In sense JD Dove is now saying
All sing along to his favorite song
While the pocket transistors are playing
But least but not last I'm frightened
For the words that I reply hold doom
Life of the check can be stopped by accident
When you're tripping the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)

(Mmm-hmm, yeah)

(No-one that I know can live my life for me)

(Are you ready for this?)

DE
LA
SOUL
is dead



De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro (Da La Soal Is Dead)"

Hello boys and girls. Welcome to your De La Soul readalong storybook!

When you hear this sound...

...that means turn the page.

And now we begin our exciting adventure of... De La Soul is Dead.

[PLAYGROUND HONEYS:]

- Oh my God, Vanilla Ice...

- He's so fly!

- The boy is so good.

- Did you see his body?

- He could dance too.

- He could.

- He's better than any rapper I ever seen!

- And plus his dancers!

- He's so jammin'!

[JEFF:] Yo, what's up?

[HONEYS:] Yo, Jeff, where you been, man?

[JEFF:] Guess what I just found, I just found a De La Soul tape in the garbage.

[HONEYS:] For real? Let's hear it!

[JEFF:] No!

[HONEYS:] Aww, be like that!

[MISTA LAWNGE:] What's up, cocksnot? How ya doing, buddy?

[HONEYS:] Cocksnot? You gonna let him call you that? Sucker!

[JEFF:] Leave me alone!

[LAWNGE:] What do we have here?

[JEFF:] Nothing!

[LAWNGE:] Listen, you little Arsenio Hall gum having punk!

[HONEYS:] Oooh! You let him call you Arsenio! Oooh!

[LAWNGE:] I want the tape!

[JEFF:] It's mine!

[HONEYS:] Oh, he played you! Jeff's getting played! Jeff! Jeff! Bodyslam him, Jeff!

[LAWNGE:] Now! I've got the new De La Soul tape! Hey dicksnot, buttcrust, get over here!

[D.J. AUB:] What's up baby?

[MASE:] Coolin'!

[LAWNGE:] I just got this De La Soul tape, man, slamming. Where's the box? The box!

[MASE:] So, yo, let's get with the shilsnihilsnobilsno!

[AUB:] I got the bidox, let's do this like Brutus!

...28. For those who have all four answers correct, you will receive a specially selected Grand Prize. Thanks, and goodnight, for Three Feet High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Oodles Of O's"

[DOVE:]

Oodles and oodles of O's, you know
You get 'em from my sister
You get 'em from my bro
All I is is man, and once an embryo
Am I solid gold? I don't cast a glow
Yes, I guess it's reflex
Some have no control
I'd rather let a laughter
And tally, off I go
Canoeing in the river or out into the O
You just know we're not
So not play the role
Some are lovey-Dovey, ah you crazy crow
Some shake your hand but
(This is called the Show)
I was John Doe, now I'm Mr. Jolico'
Pissed with the witness, and now I adore
O's got the world 'cause O's was on tour
Girls gave the O's and guys, oh for sure
Where they arose, well nobody knows
What do they mean, well here's how it goes
Oh shoot's got the O's when you hold the dough
You know who you are but they didn't know
And now with respect they flex like a pro
You're first another nigger but now an Afro

Oodles and oodles of O's and
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know
They givin' oodles of O's and O's
And oodles and oodles and oodles of O's ya know
They givin' oodles of O's and O's
And oodles and oodles and oodles of
(OH!)

[POS:]

Last of the fast Plug pipers at the door
In your eye, burning like rubbing alcohol
Native is the Tongue that speaks the Guacomo
Kinfolk will play this in stere-ere-o
Chanters play the part of a herd at a show
Pos prints the peace on his jeans or Jebos
But let the herd know if beef they wanna throw
Lunches of punches is what I bestow
Oodles of O's has the "Hoo's" in mic checks
O's take the shape of medallions and specs
Don't forget the O's that let the air in my nose

Breathe in the fresh as the stale hit the road
Girls ask for flicks and unblock the pores
Eat the Al Greens, won't sniff the ker-plows
Mase got something to say and it goes:
(Maseo is rockin' on the radio)

Now I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the
Oodles of O's, yeah
We're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's ya know
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
I think we're talkin' 'bout the oodles of O's
Ya know, I think we're talkin' 'bout the
(Oh, shit)

Hoods like to play my Joe, ya know
Guns goin' "bo!" people hit the floor
Don't have a piece but an arrow and bow
Target it firm 'cause I'm head Comancho
Charging barricades like a raging rhino
The donuts come big and some in jumbo
The Landlord is finished but before I go
I'll give a shout out to Quest
And my fellow Jungle Bro's

[DOVE:]

Knocked by the dock of the bay by the shore
Swimmin' in the rhythm of the hi-de-hi-de-ho
Punk Pinocchios gotta go, gotta go
(What's the reason?) to be cheerful
Season is breeze, time to pimp promo
Nuts can no flow if the shade is in the dough
On with me hat, d-d-duh-duh-doh,
Dredlock is heading out the door y'all

We're selling O's, y'all
We're selling O's and O's
We're selling O's at the corner store y'all
We're selling O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles and oodles
And oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store
We're selling O's at the corner store, y'all
We're selling O's, y'all, at the corner store
We're selling O's and O's and O's, O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles of O's, y'all
We're selling oodles and oodles...

De La Soul Lyrics

"Talkin' Bout Hey Love"

(The radio is so clear in here.)

(Hey)

[POS AND ANN ROBERTS:]

Hey Love

Talkin' bout Hey Love

Wanna be your push and shove

Pop, popcorn up above

Move me like Soul when I say

Go to a club around the way

And see my Hey DJ

And make him play Hey Love

Discover all the football teams

Mack and eat jelly beans

Run in the cold with no jeans

Get yourself sick till we're seen

Catch the flu and make tea

How Dan Stuckie life will be

It's all about you and me

'Cause you're my Hey Love

(Hey)

Move me like Soul when I say

Go to a club around the way

And see my Hey DJ

And make him play Hey Love

(Hey)

[TESHA STILLS:] Look Pos, we gotta talk.

[POS:] Talk about what?

[TESHA:] Don't play stupid with me, you know what we gotta talk about.

[POS:] What?

[TESHA:] About you becoming fully dedicated.

[POS:] So we're about to go through these line-runs again, huh?

[TESHA:] You're damn right. I wanna know whatever you do for me has anything to do with love.

[POS:] Look, I come all the way from L.I. to the Bronx to see you, isn't that showing you love?

[TESHA:] You see that's just it Pos, I don't wanna be just your Bronx love, I wanna be your Hey Love.

[POS:] You wanna be my what?

[TESHA:] I said I wanna be your Hey Love. I mean it's just not the mood being one of the many girls on your list, and you wouldn't be dissing me like this if I was your Hey Love.

[POS:] Look, I do everything I can to treat you like a rose.

[TESHA:] Yeah but you even give better treatment to that girl named Selina from uptown like a Daisy. You even gave her some of your special donuts for free.

[POS:] So this is what this is all about, huh? Donuts.

[TESHA:] No, Pos, can't you hear the music, it's all about Hey Love

[POS:] I don't understand why you're dissing me, it's not like I'm Paul, I don't have two kids in every state.

[TESHA:] But you probably got two girls in every state.

If you're not going to go about it the way I want you to, then just leave, 'cause I can't be so bothered.

[POS:] Yeah. [mumbled] And wit your wrinkled pussy...

(I can't be your lover)

(Where's that voice coming from? From... from nowhere?)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pease Porridge"

[SCHEMING PUNK PINOCCHIOS: Bobby Simmons and Prince Paul]

- Yo, gee.
- Yo, word up, gee, man.
- Yo, man you heard about that club called the Donut Hill, B?
 - Yeah, man, I heard it's kinda fly, man.
- Yo man, Rakim and De La be up there all the time!
- Word up! Yo, De La? Yo, those punk kids, man?
 - They ain't punks, man.
- Yo man, those kids are wack man, straight up booty, wack.
- Yo, but, yo, that "Buddy", that was kind of fly, man, and "Potholes?" Slammin'. Slammin'.
- Yeah, it was. Word up, yo it was, but forget that man, after they came out with "Plug One, Plug Two" then
"Potholes", yo,
then they fell of with the brothers, yes they did man, yo, they were straight up pop, man, I'm telling you, forget
them faggots.
- Yo check it out, though, WRMS is throwin' a party at the club, though, man, yo I bet you they'll be there!
- Yeah! All right, so let the brothers show up, man, let them brothers show up and get cold jacked when the
leaders run up on them!

[Background:]

(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

[POS:]

My name, my name, my name is the Pasta
Now I like, I like I like to plug the real thing
So loose, so loose, so loose with the tap dance,
The funk, the funk, funky funky stuff I bring
My tribe, my tribe, my tribe is known as Native Tongues,
Consists, consists, consists of Jungle, Quest and others
Get played, get played, played a lot on radio
And also, and also, and also by some foul brothers
The Pease, the Pease the Pease Porridge never failed
It kept, it kept us calm, our stylin' merry
But late, but lately loonies acting real bold
Can't sip in luxury my apple cranberry
Girls watch, and watch, and watch I dance the big tut
Our home, our home our homeboys has to plan tricks
Don't real, don't real, don't realise the Native Tongue
Is rollin' strong and we're startin' in the megamix

[GOSSIP GLADIATORS: Lashawna and Jenette]

- Yo, Miss Thing!
- Yo Merisa, what's up?
- You heard what happened at the Donut Hill the other night? - Yo I was there and those De La kids was fighting,
yo they was wildin'.
 - Word man?

- Word, the whole thing happened in front of my face, yo, they was on the dance floor, right, some kid stepped up to them and said something about hippies, then punks, and the chubby one, Plug Three?
- Yeah. Plug Three, yeah I know him.
- All right, Plug Three, all right, he walked up to this kid, hit him real quick, think he didn't when he did, and then them other kids the Jungle Brothers and Quest and, um, what's the other ones, the other ones?
- The Violators.
- The Violators, right, right, throwing chairs, and they didn't care who they was hitting, you think they wasn't?
- Yeah. I know, I thought it was supposed to be about peace signs, things like that, you know...

[MASE:]

Question, and that's if only I can ask this question
 Can I? (Yes you can!)
 Why do people think just because we speak peace
 We can't blow no joints?
 (I-I-I don't know)

[GRANDMA MASE: Squirrel]

Mase, this is the ninth day I've reheated this porridge. You know it keeps me peacefully, no?

[MASE:]

Yeah, but my tolerance level has now peaked
 And now it's time for some heads to get flown

[DOVE:]

We bring, we bring, we bring, we bring the peace of course
 But pack a nine inside, inside my De La drawers
 A picture, picture, picture, picture painted pink
 Could turn to red, to red, to red in blooded quick
 But in a single file my Native Tongue is calm
 I rather, rather pass a brother palm to palm
 I kick, I kick, I kick a verse of unity
 And shack, and shackle steps to the beat, beat
 I click, I click the TV to the Simpsons
 And sip the Porridge deep into my system
 So mel, so mellow mode is my day mode
 Inside the studio or on a road
 The Swing, the Swingalow is the now step
 It's murder if you bet 'cause you're life's jep
 To praise, to praise the Soul is on a down drag
 It's false, because I'll spray you with the Black Flag

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
 (Pease Porridge in the pot)
 (Pease Porridge in the pot)
 (Nine days old)

[POS:]

Can't stand, can't stand, can't stand the pop music
 Brother, brother, brothers pop a lot of pow
 Don't watch, don't watch, don't watch a lot of basketball
 Don't und, don't understand the act of being fouled

Hey D, hey D, hey DJ set the record up
It's time, it's time, it's time to tame the annoying pups
Throw on the Touching Fingers serenade
So we can throw our lemonade
In their face and kick their little butts

[FIGHT COMMENTATORS: Squirrel and Mikey Roads]

- And off, and Mase is the first to throw a punch and he connects lovely to the ribcage. Wouldn't you say so Squirrel?
- Indeed, indeed, I would say he showed a lot of formulate combination, but look at the hoodlum trying to escape.
- Yeah, it seems that that particular hoodlum showed great form in trying to escape, but he, ah, just got his ass busted.

[Background:]

(Touching fingers, touch, touch)
(One at a time, touch together)

[DOVE:]

People wanna get ragged with the reruns
Me not, me not, me not scared to trudge a bit
They can't, they can't, they can't get close to none
I tap, I tap, I tap a dance war skit
The por, the por, the Porridge got crazy cold
We won't, we won't eat until the heads are flown
Take advantage to a cool one's peaceful ways
But when, but when we fly that head all the people say

[THE FROG: Lisle Leete]

Here in Frogland, we always eat our Porridge, 'cause it keeps us frogs real peaceful like.

[JABIB: Jarobi]

In my land, my people adore Porridge. And I don't understand why De La Soul is so violent, and we are so peaceful, we sit by the camp fire and listen to our rituals, and they are so violent. I don't understand, I don't understand.

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease Porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Johnny's Dead AKA Vincent Mason (Live From The BK Lounge)"

[DOVE:]

This one is a short rendition in which me and pianist mate of mine
by the name of Prince Paul... I shall not relieve, I mean reveal, my identity...

([Girl in background:] That's not funny.)

So, I think we shall begin like this. Are you ready, Prince Paul?
You're fuckin' us up, man!

[PAUL:] My playin's good, man!

[DOVE:] Fuckin' us up, man! As we begin again... rude interruption from our audience...

[Background laughter]

Here we go.

Oh Johnny

You got a bullet in your forehead, boy

Don't you understand, you dead

Buried six feet under the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

That's the noise he made when he got shot

But Johnny's still dead

Still dead

Thought about his mama

Thought about his father Josephine

Nobody could help the boy when he hit the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

The last words said by Johnny

But now he's six feet under and he's dead

Our next song we'll play is called Jenifa, we'll be back in a minute.

De La Soul Lyrics

"A Roller Skating Jam Named "Saturdays""

(And rollerskates)

(And rollerskates)

(And rollerskates)

[Q-TIP:]

Girl meets boy on Thursday night
Boy was high, girl fly like kite
They hold hands until next day
Boy then lets go, hit his way
Boy rules butt, brags to his boys
Erection brings bad boy joys
Boy thinks of that big fat back
Big black fat love, big black fat
Girl calls boy to stand him up on Saturday
Saturday

[POS & Q-TIP:]

Saturday, it's a Saturday
It's a Saturday, it's a Saturday
Saturday, it's a Saturday
Saturday, it's a Saturday

[POS:]

Back once more with the wallop in the score
Must I ride and rip, should I make you rock your hip
Reviver of a roller-boogie in a rink
And sure to make you think about the times
To scope fun instead of fights
(But diving from a piece of metal sure to take your life)
Yo, slip your butt to the fix of this mix
Toss that briefcase, it's time to let loose
'Cause you've worked like heck to get the week in check
So unfasten that noose around your neck
Connected like a vibe from the wheel to the foot
Come on everybody dig the funky output

[VINIA:]

Five days you work
One whole day to play
Come on everybody, wear your rollerskates today
It's Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday-ay
(Is the word, is the word, is the word)

[POS:]

Now as you pump your fist I reminisce
To a bounce, rock, skate, roll
Fess to impress
Hey, pretty diamond, do you like the way I'm dressed
Cool, keep the faith and be my mate
'Cause all we need is feet
(And rollerskates)
But promote the hustle 'cause it keeps me thin
No need to talk, look who just walked in

[DOVE:]

(Is there a Dred on skates?)
Yes, man
(So kick the wham on this jam)
Oh Mr. Sprinkler, Mr. Sprinkler
Wet me for one, Mr. Sprinkler
I'm heatin' high-five in a daze, no split
With a yawn I trip to the dawn
Out comes the bodies following the one idea
It's clear, rattle to the roll
Hold back up the track, grab your rollerskates y'all
And let's zip on by
Zip-a-de-doo-dah, let's zip on by
Feed on a weed and we're feeling high
Sun is on thick and the cheese is rollin' quick
Come on, there's no time to hide
Season is twist, spinning and winning
No hackesack, let let me in
Spill on the bottom away, but it's okay, huh
It's a Saturday

[POS:]

Now let's all get baked like Anita

[Q-TIP:]

Watch Mr. Lawnge, don't look at the peter

[DOVE:]

Feel on the fun, I'll feel on the

[VINIA:]

Hey, watch that!

[DE LA SOUL:]

It's a Saturday

[VINIA:]

Now is the time
To act the fool tonight
Forget about your worries and you will be all right
It's Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday
Saturday, it's Saturday

De La Soul Lyrics

"WRMS' Dedication To The Bitty"

[SQUIRREL:] We've just played fifteen minutes of commercial free music.
Of course you're listening to WRMS FM, and we
play nothing but De La Slow music. We're coming up on the hour of ten
o'clock. It's a full moon, and perfect night
for lovers. We're about to do something we don't usually do, and
that's... we'll I'll show you.

[BITTY:] Hello, hello, who's this?

[SQUIRREL:] Squirrel.

[BITTY:] Hi! Listen, I don't have a lot of time, my name's Mizuna, I'm
on my dinner break from Burger King and I just
called to tell you that I love your new radio station, I love
everything you guys do.

[SQUIRREL:] Thank you. And with that, the next song is just
for you. And when you go back tell all the Burger King
honeys that if they want to call and talk to me, just call
WRMS. See ya.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Bitties Tn The BK Lounge"

[Part One:]

Yo man let me make some Cpt. Krunch
man alright
Yo man we have any milk?
Yeah, what time is it?
I don't know, what day is it?
Don't know, well I'll tell you.

Well it was a Wednesday
me and Boss Hog was kinda hungry
like two eggs, and a slop beef slice of lettuce
and a glass of milk and some cookies.
Spotted in the mist was a BK logo
what we said - well what do you know
this chick thought I was trying to play fly
cause I had a pair of blue jeans on.

Young girl, won't you take my order?
she said, "Yeah, but right now I'm kinda busy...
can't you see I'm trying to put this band aid on my finger?"
Lingering, I could tell
she's a B-K mademoiselle
Ripped uniform and bottom bell
and some Jelly stuff on her sleeve
Look to this cause I had no name tag on my collar
could be pissed cause she's clocking 2.45 an hour
And then Boss Hog hollar
"Girl you better make this quick!"
She said, "I ain't your girl and I ain't your chick!"
I had an idea and lickity split
took my hat off and that was it

Dread locks fallen all over me and then I said
"Yeah now we'll see!"
And o' with quick velocity honey was mesmerized
"Ain't you that guy?"
"Aint you that GIRL!"
"De La Soul, right?"
"No Tracy Chapman!"
"Why don't you come over to the counter; and write me out an
autograph?"
Ha ha ha, I had to laugh
She was quick with the Bic just to get that autograph
But me and Hogg just laughed, and laughed
"What's the name of that song you sing?"
"Living in a fast car," I said

Forget about the order I made
I'll go get a slice of pizza instead.

[Chorus: x2]

Bitties in the BK lounge, All they do is beg and they scrounge
Bitties in the BK lounge *[x2]*

[Part Two:]

[F - female]

[P2 - Posdonus]

[F] Excuse me, would you take my order I have to go
Shashawna's got a real job, dag don't you know!
[P2] Oh yeah, Now I recognize
The real real bitty with the fake fake eyes
Yo, can I interest you in some burgers and fries?
[F] Yes you can, but you can keep your lies
cause you know you can't diss me
but your pissing me off
I know where you live and I know that your soft
You're as booty as they come (booty?)
and you dress like a geek
my shoes cost more than you make in two weeks
[P2] Look, you don't have to play fly in here
I can tell your fly by the weave that you wear!
But you must be aware that a fly can be swatted by a BK tray
By the way yo, here's yours
[F] I know your just sweating me to kill the noise
of your polyester pants and thier o' so high waters
Look at what you do all day but take orders
You bow tie wearing, clocking and staring
I know your just upset because you cant get the rat/wrap
I think you Chubby for my man is living slack
[P2] Yeah, I know your man, the biggest punk in school
selling devil rock to the fiends and the fools!
With one hand that punk I could snap- the kid is so skinny...
[F] But we be livin fat
[P2] Speaking of fat, would you like a diet soda?
Cause less fat on you would spare us all the odor
Better yet pour it down the pants and let the acid kill
the smell that should have been left to Masingel!
Let me make you a deal, take the soda free and jet
I got to much family to heed your threats
[F] Are you a family man? (Word booty!)
Well I shouldn't be surprized
your sister's flipping burgers and your momma's frying fries
[P2] Don't even try that shit!
[F] Oh damn look! (What?)
[F] Here comes one more
It's your father he just finished mooping the floor
Now give them a hand, its the BK clan

So you can't talk garbage about who I am
[P2] well, arn't we living foul
Speaking of foul how bout some chicken for the cow?
Ops I meant you sorry for the mix up
but your stomachs always big from the sexual slip ups!
[F] I could buy you and sell you for pennies, young man!
(You'd better!)
I think theres something you should understand
I try to be nice and help the poor make money
And since I know you need it, I'll go elsewhere dummy!
Now B-K workers is too damn rude
I think I'll go get me some Chinese food

De La Soul Lyrics

"My Brother's A Basehead"

(Make the bass come out so clear)

[POS:]

This song does not contain explicit lyrics, but what it does contain is an undesired element. This element is known as the basehead, the lowest of lowest of all elements that exist. And the sad thing is, this particular element... is me brudda!

Brother, brother oh brother of mine
We used to be down as partners in crime
From our parents our name was forged
I was the Beaver, you Curious George
Wanted to dispose of this and that
But curiosity had killed the cat
At this age no wonder it was read
But this was the fate that you were fed
Throughout high school our minds we'd waste
High off all the cheeba that we could taste
Soon you had converted to nasal sports
Every five minutes cocaine you'd snort
Told me that you needed a stronger fix
Stepped to the crack scene in '86
Unlike the other drugs where you had control
This substance had engulfed your body and soul
Now from me you lost all respect
Said yo need to put that shit in check
Wanted me to believe that you had tried
But your mind and the craving had coincided
Said there was a voice inside you that talked
Which said you shouldn't stop but continue to walk
Now the brother who could handle any drug
Had just found the one that could pull his Plug

[Background:]

(Ya don't stop, ya don't, ya don't stop)
(Ya don't stop, the body rock)

[DOVE:]

"Yo, bro, got another rock for your hiking boots"
"Gonna make you scream and loop three loops"
"Gonna take you far on a freeway, okay"
Remember that day? Slipped me a smile for a 20 crack vial
Guess what? Time to collect, correct
Don't have a dime? It's payback time, payback time
"Don't cry the blues 'cause I got bad news"
"Should I stab ya? Should I bite ya? Should I use my tools?"
No, I got another way to earn my defeat, ah!

(Slam the child on the hard concrete)

(Make the bass come out so clear)

[POS:]

Brother, brother, stupid brother of mine
Started getting high at the age of nine
Now at twenty-one you're lower than low
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to go
My dividends and wares started to disappear
Where it ended up, I had an idea
Barking you with the quickness, reversed intent
Instead went to Pop and gave him the print
Now Pop grew tired of being a mouse
Finally told you to get the hell outta the house
From there a mother figure came into play
Claimed for you she saw a better day
Now Mom was a product of Christ's rebirth
Thought the only chance was to go to church
Quitting this stuff you had tried before
This time you claimed you'd really score
Something I had to see to believe
Put on my suit and to church I weaved

[PREACHER (Squirrel):]

My, my, my. What happened to the people? The people who used to care
about what took place in the world today? I've been summoned here
today to reach the people who still can be reached, to save the people
who still can be saved. Can I get an Amen? Can I get an Amen?
Hit me! Forgive us. Said it's taking over. Taking over the world. All
it's doing is taking over. Where them crackers at? Them crackers that
they serve, where they at?

[DOVE AND MIKEY ROADS In background as choir:]

Said evil's taking over
Said evil's taking over
Said evil's taking over, evil's taking over
The Lord's gonna forgive us, the Lord's gonna forgive us, Lord
Said the Lord's gonna forgive us
The Lord's gonna forgive us

[POS:]

Bullshit, didn't believe a lick
To this fool fell off, well that would stick
Soon you reach your front of calm
Walked round by rehearsing psalms
Then you smiled with the funky frown
What do you know, the voice is back in town
Mom would say it would soon go away
You and I knew it was here to stay
But the man helped you when you helped yourself
That meant going to rehab for your health
Finally it went and blew your cork

Heard you moved to the comfortable streets of New York
And when my friends see me and come and ask
"Yo, where's your brother at?"
I'll be the first to splash
"Yo, he's a basehead"

(- Yo know who that was?)
(- No.)
(- The guy from De La Soul. Pos. Posdnuos.)
(- Who?)
(- You heard of De La Soul, right?)
(- Right.)
(- Well he was the one from De La Soul.)
(- The one with the real nappy hair.)
(- The one with... the dark-skinned one.)
(- With the glasses?)
(- Yeah.)
(- *[Background]* Yeah, the ugly one!)

(Fuck you bitch!)
(And kept goin'...)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Let, Let Me In"

(Ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah, ooh ah)
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)
(Ooh weee, sho' lookin' fine)
(Let, let me in)

[DOVE:]

I got good news, I got eye witness
Good news, I got eye witness
Due in a hip lift, dead into my phenomenon
Dazed with the quickness
Sweat, one sweat, two sweat, three
Motions, what motions? What could it be?
She, she (watchin' you) who, me?
Hon, Velveeta got your cut
(Ain't no lockin' up now)
Give the symmetrics to your bottom
(Ain't no lockin' up)
Shake less of that Catholic cool
Push panic, the button, and freeze
A's for Amen, J's for the Jenifa
Oh Jennys, oh please oh please
(Oh please oh please)

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

[POS:]

Force it like a motion, let me in to that
Flower power child, let me in to that
Let me sew your panic button, let me in to that
I got the semen headlocked, you won't get fat
Just lay, lay back, way, way, way
The oops up, it's a clear Saturday
We're selling my all-expense July paid
By the way, what's your name?
Just kidding, I know it's Renee
No, it isn't? Word, word, well check it out
Check, check it out
I got my my mind made up, come on, get it
Take a test, child
And get with this Pos position
From beginning to the Huckleberry Fin
If I was to yodel, would you let me in?

Let, let me in, let, let me in

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

Pos got the skyrocket in his jeans
Would you let me in if I was to sing
Like a hookey-non-stop-reggae-roost-rasta-king
Jimmy done starburst, know what I mean
Jimmy done burst, gotta come clean
Yo, Maseo, blow this scene

[MASE:]

Dip, dip, di, you're making me cry
With that onion between your thighs
Come give me some of that brown sugar
So the sweets can make me active
If I said you were attractive
May I supplement with an additive?
Hey, hooker let me hook you with my reel
Take you to the crib, cook up a real meal
Skip the meal and walk this way
(Hey, hey, hey)
Come on into my room, here we go
Here we here we here we go
(Boom!) Did you feel the bed break?
(Boom!) Did you feel the floor shake?
(Boom!) Did you feel the earth quake?
(Boom!) Now, quick, do you wanna take a break?

Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in
Let, let me in, let, let me in

(What's this?)
(What?)
(In your pocket, that bulge?)
(Hey, hey, hey!)
(Harry, let me see it)
(Jumping jehosaphat!)
(Quaggin', quakin' and shakin')
(And that's no fakin')
(Let me see the gun, Harry, I want to see if it's been fired)
(Why are you complaining? I've always given you a piece of the action)

(So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed)
(And at last he blew the house in)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Afro Connections At A Hi 5 (In The Eyes Of The Hoodlum)"

[POS:] This is dedicated to all those hardcore acts.

[DOVE:] Yeah, you know them brothers that we used to
look up to, that fell the fuck off.

[MASE:] And now they doing all that R'n'B sh..(crocker!)

[DOVE:] You mean Rhythm and Blues?

[DE LA SOUL:] No! Rappin' Bullsh...

[DOVE:]

Connection A, click, what?

My dick, chick

I smack a fish if you thinks

My connection ain't thick, dick

Headed like a punk whip

I travel miles with a rhythmic lip

I rock an Afro

In '83, gee, yo

And spray the sheen so I get a Soul Glow

I play the corner tough

And me and Mase pull puffs on a blunt

[MASE:]

Givin' high-five is what I want

So I puff a blunt, I don't front

I get spliffed, get a stiff

Then I go hump a stunt

Like a pimp pro

(Nah, man, a super ho)

That's cool 'cause I'm still an Afro bro

Yeah, I'm live for my life is hectic

Every hour, every minute, every second

I keep a level head and stay down to earth

'Cause I've been an Afro since birth

[POS:]

Yeah

Now I hold my crotch 'cause I'm top-notch

I run amok Sasquatch, and I like to eat live crab

I've got five beepers, you scab

But you can find me directly on the Ave

(You niggas cheat me, well who's that!)

My breath never smells wack

I eat the watermelon Tic-Tac

Before I kiss myself I always jump back

(Yo, gee, this track is stack)

(And you know that)

I do three flips

When a punk flip on my duke lifts
But I flex more strength when I'm asleep
On the other side with his main tapes
Make her dry her face, buy her gold earlocks
But I may, she flocks round me like a donut
She got sprinkles but I bite my way out
More brothers come about, try to scheme slick
But the Native Tongue's thick
Lick 'em real good, like a real hood should
But the fly tape let the car speakers shake
I ran a cop down, I smile a frown with a but
Show gold teeth, 'cause I ain't a vegetarian
Not scared of beef, sport a feather like Chief
Got a scribble pad, you can get these gonads
'Cause I'm big-willed, blow off like a seal
'Cause connection with the Afro is real

[DOVE:]

I be the gift of gab, but be a bro with a diss
Because it's tough to bluff a cab
No wonder Melle Mel is 'Rrrr-RAH!'
I play of tape of the son of La-di-da
My cousin Rilo sells blow, a G a day
Keeps his kids hooray, a size nine and half
I kicks my tricks, is to live for Island
I mug a mug vic, but I's cool, I self
With the quickness I bust the true slang
Show no pit to those who don't understand

[MASE:]

The Maseo got tailed with the big bail
I busted loose but now the blue goose is on my tail
I seen the ghetto go lower than it is
(He don't care, 'cause his nigga's selling crack to the kids)
My jeans are brand new, with twelve more
In the closet with my silk, and below
My 45 pack thick, draw quick
If a nigga starts some shibidibidit
My crib is uptown, downtown, L.I.
And another crib in Queens
I munch some cornbread, Boar's Head
My favorite porck chops and
A plate of collar greens
I chill with Shymel, Akeem, Jaheed
And the Rastafarians'll be the crown in
And the Poppa
But the connections are still a high-five

(Let's get busy)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Rap De Rap Show"

(Here we go.)

[THE DOO DOO MAN:]

How y'all feelin' out there! You're listening to the Rap De Rap show
and I'm the Doo Doo Man playing all the slammin' rap tunes for all
you Mack Daddies and Mackettes, so hold tight for a one hour rap sweep
on WRMS. Who's the Doo Doo Man?
(You're the Doo Doo Man!)
Who's the Doo Doo Man?
(You're the Doo Doo Man!)

[MIKE:]

Yeah, ha ha ha. You're listening to MC Rocco Ribs and the BBQ Crew,
and when we're not burning that pork, we're in New York listening to
the Rap De Rap Show on WRMS!

[KIM CARTER:]

Y-y-y-y-yo, this is Kim KC and I'm chillin' with the Suckwheat Posse,
and when I'm not home making a hamhock sandwich, I'm listening to
Rap De Rap Show on WRMS. You ravioli heads, we outta here. Ooh ooh
ooh, the Doo Doo Man!

[Q-TIP:]

Yo, yo, what's up, 's up, this is Q-Q-Tip-Tip from a Tribe Tribe
called Quest Quest Quest, I'm listening to the Doo Doo Man on
WRMS-S-S-S and I'm out!

[MASE:]

Yo, my name is MC No Shame, and when I ain't getting busted in bed
with your mama, or sellin' crack to the kids at Amityville High
School, hey I'm listening to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS, peace!

[DE LA SOUL:]

This this this this is De La Soul, Pos Love
This is Dove Love
Mase Love
And when we're not here we're where?
WRMS y'all, with who? The Doo Doo Man!

[DIVINE STYLER:]

Yo, peace, this is the D-I-V-lne Styler-lne, and all come inside
Divine, I'm listenig to my man, the Doo Doo Man, on WRMS. I am outta
here, ha ha ha!

[BOBBY SIMMONS:]

Yo what's up my name is Colonel Bobby, I'm listening to the Doo Doo
Man on WRMS... yo, and I'm outta here, peace.

[JUNGLE BROTHERS:]

Ha, yo, ha ha, the JB's! JB's in the house! Jungle Brothers, word up,
on WRMS, Rap De Rap, my man! Like roaches lickin' soup. Doo Doo
Man! Checkin' out the Doo Doo Man.
(You got the cooties)

[PAUL:]

Yo, this is Prince Paul, when I'm not brushing my teeth with DiDi 7 or
boosting my memory or purchasing real estate tapes, I'm listening
to my stromie, my homie, the Doo Doo Man on WRMS! Rrr-RAH!

[POPMASTER HIGHT:]

Hey hey hey Paul, I got a job for ya. You know that guy Rufus? That
mouli? Freakin' lick him.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Millie Pulled A Pistol On Santa"

"If you will suck my soul
I will lick your funky emotions"

This is the stylin' for a little that sounds silly
But nothin' silly about triflin' times of Millie
Millie, a Brooklyn Queen-originally from Philly
Complete with that accent that made her sound hilly-billy
Around this time, the slammin' joint was Milk is Chilin'
But even cooler was my social worker Dillon
Yeah, I had a social worker 'cuz I had some troubles
Anyone who'd riff on me, I'd pop their dome like bubbles
He'd bring me to his crib to watch my favorite races
That's how his daughter Millie become one of my favorite faces
She had the curves that made you wanna take chances
I mean on her, man, I'd love to make advances
I guess her father must 'a got the same feelin'
I mean, actually findin' his own daughter Millie appealing
At the time no one knew but it was a shame
That Millie became a victim of the touchy-touchy game

Yo Millie, what's the problem, lately you've been buggin'
On your dukie earrings, someone must be tuggin'
You were a dancer who could always be found clubbin'
Now you're world renowned with the frown you're luggin'
Come to think your face look stink when Dill's around you
He's your father-what done happen-did he ground you?
You shouldn't flip on him 'cuz Dill is really cool
Matter of fact, the coolest elder in the school
He hooked up a trip to bring us all the Lacey
He volunteered to play old Santa Claus at Macy's
Child, ya got the best of pops anyone could have
Dillon's cool, super hip, you should be glad
Yeah, it seemed that Santa's ways were parallel with Dillon
But when Millie and him got him, he was more of a villain
While she slept in he crept inside her bedroom
And he would toss and then would force her to give him head room
Millie tried real hard to let this hell not happen
But when she'd fuss, he would just commence to slappin'
(Yo Dillon man, Millie's been out of school for a week, man, what's the deal?)
I guess he was givin' Millie's bruises time to heal
Of course he told us she was sick and we believed him
And at the department store as Santa we would see 'em
And as he smiled, his own child was at home plottin'
How off the face of this earth she was gonna knock him
When I got home, I found she had tried to call me
My machine had kicked to her hey how ya doin' (sorry)
I tried to call the honey but her line was busy

I guess I'll head to Macy's and bug out on Dillon
I received a call from Misses Sick herself
I asked her how was she recoverin' her health
She said that what she had to ask would make it seem minute
She wanted to talk serious, I said, "go ahead-shoot"
She claimed I hit the combo dead upon the missal
Wanted to know if I could get a loaded pistol
That ain't a problem but why would Millie need one
She said she wanted her pops Dillon to heed one
Ran some style about him pushin' on her privates
Look honey, I don't care if you kick five fits
There's no way that you can prove to me that Dill's flip
He might breathe a blunt but ya jeans he wouldn't rip
You're just mad he's your overseer at school
No need to play him out like he's someone cruel
She kicked that she would go get it from somewhere else
Yeah, whatever you say, go for ya self

Macy's department store, the scene for Santa's kisses
And all the little brats demandin' all of their wishes
Time passes by as I wait for my younger brother
He as his wish, I waste no time to return him back to Mother
As I'm jettin', Millie floats in like a zombie
I ask her what's her problem, all she says is "Where is he?"
I give a point, she pulls a pistol, people screamin'
She shouts to Dill he's off to hell cuz he's a demon
None of the kids could understand what was the cause
All they could see was a girl holdin' a pistol on Claus
Dillon pleaded mercy, said he didn't mean to
Do all the things that her mind could do nothing but cling to
Millie bucked him and with the quickness it was over

De La Soul Lyrics

"Who Do U Worship?"

[RONALD CHEVALIER:] Aha! What a beautiful day in the concrete jungle.
I think I'll go down to Goliath and just be a fuckin' dickhead!

Damn, I feel good today.
I'm looking forward to going and just beating the shit out of someone and taking their money.
What a fucking great job I have!

I wonder why I feel so good. Could it be the music?
Could it be my breakfast? Or could it just be the fact that
I just hate everybody, dammit!
Life is grand, life is great, I'll get myself a real cheap date.
Some woman I can take to McDonalds, spend a dollar twenty-five on,
and have like, the best time of your life with afterwards.
Life is too good to believe sometimes.
But we all can't have it the way I do, so to all you suckers out there,
kiss off. All right? Bye bye!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Kicked Out The House"

[DOVE:]

In no way are we trying to disrespect any sort of house or club
music, but we're just glad that we're not doing it. And if we were,
this is how it would go.

(I can't be your lover)
(I can't)

Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good
(I can't)

Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good
(I can't be your lover)

(With your wrinkled pussy)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled pussy)
(I can't be your lover)
(With your wrinkled oh, oh oh)
(I can't be your lover)

(P-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(Put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-p-p-p-put it on vibrate!)
(P-p-put it on vibrate!)

Kicked out the house, you got
Kicked out the house, hip house
Kicked out the house for good

You got, you got, kicked out of this house, baby
For good

(I can't I can't I can't be your lover)
(Put it on vibrate!)
(Put it on vibrate!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pass The Plugs"

(This time, put it in mellow)
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[POS:]

First P is passed
I am known as
Posdnuos, Plug One to the whole race
Rhyme on a tour
Smart and much more
Dispatch I've stood themes with the Mad Face
Tall dark and lean
Was once nineteen
Now I'm one year older with reason
Clean thoughts and drawers
Rhyme flow never stalls
The yes yes yes y'all
Will end this season
The Soul reached high plains
We didn't reach Soul Train
But Don don't like rap
So that won't happen
Fame we don't lust
God we do trust
Arsenio dissed us
But the crowd kept clapping
Blessed with soul's lights
So turn off your brights
Overexposure will bring about a clear soul
Don't push, but piles,
For this here new style
And excuse me y'all while I fill my potholes

Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (oh yeah)
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[DOVE:]

Passed off second
Tru I reckon
Head full of dreds
But knowledge inside
Singin' on records, making it hectic
Wishing it all would fall and die

Radio works it, public consumes it
Tommy Boy wants another "Say No," huh
Rough and rugged
It's not a new twist
Been Trugoy since the first get go
Here's the daisy
Watching it die, see?
Native is the new like Balance is the shoe
Paul makes a mil like dill makes pickles
Plus is to add like addin to the crew is
Pimps promote us, RM's work us
MP's watch us close in focus
Watch me steppin'
Now I'm dancing
Then disappear with a hocus pocus

Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[MASE:]
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Pos get funky)
(Check it out)
(people in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Dove get funky)
(Check it out)
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Mase get funky)
(Check it out)
(People in the place this is very hard to conceal)
(Prince Paul get funky) (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

(ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)
Pass the peas like they used to say
Pass the peas like they used to say (yeah)
Pass the peas like they used to say (mmm)
Pass the peas like they used to say (ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha)

[PAUL:]
Fourth P is passed
I am known as
(Prince Paul)
Yeah thanks Mase
Applied like chapsticks
The songs are slapsticks
Skeezoids with polaroids
Give me such a case
Trife or not trife
Don't own a wife
Yet I'm down and around for a good kiss
I got a 40 of Pepsi

A girl in Bed-Stuy
And I'll end it like this!
(Will rise, not fall)
(*[Definition:]* Prince Paul)
(Our Mentor, don't be sore)
(When I say that's all)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Not Over Till The Fat Lady Plays The Demo"

[DOVE:]

Standing on the corner building. Seen the path.
Looking at the corner streetlight, walking, and
waiting for my brother to come over and then
someone tapped me on my shoulder. 180 degrees I
did. Oh my... what? Oh oh!

I didn't hesitate so I ran and I ran and I ran
and I ran and I tries to catch a cab.

(Cab driver, fuck you)

I ran into an abandoned building, I heard big
heavy breathing on my back I turned 180 degrees
again and oh oh! Oh my God!

Oh, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed and I
skipped into the BK lounge. I asked the lady if
I could get a Whopper. She was facing... she was
facing toward the back. She turned around...
she stated: (Can I take your order?) Oh Chrissie!
Once again, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed
to my pad. The phone started ringing, but
luckily my answering machine was on and with
the quickness...

(Hey, how ya doing, sorry you can't get through)

Yeah, saved by the ha ha ha. I went into the
shower. Oh my... I heard the holler... I turned
the water on and she was screaming... who could
it be? What did she want from me? What did she
want from me? What did she want from me? She
was screaming and screaming and she had the tape
in her hand. But I knew what she wanted. I knew
what she wanted. I knew what she wanted.

(Please listen to my demo)

[Mumbled:] And wit your wrinkled pussy)

(I can't be your lover)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)"

"Yes, this is Miss Renee King from Philadelphia. I want you to please give me a call on area code 215-222-4209 and I'm calling in reference to the music business. Thank you."

[DOVE:]

Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name (uh)
And your number
And I'll get back to you.

Once again it's another rap bandit
Fiending at I and I can't stand it
Wanna be down with the Day-Glo
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
"I got a funky new tune with a fly banjo"
I can't understand what the problem is
I find it hard enough dealing with my own biz
How'd they get my name and number
Then I stop to think and wonder
Bout a plan, yo man, I gotta step out town
You wanna call me up? Take my number down
It's 222-2222
I got an answering machine that can talk to you
It goes

[POS:]

Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you

Yo, check it, exit the old style
Enters the new
But nothing's new 'bout being hawked by a crew
Or should I say flock cause around every block
There's Harry, Dick, and Tom, with a demo in his palm
Now I'm with helping those who want to help themselves
And flaunt a nut that's doggy as in dope
But it's not the mood to hear
The tales of limousines and pails

Of money they'll make like a pro
I be like, "Yo black, just play me the tape"
But at the show the time to spare I just make
But the songs created in they shacks
Are so wick-wick-wack, situations like this
And now I hate they give me smiles Kool-Aid wide and ask,
"Was it def?"
And with the straightest face I be like, "Hell yes."
I slip them the digits to Papa Prince Paul
So I don't go AWOL but yet I know when they call
They get

[MASE:]

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin
Sorry you can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you
Check it out

Party at the dug-out on Diction Ave
Haven't been to the jam in quite a while
Figure I'll catch up on the latest styles
'Stead piles and piles of demo tapes bi-da miles
All I wanna do is cut on the decks wild
But edition up here bi-da miles to the center
Reliever of duty, Plug One mosies in
And I be like, "Yo G, Pos does all the producing"

[POS:]

Now woe is me to the third degree
Mase pulls the funny so I make like a bunny
Jettin'
But I'm getting used to this demo abuse
Getting raped and giving birth to a tape
Cause there's no escape from the clutches of a hawker
Attached to my success, sent like a stalker
Make way to my radius playin fly guy
Try to get on my back they force like Luke Sky
Me Myself and I go through this act daily
And rarely do I not
No matter how I dodge some jackal always nails me
No matter what the plot
And even out on tour they be like,
"Yo I got a tape to play you back at the hotel"
I be like "Oh swell"
Unveil the numeric code to dial my room
And tell them to call me at noon
But of course there's no answering machine in my room

But a pretty young adorer
Who I swung on tour
And if it rings while we're alone
She'll answer the phone
And with the quickness she'll recite like a poem

[DOVE:]

"Hey, you done did the right thing, dial up my ring ring
Now you're waiting on the beep.
Say, I would love if you'd sing
The tune to Tru instead of fronting on the speak."
So no problemo, just play the demo
And at the end it's break out time
Please oh please don't press rewind
Cause I'll just lay it down the line

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you

[POS:]

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And we'll get back to you.. peace

'Yo what's up man, this is Ronald Master down with the Fish Tank
Posse, man, you know man, so you know you can just hook
me up, True. You know we got this fly new jam called 'Swimming In the
Fish Tank', you know we gonna rock it man, you know
what I'm saying, but I just need your help, Prince Paul gave me your
number, you know man, you just gotta do that for me,
got this fly bassline, got these fly trombones in it man, so just hook
me up, man, just look out, all right, call me back
at 557-2223 all right man, just look out, all right, look out for a
brother man!'

De La Soul Lyrics

"WRMS: Cat's In Control"

If it's not De La Slow, then it's not WRMS. Where Cat's in control,
twisting and tuning until you're purr-fectly content. Special cat
call goes out to the suckers at the donut shop. Thanks for serving it
to me dark, hot, and no caffiene. Snuggle tight and hang loose
boys, it's time to groove to a De La Slow move on WRMS.

De La Soul Lyrics

"Shwingalokate"

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(Three steps ahead)

(Three steps ahead)

[POS:]

(What's the subject?)

The Shwingalo, hot damn

(Is Posdnuos gonna start?)

I am, I am

(And by the order of Shwing on hand)

I present to you the Preacher Man

Peace everyone, everyone I hope

Plate is not a caper, plate is not a hoax

Is it is the now step, labeled Shwingalo

Shopper brag a basket, fill it to the bro

What's the Shwingalokate? Question me instead.

Mental is the mood, whether live or dead

Level is the groove when I lead the led

But hip is my lip when I'm Shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)

(On and on at two steps ahead)

[DOVE:]

(What's the next step?)

It's the fool of the clan

(Is he down with the Shwing?)

I am, I am

(And by the order of Swing on hand)

I present to you, the whole shalam

Last was the gas, flower by the pound

Shoo, puppy tough, shoo, flower power hound

Season of the Shwing is sound and it's bound

90 got the gift so lift from the ground

Speak me an age, age at the dough

Feed me the donut, feed me the O

School me with the new 'cause the new

Kept me fed with the brew

I'm glued to the stew and I'm Shwinging it

Breathe me the out, breathe me the in

Send it with a skit neither friend nor begin

Label it a Shwing, brother come for the win

Catch me the border, must start to begin

90 got the knack of the Soul, grab a bit

90 proved them wrong to those who commit

Dis to the hit list, pitched by the hit
Caught by the herds of those in the pit
Pull me a puff of the blunt as it breeds
This benefit's just what you need
Just because I'm fallin', saved by the weed
With dred, 'cause you know indeed I'm shwinging it

(On and on at two steps ahead)
(On and on at two steps ahead)

[POS:]

Constructed like an apple but roll like a grape
Try with the games 'cause the fools'll take shape
Stuff to the too tough, grave is in the groove
Sop it like Sound, yo honey make a move
Shufflin' your feet, that's stiffer than a nap
Open up an eardrum, don't wait for the cap
Sip a third of lager, extract the waste
Tell me tell me tell me, can you get a case?
Never oops honey, dope not a threat
Peace be found on your color telly set
Pick up the proof for the stool pigeon sing
Shwing a load o' dat, 'cause I must put Shwing

(On and on at two steps ahead)
(On and on at two steps ahead)
(Three steps ahead)
(Three steps ahead)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Fanatic Of The B Word"

[MIKE G:]

Ha ha! Ah yeah! Got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on!
(Hooo-weeee!) Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in the
house, my man the Dres in the house, you know what I'm sayin',
Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince Paul, the immigrant
Lucien in the house. The house Dreddy Bear, ha, Mike G!

[CHORUS:]

Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Come on everybody let's baseball

[MIKE G:]

Got it goin' on. Swing it over here! Ochay, ochay, ochay.
We gonna swing it over here, swing it over there. We gonna do the
baseball. Ha ha ha!

(Three feet)

[POS:]

A Nubian sprocket is the one
Plug One, cut the cap
Forward is the marcher of the chant,
To the clan, unless you slept
Willy to the Wonka of the feat
Smoke your blunt, but close your drapes
If we get fined by police,
Don't worry, yo, I got the papes
Toxic is the talk that I tell,
Tell the tales from the lady who's fat
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DOVE:]

Swing is the is of my step
Plug Two, groove a gut
On gets by when it's kept
Three miles to my step
Forgiveness to the foes is false
I cook goose and serve a plate

Position is opposed to a loss
No cost, no relate
Brother got a badge of his own
Because the link of the life is slack
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

[DRES:]

Move over just a bit to the right of me
For I cannot see where the booty is
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window
Crack it just a bit, yo this is showbiz
It's as though a pound goes around and around
So I give a pound then I do the step
Dres will be with Boca on the side
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept
Phonetics and kinetics perservere
Therefore I kick it
I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon
I'm looking out the window
Day is filled with rain and gloom
Man oh man oh man I hope I find my spoon soon
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

[CHORUS]

(Rrrr-RAH!)

[POS:] Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in Holland,
thanks for not having my baby, peace.

[DRES:] This is Dres. Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love you.

[MISTA LAWNGE:] Yo this is the Sugar Dick Daddy, I'd like to say peace
to my father, Bombed Out Brother.

[MASE:] This is Baby Huey Plug Three, and I'd like to say peace to
that mother a-ahem who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace!

[PAUL:] Yo what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's up
to all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-alikes, and I'm out.

(God damn!)

(Have a ball!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Keepin The Faith"

[DOVE:]

Jody got a cat but she won't let it out
Oh tough luck, 'cause it makes Jack pout
Waiting on the wins he moves to the next
Searching for the cheese, looking for the text
In the Big Blue in search of the skins
Grinning and laughing, laughing and grinning
Padlock Jody got the whole scene played
No knockin' boots till she's 14K'd
Diamond in the back, sunroof top
Waiting for the credit card so she can go and shop
Jack plays the back, just knockin' other socks
'Cause now in the hood he's
(Johnny the Fox)
Till one ring came, Jody blew a park
Found about Jody round the corner in the park
Flipping like a dipstick, hip to the news
Practising the range, bellowing the blues
Jack rolls the carpet in, swift like a skate
"Yo, Jody, yo, gotta go, got a date"
Padlock Jody's screaming "Wait, wait, wait!"
"Don't worry, hon," he replies, "I'm keepin' the faith"

[POS:]

I'll never do the baseball with you again
Yo, I'll never do the baseball with you
'Cause your hoochie-coo was so smooth
Was it such a sin to let, let me in?
Hooked by your ever-so-shyness
Want that bush, heard you're from Flatbush
Ran after ya, caught ya,
Brought ya to Long Island, stylin' for a while
In my hut, I was on a cut for a peck
A silly Greg Peck
You tried to play me new, Plug One you disconnect
I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)
Yo, I'd try to touch your hair (You would say no)
Is it 'cause you want my financial flaunt?
First you gotta please me, nice and easy
But I guess you want that in reverse,
So I stand Plug First can see
We got a serious block
Turn the other way, ooh what do I spot?
A hoopin' Hey Love whose scent left a trace
Had a stash in her pocket with a body that's safe
Ball to the eight, now you wanna swing?
Forget the rap, yo, Black Sheep, sing

(You're banned, you're banned)
(You're banned, honey dip, you're banned)
(You're banned)
Yo, you're banned
Ya banned by the preacher man
You played yourself a stew
Now to me you step, never mind love
The faith is being kept

[DOVE:]

Now remember 'bout Padlock Jody, here's the fact
Jack little wick but she was acting wack
Jack wanna lay but laying ain't exact
For the past four or five she was banned by the pack
Hip to the witness, putting on a plan
No money, no more Puddy Tat for the man
Jack knows that honey means playing a game,
Only wanna bowl, got nabbed for the fame
Claude Van Damme (God damn)
Sam was the man that you planned to command
Nothing new about a neighborhood
You know what? Padlock Jody wanna cut
Jack's thinking cap, make mine into a pack
"Yo, here's 20, 40, 60, pay me back"
Conscience appears, "Yo Jack, what you doing?"
"You play the cold while honey here's cooling?"
"You don't have to if you don't want to!"
"You don't have to if you don't want... to!"
So he begins with the ring, ring, ring,
"Hey Judy girl, how ya doin'
Seen you with another man, what you doing? Screwing?
Ooh, shame on you! What, you can't wait
For the big bait? Well, I'mma tell you straight,
Honey child, I'm keepin' the faith!"



De La Soul Lyrics

"Eye Patch"

(Thank you, thank you, and for my latest basket of cherries, here it goes, baby!)

Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind, mess up my mind wit the eye patch
(Everything I do's gonna be fine)

[POS:]

Channeling in sync so my would bring (WHAT!)
Wit dat, causin' all fat I'm responsible for ya diet
(Keep it quiet!)

Yo I got beats. State this stitch on my national fabric
My daughter will speak the arabic that's how I lift
Levitate to my nation when holding up your nickels
I pie like crumble so I Don like Rickles
Like green on the pickle
My papes are the up master of the cabbage patch

[DOVE:]

Ya eyes got the latch

[POS:]

So catch the cut, I hold the rut
For the people's reminder when in Maseo Path
I be the finder of the patch

[DOVE:]

Can the cat's tongue slip, ya do the 'da dip'
Take the horse into the jolly ranch
Keep the hush
The good, the bad, and Uncle Tom, beat it kid
(Whoaaaaa....!)

Do doo doo do do do do do
Show the sheep cause I found the food
When I string the man wit the eye patch
The eye patch

When I'm walkin' it and could ya make it go sha na na na
(Mmmmmmm)

[POS:]

It sniffs good

Punks show disguises when I'm standing in the wood
I be the in 'cause the brother holdin' glocks is out
I be the in 'cause the pusher runnin' blocks is out
I be the in 'cause the kid smokin' weed,
Shootin' seed which leads to a girl's stomach
Being 'bout a half a ton is out

Show the finger print
And give me good grief for my lumber
Pants will sag 'cause I'm licensed as a plumber
Feel the Plug
(Yo, something's wrong here)
Now give a shout

[DOVE:] Yo what's up, I'd like to give a holler to Big 7 off in the
Oakenone!

[POS:] And I bring an income in to my baby girl Twyla in White Plains and
all my peoples out in Delaware.

[MASE:] Yeah yeah yeah, and I like to give a shout out to all those
rappers who dissed us on records, and I wanna
let you know you're still wack.

And oh yeah, I ain't mentioned no names 'cause you might f...

(All right. I'm sorry, I didn't know you were going back to that)
(Ecoutez. Ecoutez.)

De La Soul Lyrics

"En Focus"

(Biofeedback)

[POS:]

Ya go beats, meats, son Sheep
I can't cook, but being a cook I'm servin' much to eat
I got multiple stabs of jazzy
Sassafrassy as I caught the fame of soul
Years after mama had me tell ya gladly
I plugged for the Tunin'
Which cause eyes to zoom in

[DRES:]

Which put your person into focus

[POS:]

No longer Kelvin Mercer but the Posdnuos
Plug One yo I found fun
In the scribblin' of speak
On a naked white sheet
Most recognized by my dark brown self

[DRES:]

Yo you found some wealth?

[POS:]

More in my mind than in my pocket
But I's got every Girbaud that ever sagged
I met some hoes, met some girls
Did a tour that took me all around the world

[DRES:]

Did a tour that took me all around the world

[DOVE:]

I hit the shines but I'm shoo'in' it now
Remember when the floor might have had a spine
Well it's all bent over
The DayGlo nigga gets the red door mat
It's a roller coaster
When your shit's burnt toast
Now Mr. Club Owner knows your jam
When your jam is tha jam
And there's a tab at the bar
My mindstate's great
No thanks I don't drink
I sip the bobo
Then I kettle it quick

I felt the heave in the jeave
Tap it in the basement
Diggin' my own understanding quick
Let me get the single out
Think Mr. Radio say the starlight
Is the same star bright
I'm thinkin' how a nine and a blunt is a switch
But turn out the lights and some will go bitch
It was one MC after one MC
Play the lamp post do the blow wit dynamite
Well it's okay and it's alright
Cause our birthday cake's external light
It'll all get graphic
People made of plastic
Look at the shine wit my 50 watt eye
But when I got the eye patch I hit the latch
I fame it to a name from Denver up to Maine
And lovin' deluxe
She won't catch me in no tux
Nah, man I won't honor the style

(Curious, curious, curious, curious)

[DRES:] How you doing, my name is Dres, listen...

[SHORTY:] Isn't that Posdnuos? Oh, my...

[DRES:] Baby, what's wrong with me?

[POS:]

Funny funny how time flies
When you have some light on the face
Cause the focus is the fickle
'Stead of fusin' I'm a use it
To the utilize the trickle caught the rush
But I play hush
While Andres Titus is the grabbin'
As a fan will put the hearts to mush
Lush Dalea would hear the public beat
The same way for Titus when he Blacked the Sheep
But as the Knee went Deep
To deeper off the charts
The album faded to black
That's when the amnesia starts

(Curious, curious, curious, curious)

[SHORTY:] Aren't you Dres from Black Sheep? What are you doing here? Who are you here with?

[DRES:] I'm with my man Pos, you know Pos...

[SHORTY:] Oh yeah, Positive K, I.. I like him...

(Stickabush, stickabush, stickabush, stickabush)

[DOVE:]

Hey boy, I watch that star man, shit's all in
Should I shot it or begin

I saw bootleggas no shinin'
I saw Big 4 go get shinin'
A typical flick was the moment
When the man said
"Ain't you?" Yeah I is 'im
Hush your mouth fallin' in cog
Caught the light being True dog
A fist of funk and I pocket that screen
In the scene or in between
Gimme but a little bit of the starlight
I mail my ass to the darkness
I dig it, I dug it
I dig it, I dug it
I wiz it, I was it
I wiz it, I was it
Oh Lord let me switch it off
Because ya find some'll do it all
For the light
(Stop jivin')

De La Soul Lyrics

"Patti Dooke"

(Why do we have to cross over?)
(Why are niggas always crossing over, huh?)
(I mean, what's the matter?)
(They can accept our music as long as they can't see our faces?)

(One, Two, One Two; You got it)
Wootah!

[GURU:]

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

[DOVE:]

Just the other day I got a starter kit
(An M is a terrible thing to waste)
Caught the face from the backs of the border of the mindstate
I play control to a fraud
(Nah it ain't happenin')
Nada to make it even
Robbin' and theivin' is one who infiltrates with a Colgate frown
Y'all remember my nasal for I sniff frequencies
(Well, it started in the year of '78)
But it's '93 or should I say '94 for my style is much more
(I said, "Come in")
Come in
(Come on)
Come out into my reservoir
As I macks a men your bastard style has just been stuck
By a sticker with a 'frigerator lickin'
What if... how's about why would
Never thought that the napalm would bust the jeans

[POS:]

Mash it up
The one with the beard
Mega moustache the beat (hide it)

Deep under sheets, cover this hint
Hostin' all threats but watch out Mr. Jarbage
Jimmy and the jet, standin' on the pier
I'm known as the farmer
Cultivatin' mate without mendin'
Bendin', comprimising any of my styles to gain a smile
Listen while you hear it
There's no pink in my slip
I reckon that the rhythm and the blues in the rap got me red
While the boys from Tommy plant bridge crossin' to a larger community
Yet they're soon to see I have a brother named Luck
A nigga named Dres
A groupie named Cassandra caught bobbin' on the head
Of a Baby named Chris, I missed a kid who caught wreck when sayin'
(Afrika and I when Sammy B's on the set)

[GURU:]

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(And now, prevention against sucka M.C.'s)

(We decided to change the cover a little bit)
(Because we see the big picture)
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)
(Everybody's gonna know who this group is)
(We just felt that the picture wasn't as important as it was that we
succeeded in crossing over)
(Cross over ain't nuthin' but a double cross)
(Once we lose our audience we never gon' get them back)
(He may even try to change our sound)

[POS:]

Let no man put asunder
Severin' the groups I never blunder
Cashin' all the checks on the mic
I might cherry to the bush, brand Plug Wonder
Funk to the fame against hoods
Bridges saggin' to woods down under
They can't be raised with the feminine praise
In conjunction with no chocolate in the mix
White boy Roy cannot feel it
But the first to try and steal it
Dilute it, pollute it, kill it
I see him infiltratin' to the masses

And when the leechin' I mo shoot 'em all in they asses

[GURU:]

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)

Runnin' through the trenches (Yeah!)

Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke

(It's the Patti what?)

Runnin' through the trenches (Aaah!!)

Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)

[POS:]

I shed light and not skin

I ain't from Europe

Afro connects at the root of the retina of the third

Mums the word when ya blind baby

Blind to the fact

Don't rest in Compton so I don't own a gat

But respect is clear crystal

Cause Millie got a pistol

And she's down with me

Wild of most wild

Born child to the old school legitimate (soul)

Talker of the many paragraphs ago

Walker of the plenty broken calves ago

Phantom of the phrase black in many ways

Cause I see her runnin' through the trenches

Comin' in to rent my style

[GURU:]

I'm not the one to fuck with

[POS:]

I'm lockin' you out

[GURU:]

I'm just not to fuck wit so check it

Y'all know who I am

Listen up son

Peace to my man Premier

And y'all better guard your trenches 'cause we runnin' through 'em

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Tell me somethin' huh?)
(How come they never cross over to us, huh?)
(I never seen five niggas on Elvis Presley album cover!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"I Be Blowin'"

[MACEO PARKER:]

(I am Maceo. I be blowin' the soul out of this horn)

[Instrumental track with light tambourine/hi hat beat in background, children playing on a city playground]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Long Island Wildin"

(feat. Kan Takagi, Scha Dara Parr)

[Intro]

get into groove now, something like
givin' into my own shit, now

could a drummer have some y'all
could a drummer have some more
said a drummer ain't have none
in a long time
c'mon, drummer

bring that beat back, bring that beat back [x3]

y'all wanna hear that beat, right?

1,2 1,2

[Kan Takagi In Japanese]

uh

suttarakankan kankankankan Takagi Kan
beat ni noseta kashi kore ichiban
so toshi gin-yu shijin groove
meguri megutte konomachi de furu
TOYOTA ni HONDA nippon mo iroiro
SONY chiba chiba sonota moromoro
dashicha irukedo rap no rokuon
marena koto daga ima rock on

[Scha Dara Parr In Japanese]

1 (1) 2 (2)

3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

13 jikan hikouki ni nokkari koko New York

(oh yeah)

bibiri jo jo jo

Ani Shinco Bose

(oh shit)

hora mite Prince Paul, Maseo, Pos ni Dove mo iru jan yo

eigo de nandaka itteru yo

(naanuu)

rap wo site miro to

gogo 2 ji studio

hai OK

richigi na boku ra ha mochi on time

ee member nanka dare hitori kicha ine

5jikan karuuku keika shite

What's up?

wassa wassa to renchu kimashita

ha to kigatukya studio no naka
yes, yes y'all
we don't stop
konna monde minasan ikaga desho

De La Soul Lyrics

"Ego Trippin' (Part Two)"

[DOVE:]

I'm buggin'

[POS:]

E-ghostbusters

[DOVE:]

Mercy, mercy, (ego trip, ego trip)

Mercy! (ego trip, ego trip), Mercy!!!

[MASE:]

Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!! Aaah!!!

[DOVE:]

Yep, yep big trucker man's rollin' in town

How ya do, how ya do

I got the joints to make ya...(JUMP!)

Because I'm headin' eastbound

Tired of the merry go round and around

And everybody's talkin' bout you're so funny

But they still tellin' lies to me

I got the trees in my backyard

And it's hard for them to tell a lie to me

And who's the foot, I'm the foot but who's steppin'

(Ain't no half steppin')

You know where I'm steppin'

Skirts play wit it cause I'm slick like that

I'm the greatest MC in the world!!

You gots to gimme gimme mine cause I'm heavy when I weigh it

Watch the way I say it (ego trip)

Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up

I never did it

The flavor's bein' butt but brothers ain't gettin' it

Get it; or else you're a goner

When I rolls over ya gonna have to wanna lamp

Cause it's the chattanooga champ

Takin' a train...Takin' a train...Takin' a train...Takin' a train...

[POS:]

Now I'm somethin' like a phenomenon

I'm somethin' like a phenomenon

Well I'm the hourglass cat

Drug it out of jack

[DOVE:]

For jill

[POS:]

Cause I spilled the phenomenon
Pack the holes in my lawn
The girls in my saun(a)
Word is born I'm a livin' phenomenon
Well I'm a better brand cause I'm a superman
I run the block with my circle cause I'm nubian
I got the platinum rust, so don't even fuss
Cause DJ Paul, he's down wit us
Now people stop takin' my stylin' for a joke
I don't sassafrass I put the foot up the ass
Sometimes I'm fast, blow off like a seal

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]

When they reminisce over you

[POS:]

For real

Mase chopped the record down to the bone
And now Renee King is on my telephone
But I got the Ring Ring Ha Ha Hey Hey

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]

Cause this type of shit it happens everyday

[POS:]

I got to make me a connection so my imports stuff
(WORD!) Wo, word 'em up
Cause I'm so fly...

[DOVE:]

Yes on and on

I'm ins like [?] go buy my yacht
I got Gills like Johnny
Sail at 7 elf (well good for ya)
Bigger than bigs, dig it (I dug it)
Ways that amazes popes
I am the is equals is cause it's caught up
When the tides taught me the ropes
No weights for the baits (man I'll give you four)
For a verb unheard of (man gimme one more)
Alright you got it if you're special
With a dapper toe tapper when a lot's goin' on
(And ain't a damn thing happenin')
The answer to the riddle is me and here's the question
Who can be (fresh)
Who can be (dope)
Who can be (nice)
Who can be (beautiful)
Who can be (word)

Who can be....

[POS:]

Me be the Jericho turnpike bandit
Yes competition try to troupe my way
I sing the song you never heard before
I feed the famine in your mind
So mind ya manners baby
I run a line on ya
Lay ya on the springs then sway ya
All this and a condom cause I be a taxpayer
Promotin' of a moccasin I skin like Danny Boone
When I swallow hear the (gulp)
So give me room just give me room back the hell up

[SHORTY NO MAS:]

Back the hell up
Know what I'm sayin'

[POS:]

Or when I run the mic there won't be no delayin'
Pressure 40 does it like a Easy Bake oven

[DOVE:]

Blues got the muffin

[SHORTY NO MAS:]

Eat it

[DOVE:]

Blues got the muffin

[SHORTY NO MAS:]

Eat it!!

[POS:]

Intoxicate many wit my talk without intoxicatin' myself low
So I gots to walk slow but.....

[DOVE:]

Don't you get too hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiigh
(Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,
Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip, Ego trip,)

(Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!
Aaah!! Aaah!! Aahh!! Aahh!! Aahh!!)

[PRINCE PAUL:]

Somebody's cryin'?

I know somebody's cryin'.

Who's cryin'?

Yo, somebody's cryin' here.

(Trippin' down the fuckin stairs)

(YEEAAHHH!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Paul's Revenge"

(Yo, yo, yo, do it!)

[PAUL:]

Yo, what up. It's Paul. Got ten minutes each. I'm here... to get this
piece to redo it, or there's one we left for you...
whatever, whatever you said, I agree. That's why I was to get tore up on
I Am I Be. That rhymed. Ummm...
qu'est que c [?] Yo, man, they dissed me in the Source, man, they gave me
no credit for my songs. For the Slick
Rick stuff. Gave [?] credit for songs I did. That's a diss. I'm mad,
man. I hate [?] and I hate [?]. And you
can quote me. And you can record this and put this on a recor d. I hate
em, I hate em. And I'mma get em. If it's
the last thing I do. Anyway, hope you have a pleasant day. Peace.

De La Soul Lyrics

"3 Days Later"

[POS:]

Smoothed out without the R and B
(Mercy) Come on!
(Mercy) Come on y'all!
(Mercy) Come on!
There's no R and B in this song
So come along fly children come along
Come along fly children come along
Come along fly children come along
There's no R and B in this song!

Pushed up a dame by the name of Crystal
Who flaunts to the point just like a missile
A habit wit ear kiddin' wit gold mags
And since she fancies facial hair she asks my name
(Hey baby what's your name?)
Now ever so fab I said I'm wala
Miss Wild who used to run tough wit Koala
She was a winner of my metaphor and she knew that
I said I'm gonna feed your mouth she said you do that
Now Crystal stops the jeep I think I'm mad fly
She used to have a man wit lots of mad signs
Her strut was guaranteed to make a gay smile
And in bed she had proved to be real agile
I show her to the lounge and I dined her
Then she gave me some digits where I could find her
I licked her like a stamp
Laid and stucked her like a champ
But the... um she gave me burn
I had to go see the doctor

(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Uhhhh)
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer (Oh yeah)
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer
(3 days later) Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

[DOVE:]

Well it was thirty after nine and I was loungin'
Tokin' on some smoke that I was poundin'
I rang up seven up so we can skip to the mall
Thinkin' a good day to shop
But then we got stopped
A shooter man said "Yo this is a stick up"
A whole lot of dirt was 'bout to kick up
I had screens in my pocket
And man, tonight's my date
Wit Smokey Sue, now what was I to do?

In my head I'm thinking, 'Should I dodge the bullet?'
'Man this kid is bluffin' you can pull it'
I feared the whole scene,
The shooter didn't bluff
Now look at me now,
He shot my ass dead
(Yeah)

(You shouldn't have)
(I did, so let's get in the van)
(You shouldn't have)
(I did, so get in the fucking van!)

(I love you babe)
(I.. I love you babe)
(I love you babe)
(I love you babe)

Skeezer skeezer skeezer
Skeezer skeezer skeezer
Skeezer skeezer skeezer
Skeezer skeezer skeezer!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Area"

(I can just remember the number...)

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] For me to patrol

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] That shows I got soul

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] For me to patrol

[DOVE:] Just another area

[POS:] That shows I got soul

I got soul you see, I'm swimming in the De La

I'm in my hood man, my manhood worries ya

I'm known for sampling of soul food

Off the old school plates

When I met up with my niggas from the 718

One the Jungle Bro, the other Questers from Queens

Yet I had the matrix of the 516 in my jeans

Still I sided with my funk to bring my second on call

For me and the Sheep, our mission's on the beach of 804

(You're runnin' on an empty tank)

But still get paid in full

(And get the girls)

Man, I'm packing gravitational pull

Bring the instamatic avalanche, my code intervenes

I'm out to scout the areas that remains to be seen

(What?)

[DOVE:]

Well, many many digits had me seeking in my Wizard

Man, who's ringing up my area (ooh) oh!

I used to shoe it to the bridge but that's gone

Like the 718's out of Vietnam

Sniffin' skypagers had me drugged

(Man I knew a psycho)

703's on my love bug

I made mates with the brothers up in 215

Crazy buddhas in my mind

My Chattanooga champ had me late for the camp

And my 202 keeps me marvellous

I guess Mars was my hideaway

But if the stars for a getaway...

[POS:]

Since I'm capable I conjure up a walk in this way

I slip a syllable for Aspen and a Chester soufflé

I be the 919 seeker, 'cause ain't off logic

So when I'm with my crew I always have a place to sit

Due to this, a brother tries to play me
(Yeah, like one in 514)
Yo, some kid tried to flip on me
They instigated a brawl
(So we set our knuckles on stun and made them all fall)
Then I just laughed
(Ha ha ha ha ha ha)
(We whooped that ass)
And put the feelings aside, I know who I am
I cast the grain by the pound
I make sounds with the horn
When I colour the corn, caught the fit
And sit the two when honey slung the tip

[DOVE:]

Well I'm taking my finds to the 301's
And Im playing my flute in the rear kibbut
My man from the 908's, he don't like it like that
So I pipes till the sunshine hikes
A kettle of our master plan makes a Malibu idol
(God forgive me) Well, it's a hook
The third to the 0 to the 5 had top feel the vibe
When the 516 played convicts

[MASE:]

The man Maseo is here to put the habit along
And what you have, I'm 'bout to speak about your area code
Is it 918? (No)
Is it 212? (No)
Speakin' on 404? (Hell no)
What about 516? (I dunno)
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)
(Huh? What?)

[POS:]

Just another area for me to patrol
I got status 'cause I'm baddest with the paint
Giving upside down frowns to London wood 703
Her moms didn't like it, I had to let be
For the fact I lays bricks
'Cause my semen ends with the letter T
My seed is hard to submerge
I play the tack in the wall if my rear's not watched
'Cause some knuckle might just head for the urge
But I got Prince Paul in the Area
(Oh, it's like that now)
I got Hot Dog in the Area
(Heh heh heh)
I got the Violators in the area
(Aaah)

I's got the Violators in the area
(Aaah)
It don't matter where you hide, I clear up the fall
Cop the fuck outta here, you fake-ass fraud
Clear my area

(I'm going home now, I have been up all night.)
(I been up all night, it's still Friday to me.)
(Come on now. Hey, Ellory, I'm going home!)
(Bob to the bob, d-dang, d-dang diggy-diggy)

De La Soul Lyrics

"I Am I Be"

[Verse 1]

I am Posdnous
I be the new generation of slaves
here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes
the pile of revenue I create
But I guess I don't get a cut cuz my rent's a month late
Product of a North Carolina cat
who scratched the back of a pretty woman named Hattie
Who departed life just a little too soon
and didn't see me grab the Plug Tune fame
As we go a little somethin' like this
look ma, no protection
Now I got a daughter named Ayana Monay
And I can play the cowboy to rustle in the dough
so the scenery is healthy where her eyes lay
I am an early bird but the feathers are black
so the apples that I catch are usually all worms
But it's a must to decipher one's queen
from a worm who plays groupie and spread around the bad germ
I cherish the twilight
I maximize, my soul is the right size
I watch for the power to run out on the moon
(And that'll be sometime soon)
Faker than a fist of kids
speakin that they're black
When they're just niggas trying to be Greek
Or some tongues who lied
and said "We'll be natives to the end"
Nowadays we don't even speak
I guess we got our own life to live
Or is it because we want our own kingdom to rule?
Every now and then I step to the now
for now I see back then I might have acted like a fool
Now I won't apologize for it
This is not a bunch of Bradys
but a bunch of black man's pride
Yet I can safely say
I've never played a sister by touching where her private parts reside
I've always walked the right side of the road
If I wasn't making song I wouldn't be a thug selling drugs
But a man with a plan
and if I was a rug cleaner
betcha Pos'd have the cleanest rugs I am.

[Verse 2]

The Plug Two brand with the flavour
in the flute watch the sniffin'

so a sack of shows in demand
I read the diction from the second page
I got the one-two gauge
baritone to the izm fan
Trees fall so I can play ground with my ink
So let me need ya to my ems go
I push the infinite and carry it
My carrier's the three over one
so my pluggins already know
Lick shots with moo
catch the boo
from a ghost in the heckling crowd
if I give a foot
Jack Ville caught a spill
when a still came from my mouth
I brought a head down south
I don't check for the noose and the neck
So I never tell my ems
that finesse is knocking at my door
I choose to run from the rays of the burning sun
and dodge a needle washing up upon a sandy shore
I bring the element H with the 2
so ya owe me what's coming when I'm raining on your new parade
It's just mind over matter
and what matters is
that the mind isn't guided by the punished shade
I keep the walking on the right side
but I won't judge the next who handles walking on the wrong
Cuz that's how he wants to be
No difference, see
I wanna be like the name of this song I am

[Verse 3]

I am Posdnous
I be the new generation of slaves
Here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes
the pile of revenue I create
but I guess I don't get a cut cuz my rent's a month late
The deeds of a natural
are seeds that are no longer planted
so the famine in the mind is strong
Tactics of another plane is now proven sane
Sane enough to let you know from within this song
I stabilize many cableized viewers
So my occupation's known
But not why I occupy
And that is to bring the peace
not in the flower but the As-Salaam Alaikum in the third I am

De La Soul Lyrics

"In The Woods"

(Say party over here, party over here)
(Say party over there, party over there)
(Say party over here, party over here)
(Say party over there, party over there)
(Say party over here, party over here)
(Say party over there, party over there)
(Say party over here, party over here)
(Say party over there, party over there)

[DOVE:]

Hey yo you feel that shit (yeah it feels good)
Well it's that thumpin shit (well I'm soakin too)
I'll introduce the split (I'll be the go)
I'll be the get
Fixin with the ins for the outs we set
Hey shortie (yeah mister)
Make no mistake
I challenge the bang for a bigger rhyme bouquet
(you be buggin)
Well i bugs like roaches on rugs
Speaker of the bone like the speaks in my loans
Give me the night baby and I'll be good in the woods
Ya freakin my mind ya freakin my mind
I told the maceo bout the days that go (he know)
I know he know cuz he's out to get the gold
The Chattanooga cruisin' with the malibu shit
The bigger of the isa (cuz he is the shit)
I'm like hickory (dickory niggas)
I make you feel lost like high school history
Creator of the rhymin dominoes
Watchin drop it's the joint see
So hit me with the zsa zsa (indeed darling)
The coolest fool be the coolest fool
I know the watch be in the air but i kick a new bucket
Sippin it wit shortie so check the way we cuff it
It's that indonesia funk up in your trunk
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob

It's that funky shit (in the woods)
That be beyond understandin (in the woods)
Yo we do it with the soul (in the woods)
Timber (in the woods)

[POSDNOUS:]

Punch that O for operator baby its a love solid

I been stylin abstract since loose leafs was the shit
Catch me breathin on planes where the gangstas outdated
Fuck being hard posdnous is complicated
As my pants play the sagatogah I can order sniffs of
Frequencies frequencies cuz I freak mc's with the rhythm rock live
(man I'd rather point a pistol at ya head and try to burst it)
No jive in the matter so niggas start runnin
Yo that native shit is dead so the stickabush is comin
(stickabush) it's comin (stickabush) it's here
Fuck the five count it only takes three to bring it near
So let me move ya won better as the salad is tossed
And get a taste of the mase that you thought was lost

I'm cautious wit my looks (in the woods)
Pickin them nines in my hair (in the woods)
Sniffin for the beats like litter (in the woods)
The plugs just can't be found (in the woods)

[SHORTIE NO MAS:]

Can I come off like the rest of em I think I should
Could I of course one verse now ya lost it
Found it realizing I came off it sounds mean
But pal there's a new kid on the scene
I got much soul on the down low tip
Lay back smooth one drink I'll be trippin
Never don't you dare consider me a fly gal
Pal I got props on a different tip
I recall back i go for mines I get the goods
Wouldn't you know forgot my compass I got lost in the woods
Found my way and I was out i pronounce every letter
And if I had the chance I'd do it better
I heard a holler down the way and now I'm out for the time being
Ya wanna be in but you can't see what I'm seein
Time and time my friend I stay gettin it on
And now they playin my song again

I got feminine style (in the woods)
I'm not tryin to be sexy (in the woods)
And no you can't knock the boots (in the woods)
A lot of things be happenin (in the woods)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Breakadawn"

Ah one two, ah one two

Ah one two, ah one two

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."

Ah one two, ah one two [x6]

[Verse 1: Posdonus]

I was born in the Boogie Down catscan
where my building fell down on the rats and
people sorta super wanna trip to the penile (penile)
While I settle off the shores of the Long Isle
My father's clean not mean my mind is clear when I transmit
I am the man-ner of the family cuz the pants fit
I want to let forensics prove, that I can mends
Groove wit the thread from needle outta hay, wanna say
salutations to the nation of the Nubians
We bout to place you in that (3 Feet) of stew again
I got the frequency to shatter Mrs. Jones' perm
I gotta (Hey Love) all the honies cause they're short term
Tallyin the score I'm for the shottie in the jacket
For the brother he's a nigga when he packs it
So get your butt out the sling, I stung Muhammad float a note
that means I'm def, so like the autographs you sign until the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."

Ah one two, ah one two [x4]

[Verse 2: Dove, Posdonus]

Aiyyo groove with the mayor, hazard on the sayer
Wave the eighteen mill', eat a still
sack or bag of troubles, make the single double
Loop the coin and join the minimum wage
I had a plan if I was the man, I'd throw the J
Lay it low and late night I get sessed
Uncondition my ways, of the everyday sunset
Wagin my days, to the one bet
Cause your breaks'll have the carrot of cakes, whether mine
Out of line, I breeze into the early mornin
Freak the WIC call and get a tap on my shoulder
cause the days of the breaks, be just about over
The arts of the six won't play my bag of tricks
I got the sevens in my pocket somewhere
Reasons for the Cheer All Temperature here
I keep it to the rear, and then I'm EXPLODING

I be the fab I be the fabulous but see unlike the Chi
I got the flea up in the name "ah one two, ah one two"

Can't no one bend my cousin from the Peter Piper like the others
latchin on to when I caught the fame "ah one two, ah one two"
Pass the task to ask me bout the Native Tongue again my friend
I tell you Jungle Brothers (On the Run) "ah one two, ah one two"
I'm shakin hands with many devils in the industry
Believe the Genesis life fill with stills mean that I'm def
so like the autographs you sign until the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."
Ah one two, ah one two [x4]

[Verse 3: Dove, Posdonus]

We in the mornin at the end, but in the end I be the is
cause in the mix, man, it's alright
Momma got the rhythm to my daylife
My pops gots enough so best to leave or sail the waves
to the Long I laid the anchor in the 'Ville
And how I relate, the same side of my gates
Paper days, mess up my mind, ground zero degrees
and the weather feels fine
You opened my eyes man, thought I had a man
But how could I eyescan, I wasn't around
I seen the states and played the dates in the far-far
Gathered the new, from the zoas around
Grew up with Mikey Rodes and played the codes
Sometimes I don't budge, without my cous' Fuzz/fuzz
A simple, "How ya do?" Ah check it from my friends and my crew
makes it definitely special

Now there's no (Shiny Happy People) in the crew we play the rough
I got the huff, and puff, to blow the house low
You know the neverending factor while I'm over, tell a squid
I know an Enterprising brother, so report to the bridge
I bounce a ball with my left, a squid with my right
(Cause a squid is just a punk) Yo he deserved to lose the fight
I might meander 'cross your dream, travellin up the stream
Plug Wonder Wonder Why you're lonely tonight
We see the girls scream as if we're shocked by the live shell
Let's round em up and get em back to the hotel
motel, holiday, inn-fact!
I'm gonna let you know, once again, that De La Soul
is sure to show you we will hit the charter harder
than the normal rappin fool "ah one two, ah one two"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Dave Has A Problem... Seriously"

[DOVE:]

Yo Merc, it's Dave, you there?

Hello. Hello, Merc. Hello. Hello, Merc.

Hello. Merc, hello. Hello. Hello, Merc.

Hello. Hello. Hello, Merc.

Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

Hello. Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

Hello! Hello! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!

Help me! Help me! Help me! Help me!

Huh! Hah! Huh! Huh! Huh! Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! Oooh!

Feel the funk, baby!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Stone Age"

(feat. Biz Markie)

[BizMarkie starts out the song beatboxing while De La Soul chants the words "I'll beatbox"]

[Dove] Ah mic test one two

[BizM] Aww man, I check it better

[DeLa] Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

[BizM] I hit the rhyme with the mayonnaise, that's what I mean

[DeLa] Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

[BizM] Man I got beats up my sleeve like you wouldn't BELIEVE!

[DeLa] Whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?

[BizMarkie]

Ah with my "ah one two" I substitute about a loop
So let me serve with the slope, with the Plug of two scoops!

[Dove]

Mr. Miyag' never did dip for Dove
Bootleggers my legs and, grit about a hug
And who gets the Motts, I knots by the chance
I rain-dance.. I rain-dance
But steppin just a bit I don't need another shadow
Makes makes, is gonna be the new man's motto
Don't increase the bull, because my pulley is broken
and my belly is full
It's a second I reckon on the bone and the ball
Makin London bridges fall, so check it
I bring a point to the joints that we change and chop
but we could bring it back to the beatbox!

[BizMarkie beatboxes with style and soul]

[Posdonus]

I'm Posdonus Plug Wonder.. plotter
Serenade her cause I gotta.. record
When in the womb I was naked.. now I
chill with latex cause of how I, enter
the black wood without a splinter, provin
I had the chills what helps in movin, asses
Saw the light cause I got glasses, so we
sip the cappucino slowly

[BizMarkie]

I'sah makes the big money!
I drive big

[Posdonus]

cars, serve the bubble like a bar.. tender

When in flight like a sender, lace
Sticks of dynamite on bass, head

[BizMarkie]

Lace the shoe until he dead

[Shorty No Mas]

Run! Cause the cop is gonna come
This my Plug style

[Posdonus]

so they can kiss my, grits
Hold my balls without a mitt.. grab
the mouthpiece to talk the dag.. nabit
I keeps goin like that rabbit, rico-
-chet a dame I need a Snicker, satis-
-fy the Norman to the Gladys, Knight
My glasses help me see the light, so we
sip the capuccino slow

[BizMarkie]

In life, it's what you see is usually whatcha

[Posdonus]

get, won't take a Drag-without-a-Net, no

[BizMarkie]

To put the rhythm in the, bone

[Posdonus]

marrow, laid the pipe to please Cari-lou

[BizMarkie]

I don't know!

[Posdonus]

If it's true..

.. THAT'S A FUMBLE!

WELL CATCH A FEVER FROM THE JUNGLE

Chocolate, nubian girls flock to it, sweets

And if I can't sample beats, get the

beatbox equipped with the, dirt

BizMark and Doug E. works, fine

Mase work the wheel I tangle lines, HARK

the light is thirsty in the dark

so we..

[BizMarkie beatboxing while De La Soul chants the words "I'll beatbox"]

[Dove]

It's like I saw it in the river but my M wasn't fixed

Super heavy like a Chevy pump a Maseo mix

I had some screams in my pockets, and played it kinda hush

and did the outs (got to check out, the avenue)
I peeped the [?] Zoah [?] on the gimme gimme, plus we hit the plat'
Then the amps was on samp's, the villains got fat
The Natives weren't the neighbor then to, NIGGA PLEASE
It's a hustle for a joint when your settlement G's
But we still be on the wax because it acts like that
We still be on the moves because it moves like that
So there ain't no reason to don't stop
Cause we can bring it back to the beatbox!

[BizMark finishes it off]

"Yo who, I don't know who was on the mic man
This thing smell awful here man.."



**stakes
is high**

de la soul

De La Soul Lyrics

"Intro (Stakes Is High)"

(When I)
(First heard)
(Criminal)
(Minded)
(I was in...)
(Damn, where was I?)
(...seventh grade)
(Battlin' this other emcee)
(Smokin' a blunt and drinkin' a 40 down lower East Side with my niggas)
(I have no idea where I was, it was so long ago)
(I was on my way to a family reunion in a car on the Long Island
expressway when I heard it)
(Roosevelt Projects)
(I was in...)
(I was outside of church when I was really little and I was doing the
wop with this girl)
(Red Alert played one of the songs on the radio)
(It was so long ago)
(Yo Merce, what's up, this is Hanson, man, I want you to peep that out.
Yo, kid... I was at this party, this hype
party when I heard
KRS' Criminal Minded. I'll call you back, peace.)

(All right!)
(All right!)
(All right!)
(All right!)

[POS:]

Channeling, in sync so my what brings that testament
To cover twelve inches of funk
Flip like as if I was the Dalek himself
Specialising in cleansing like the its of
Elephants, Dove hits bibles out the park, man
Don't wven try to toss bleach, I'm too dark and
Major more soul than James' "Escapism"
De La Soul is here to stay like racism
Patrick know and I'mma put the pillow off the bed
As I lurk up on your thoughts while phones on your head
Riff a tech pro, flex Sue, running you the links
Scout weather, pouring rain outta duck's survive links
And if one winks for pink slips, the slips are short
Dull-minded as sperm, to give out for the souls I report
I sport too fly for the forty-ounce drinker
I sport too fly for a forty-ounce thinker
A fresh linen scent so sniffer on the two-inch
A talker of the berg without weed influence

So stick to you Naughty By Natures and your Kane
'Cause graffiti that I based upn the wax is insane

[DOVE:]

Grand groove, I wish I had the flavor bid
Give me six bottles of beer, I take the seventh one free
I got the chandelier, kick, constructed by my man
Little elf, big four gets the zootie for the self
Long Island living, what, twelve o'clock dawn
Jiggy-not see me so I trip straight to your porches
Mr Partymaker puts the boogers in your bottle
Straw it and drink, what bees gotta be's
'Cause I snort the crazy-crazies
Man, I kick the Franken-style, dig the bolts in my neck
Wreck, ship, boat, rock
Heavy metal grooves ain't the infinite
Here I hips to the hops
I'm looking for the words in the faces of a prince
That brother been down ever since soaked cheese
And motor go smiling
Hey, how ya doin'
Now, meet in front of Big Lou's fighting
Hey, y'all reminisce, six streets, little miles
Straight to my avenue
(Aaaah... aaaggh)
Six streets, went miles straight to my avenue
I'm headed for the bigger E, for the bitter OE, not me
Here's my Malibu, child, here's my Malibu
Buckshot honeys, dig a gun and go aaaahhhhh...

De La Soul Lyrics

"Supa Emcees"

[Chorus: Slick Rick sample from MC Ricky D and Doug E. Fresh's "La-Di-Da-Di"]

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees
Times done changed for the emcees
Every woman and man wanna emcee
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

Hey, whatever happened to the emcees
Times done changed for the emcees
Every woman and man wanna emcee
But for what, I tell you emceeing ain't for you!

[Verse One: Dove]

Man I'm on the set like the flicks so let your parents flash
A splash bigger than whales, I'm makin monsters mash
Spit Pinnochio's Theory when shit be looking weary
I need rest, but I boogie for now, I'm on some mess
like the best mics respond to me
Living days, like dreams of specializing in the art that pays
I be a mystic for life, so check my ID number
Emcees be kneading/needin dough while I make bread like Wonder
Yes, that's what you heard, so save that acting for the screen
See you can can that manager with the beans
I bust emcees like lies surprise em out the box
Put away the soda pops I'd rather rub on the rocks
A dime-getter tried to get what I got, for what?
I guess Southern folks cash makes the lovin come fast
But I'm past alla that, it's time to break with the breeze
Get to your knees, here comes the Supa Emcees

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Pos]

Within this program of rap, I'll eradicate the glitches
Yo I'm dark like Wesley, but I be sparkin more bitches
and to them my constellation put your lives in jep
While you others represent, I present my rep
Cause when it comes to making dents, I'm that main in print
Even smoked from blunts which give eyes the reddish tint
Could not prevent, YOU from seeing I'm the light
but bring attention to my words like some ads in tights
I heard you want to fight me, with your words on stage
So Mase pulls that instrumental from the jam YOU made
And as he starts cutting what you sold, I'll talk all over your tones
as if my name was Pete Rock or Sean "Puffy" Combs
Send your tattered ass home, with celly phones I roam
with my fleet, here to make this rap game complete
While you live fables, unstable, acting very radical

Projecting like you're hard, when in fact you're quite vaginal

[Chorus]

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Bizness"

(feat. Common)

[Intro: Common]

[Craig Mack sample from "Get Down"]

And and bass up the track a little bit
Cuz I I'm here I wanna hear that boom bish boom, knowhat! I'm sayin'?

Yeah yeah you know the bizness
Common Sense, soul with the De La
Get all them play-ahs
We the rhyme sayers
Huh, and that's the bizness, hah
Gonna do it like this
Gettin it that
Like the Chicago streets

[Verse One: Dove]

I speak divine of God theories, no need to be high
Always exhale the facts cause I don't inhale lye/lie
Play the greater man's game, to bounce off my losses
So I can earn the acres (uhh) the houses (yeah) the horses (huh)
Of course it's much greater than your Benx or your Lex
The engine to my comprehension is just too complex
Much too complex, EFX/effects be live like Das
Making moves down South, to avoid the chaos
And never, flaunt the coin cuz dime-getters be gazin
They call me Luther Van, they say my style is so Amazin
I'm fazin those who're supposed to have the last laughter
Cuz even when I'm gone I'm reappearin in the after
I haveta, send respects to real money makers
Do not connect us with those champaign sippin money fakers
Taste the quarter pound with spice from Chi-town
Now what that prove, you're so full you can't even move

[Chorus:]

Cause I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't another brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

And I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win
I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink...

[Verse Two: Common]

Do you wanna be a MC? Or do you wanna serve

Do you wanna be dope? Or do you wanna deal it
Fabricated acrylic, I feel it, I'm the style molester
I do a show get Extra P's like the Large Professor
In fact I get more hoes than Tessa, peep game like a
refa-ree in soul control of my
desti-ny, in the best of, three out of five
Whip ANYBODY ass at NBA Live, rappers
take a dive like Greg Lougainis with his bitch-ass
Rather be in Bebe's alley, than at the click with gators
Not a hater of the players, I'm more like a coach, or an owner
I Used To Love H.E.R., but now I bone her (ahuh-hah!)
At one point in rhyme I thought I lost my erection
But then I got it back with the Resurrection, blessings
upon rhymes old man who called him traitor
Big Com Stradamus niggaz styles I predict

[Chorus:]

I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't no other brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

[Verse Three: Pos]

I'm the most from the coast of the East, then flee
Droppin more knowledge than litter, on the New York peeve
It's me, wonder why, in the place to be
Certified, as superior, MC
While others explore to make it hardcore
I make it hard for, wack MC's to even step inside the door
Cause these kids is rhyming, sometiming
And when we get to racing on the mic, they line up to see
the lyrical killing, with stained egos on the ceiling
My rhymes escalates like black death rates
Over music plates, being played as the rule
Kids thinking stepping to the Soul, you're labelled fools
who claims to drop jewels but for now you do the catching
I don't worry on what crew you run, or what section of earth
you reside, you're not even a man
So I don't seem it mandatory taking your pride
But I will, cause my man said Soul for the life
You cried "Keepin it real", yet you should try keepin it right
That's understanding microphone mathematics
Which leaves the currency in temporary world status
And when one shows he posed threat to this one
This one will make that one into none
Simple equation, zero, you shouldn't play hero
If you can't stand Strong like the Island I'm from

[Chorus:]

Now I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One
Walk around the planet earth making money having fun

Yeah, and I'm the-C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E
And can't another brother cook these delicacies
See can't another brother cook these delicacies
See can't another brother cook these delicacies

[Outro: Common]

Ahh that's how, that's how I'm supposed to do my thing huh
Like triple it, alright
That's how we do it, all the way from Strong Island to Chicago
The type of freestyler flow
Yeah, it's fluent, and we don't need to flow no more
Hah

[Intro: this comes before "Wonce Again Long Island" on the LP]

To my man Mos Def yo he nonstop
To my man Enola, yo he's nonstop
And to my kin de Calhoun, yo he's nonstop
Yo that girl MP, yo she's nonstop
And to that crew Camp Lo, yo they nonstop
And to that nigga Pop Life, yo he's nonstop
And to my cousin Fudd Love, you know he nonstop
My brother Lucky and Pert, yo they nonstop
And to my man Joe Buck, you know he nonstop
And my man Extra P, yo he's nonstop
And my man Mike Divine, you know he nonstop
That kid called Baby Paul, yo he's nonstop
And to the Jazzyfatnastees, yo you're nonstop
And my peoples Beatminerz, man they nonstop
And to my man Mr. Bug, you know you're nonstop
And yo, Litro, yo, he's nonstop
And to, my dean The Green, yo you're nonstop
And to my man Prince Paul yo he's nonstop
And to that man Kid Capri yo you nonstop
And A Tribe Called Quest, man they nonstop
And don't forget the Jungle Beez yo they nonstop

[Extra Verse: sampled from "Down Syndrome"]

Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making
more money than a pagan holiday
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

De La Soul Lyrics

"Wonce Again Long Island"

[Pos Plug Wonder Why]

(What the hell do you wanna be when you grow up?)
I wanna be a supa emcee
(Well you're already that) so let me step up to bat
Attack a hit to go beyond this age of rap counterfeits

Out of the heavens August one-seven, sixty-nine
Born I, wonder why with the thoughts to rhyme
Til there was no longer thoughts to dream
When an unpolished demo led to limos at the age of eighteen
Accompanied by the screams, Plug One
Shot up with fame like novacaine it made me numb
So numb I wouldn't been able to feel
Niggaz diggin in my pockets for my currency reels
But still, I make girls brown eyes blue at will (until)
my ass was no longer mass appeal
Oh shit, I guess that was all the fame I was allotted
Wait a minite, new video, like a leopard I'm spotted
in a night club chillin with Kamaal and Phife
I be that farmer cultivating owning acres of mics
And I likes to make it known Strong Island stylin
for a while, so do that dance

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be
(Showin others they do not?) Yes I be
(Havin then towed from the lot?) Yes I be
That's my job as a supa emcee, I'm from Long Isle
Mobile, make it worth your while
If the jam needs motion I'm the one to dial
(Goin beyond ninety watts) Yes I be
(Well are you rockin it?) Yes, yes I be (rockin it!)

I can stress the makin of loot to feed the fam
While the voices impersonate the true who I am
Buzzin in my ear, oh you one of those wannabees
Always buzzin in my ear you down with supa emcees
Steppin to me with your pleas that you gots, butter rhymes
Man the only thing butter bout you is your spine
mad yellow, you can't rock the Mardi Gras, my mellow
Cause my stealth show more than knowledge of self
I got knowlegde of you, to know you a wack em-crew
(You mean wack emcee) Nah, a wack em-crew, see you a crew of wack niggaz
You should have never tried to test
These words that I Man, with the eye/I to Fest
While you sayin one thing really meaning the next
You're just a contra-DICK, your mind's been tampered WITH

Like some holy boooks, but looks to the sky
Cause Wonder Why's here to save the day

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be
(showin others they do not?) Yes I be
(Havin then towed from the lot) Yes I be
Cause ultimately, I'm lettin all MC's know that
what's the name of this crew? (De La, De La)
Well alright, and what be the dish we servin?
(We servin pos-da!) Posdanos help the next get loose

Like an alcohol scenario rap be on the rocks
Authenticity that missin fee to pay to join the flock of MC
These niggaz stand lower than knees
Dramatized in they eyes as the ones to please
When rap kids apply violent pressure to father, brother and son
for fun to say they inflict pain
R&B niggaz lie to mother, sister, and daughter
to have sex disguised as lovin in the rain
Their words are more hallow than October 31st
what's worse, hate to see the females
switch to sexual mentality, it doesn't match with they given anatomy
Man they rather be hoes like that male emcee
Who walk around like they got nuts
And use the tits and ass like a crutch
Man the underground's about not bein exposed
So you better take you naked ass and put on some clothes

man this be goin out to the kids from east smash (long island)
amityville (long island)
to all my people out in whinedance, bayshore (long island)
C.I.'s in the place (long island)
brinkwood, hempstead, all my (long island)
brothers out in roosevelt, freeport (long island)
uniondale to long beach (long island)
to them girls out in huntington (long island)
long island for real (long island)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Dinninnit"

Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas, the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

It's so real when we come through
Sunshine be on my sidewalk when i come through
Schoolly d like family reunions
Midday may, it's all lovin'
Take a walk down to d dot c
The war's tuggin'
And ain't no druggin'
My credit's a gain
While you searchin for some trick
To put the shit in her name
I be spendin on wall street
And buyin' boardwalk
Dodging problems of the world
Drawn out in white chalk
Peace, mr. war
I'm seein' all dimensions
But unlike your eye extensions
My vision don't blur
'What' 'when' and 'word's
Where the gossip occur
Heard i'm sexin' sade
And i bought her a fur
Battin' eyes at toni braxton
And i bought her a fur
Now i'm hittin' whitney houston
Oh, she bought me a fur?
Far-fetched like glass teks
And kiddie rolex

Soon comin'
But now it's time to kick the fun in
Now, where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

I'm pourin out these rhymes
For them kids who ain't here
Stakes is high
But we gonna try to have fun this year
Before there were guns
There was native tongues on these plains
But others on
Without them being pawns in this game
'Cause a pawn in this game
Is left with no game to play
So, um, you best ta check
And hear what we got to say
Now if you came to party
Just let it be known
Now if you came to fight
You might get that head flown
By the one and only
Maseo plug third
J.D. dove plays the wall
As kenny cal spurts words
And a number
To a crew of dope girls from the woods
And not dope meaning weed
But dope meaning (good)
Like them west coast kids
Who be throwin' up signs
I hate a buster
Unless his name is busta rhymes
So check the way my mind moves
Over times and grooves
Got some money to blow
Wonder why wanna know
Where the ladies at?
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"
And all the fellas, the fellas?
"Takin over this year"
I heard the party's round here, right?
"You know that's right"
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey

De La Soul Lyrics

"Brakes"

There's a lot of people out here
Who just don't know
What plays a factor
In movin' heads and toes
It be them hits
Hangin' out of them stereo kits
Whether cassette radio or cd bits
Mix tapes from the best
Going on and on
Throughout the city grounds
To suburban lawns
Man, we don't play
Even where we stay
Videos shows the visuals
Of jams today
Coinciding with the rhythm
Of the heart and neck
The brakes got you
In your proper context
You let your lex or your
Sixty-four suspension
Bounce away all your tension
En route to the club
Where girls need the quenchin'
Diamonds on your wrist
Sunroof top
But niggas out front
Makin' guns go pop
So the spot gets shut
But on to the next
'Cause your ears get vexed
When they don't get the fix cause

(These are the brakes)
It be your listenin pleasure
While you're doin your chores
(These are the brakes)
No matter where you from
It's for you and yours
(These are the brakes)
Bringing it back to the brakes
Like the 'yes yes y'all'
(These are the brakes)
So let it be your anthem
When you're havin' a ball

Well it's silly of me

To think that I
Would never get a chance to see
A piece of this pie
I sat dead in front of speakers
Thinkin' that could be me
Anticipatin' open microphones
So I could emcee
Had a catalogue of raps
Impressin' all the 'round-the-ways
Before I went to bed
Included rhymes into my prayers
But that rhyme is all on paper
I want my song on vinyl plates
I dreamin' hits and doin' shows
Makin my niggas spines shake
Expectin' nuttin but a little bit
Of radio play
Gettin diced on 1 and 2's
By the best djs, hey
Time was kinda tight
But still i dotted on the line
And some expected me
To start buhlooning in the mind
Seein' spaces and places
That i couldn't pronounce
But still i had the pulleys
To make all the bullies bounce
With the blessings of the great
We took it from state to state
'Cause we landed on the good foot
And got our biggest brake cause
(These are the brakes)
A mother gets mugged
By her crackhead son
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
You're in the wrong part of town
So the shots make you run
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Your best comrades put six tabs
In your o.e.
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Your boyfriend made you a carrier of HIV
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"

Now what's gonna happen
When the sun don't shine
I'm buyin tickets aboard
The caravan of love
Hey fellas
See, money don't make shots repel
I break woes and compose
Some rhymes to tell
So when the party's live

It shouldn't be beef
Or playin' indian roles
I guess you thought you was chief
Seems all broke up
And now you woke up surprised
Situation's gettin sticky
Dead in front of your eyes

We play the wall
Similar to tacks
Until the dj plays
The necessary track
In fact as the jam plays on
Out comes all your bread
To pay for drinks
For them girls you want to spread
Don't be mislead
When the brakes inside your head
And have you reminiscing
On them kids who got you fed
Until reality reveals a miss
Who wants to know
If you can play her real close
Out on the dance floor 'cause

(These are the brakes)
It be your listenin pleasure
While you're doin your chores
(These are the brakes)
No matter where you from
It's for you and yours
(These are the brakes)
Ringin it back to the brakes
Like the 'yes yes y'all'
(These are the brakes)
So let it be your anthem
When you're havin, a ball

De La Soul Lyrics

"Dog Eat Dog"

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places
It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places

Extra, extra
What's that all about?
I'm wishin the position
Of my loving's sorted out
I shed a tear cause i'm hearin'
Nothing new or particular
Status once parallel
Now it's perpendicular
And everything is just as clear as day
Realistically explicit
In the things you say
I guess a "bitch" in the batter's
Gonna make the flavor fatter
But you gots to keep it for real
Forget about your jewels and gems
You won't be needin
None of them
The tool'll fix the era
My mellow used to wear a
Namebuckle, now he chuckle
'Cause he earn a dime Quicker
Talkin bout a burnin'
Sippin on some malt liQuor
And all these kiddies
Wishin they were supa emcees
But to earn my "s"
I had to learn some less
About a crime'll make million
A dime'll make a call
I'd rather hop on the line
And drop a rhyme to prince paul

Cause it's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)

'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin' my love
In all the wrong places

Hey kid
What's the word?
Man, it's all about mind
Keeping focused
On them self-mechanisms of rhyme
So no longer stand erect
'Cause your thoughts are drained
Walkin' round
Manifesting attributes of shame
Used to sQuabble for the mic
But now accordingly
We act
Unless a club can't afford the fee
We act
So name that any best man
To put us under
Created from the ground
Yet know nothin
'Bout the under
Take a glimpse
At them pimps
Playin record exec
Addin up all your zeros
So's to cut you a check
Saying why the blunder wonder
Could've g'd today
So you can put up some swings
For your seed to play
But a swing ain't that important
When the park's around the corner
Filled with life causing death
Greeting victims for the morning
It was the moment i feared
Nah, the moment i steered
Upon the right path
To know the right math
To over stand

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)
'Cause i ain't got time
For hangin around
When you're fuckin my love
In all the wrong places

De La Soul Lyrics

"Baby Baby Baby Baby Ooh Baby"

[Intro:]

Ohh there go that bullshit again
You heard that shit?
Nah I ain't hear that
That's that bullshit from the other day
They done took the Buffalo Girls beat and changed it all around
They playin themselves!

[Verse One: Jazzyfatnastees]

You remind me when I reminisce of you (yeah)
All the freaky things I want to do, to you (that's right)
Rub me up, rub me down, rub me all around (what)
Kiss me here, kiss me there, kiss me, kiss me everywhere!
Tell me what the cost to get in line cuz you are mine tonight
Gonna give you all I got to give, as long as you rub it right
I will love you right (I don't care if you diss me)
I will do you right (I don't care if you don't want me) come on

Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Be my baby baby baby baby baby baby (come on, come on, hahh)
Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Be my baby baby baby baby baby baby (yo, hahh, knowhat I mean?)
gonna set it like this, what)

[Verse Two: Pos]

Now I forgot how to forget so I remember your face
With your pretty accent, wearin man-attract scent
Others fakin constantly stakin out pockets of dreams
Always tryin to sham too that's why they crave champagne
But the blame still remains not to be on you
I know your style and your love lasts Long like the Island I'm from
I'm on the drum man, and it's all good
Cause I flexed on your ex, make sure he understood
That you would, never again want to be his wife
So we connect lips to hips, and uhh, eyes to thighs
You're my so-phisti-cated, lady
All mine, if you wasn't I'd go cra-zay

[Outro: Jazzyfatnastees]

Baby baby won't you be my baby baby
Yeah baby, this is uhh
Baby baby be my baby baby baby baby
Posda on the microphone

WRMS rocks the best hey hey hey it's the fat man
Scoop Wonder ear in your hand
That was JFB, baby baby baby OHHHHHHHHHH bay-bah!!!!!!!!!!

Ha hah!!!

I pick my nose wash my clothes and be back in a minute

With Busta Rhymes, the mighty infamous

Zhane, A Tribe Called Quest, nonetheless WRMS

Fat man Scoop, tryin to get this rap loot yeah

De La Soul Lyrics

"Long Island Degrees"

[Verse One: Maseo]

It's strong island for real, where the critters run wild
the prefix is 516, the top of the dial
through the L.I. Sound, to the villa down under
and across the globe I heard a lot of folks wonderin'
so when's it coming 'cause the stakes is high see big money that waves
don't put the pen to my page
and ain't nothin' wrong with standing still and relaxing
and spendin' some of that cash that Uncle Sam is gonna tax
a New York demeanor is sit back in the beamer
with nothing to lose but some gas and some minutes
ignorin' the gazers 'cause some stars don't get petty
and that trash you talk is just New Years confetti
it's like that y'all, but that's all 'bout to change
like some of my own, people tend to act strange
i'm making a scene, and it's served with it's capabilities
so set it at an island's degrees

[Posdanous:]

It's strong island for real, the diagnosis is supreme
the prefix is 516, where microphones fiend
the voices that gots the gift, 'cause the world is on their shoulders
makein' plans to switch from little rock to money boulders
the real proceed
my girl stands deep from nubians actin' like Columbians sellin' keys
characters have the tendency to con themselves
to think the East Coast is only New York and Philadelph
you know the way we blow, your shit is played like pork
and as for what we be bringin' you, we live and direct from New York
I oughta say my fam causes commercs.
steppin' to me fool will get you punched out like a curse
it's like that y'all, let it all consume
like them brothas who smoke, 'till they high like the moon
soon to a town near you be them super emcees
settin' them Long Island degrees

[Maseo:]

I hit the L.I.R.R. for big dreamers out east
and get your bank roll split
bangin' dents out your systems
sellin' points to get the uppercut like Sonny Liston
but eyes closed episodes
bring you back to zeroes
the same herp playin' like he Casablanca
blind to it, but I'm a grind him up a cup of Sanka
servin' dimes loves on tennis courts and sorts
laid back like grown folks sippin' tea for sport

[Posdanous:]

I be sweepin' up the room with my lyrical broom
while others rhymes smell like plastic like some lunch room utensil
the official color for this planet is green
which grows in pockets of them people willing to scheme
an't no expose, these facts are from the mouth
profilin' through Island with that wind from down south
at last, be the world broad cast from the crew who gave you 3's
magic on an island degrees

[Maseo:]

it's strong island for real where the critters smoke fritters
night time excites time for the heavy hitters
gang on hers 'cause in the mean time mine is home on date
fluffin' pillows impatiently waitin' ain't no debatin'
'Bout to settle, check the level stakes is high as the sky
I got questions about your life if you so ready to die
we in the last quarter y'all, somebody's gonna cry
I think they need to set the clock before the time pass by

[Posdanous:]

In the round one no nines my size can get swelly
sensing danger I will play a ranger on my celly with my felly
we're wonderful like colorful flix
provide a thread and needle every time the stages get ripped
I grip upon the pleasure sippin' the tea
on the island 'cause that island is the main artery
so uh, you better come and give respect for catch some of these
knucks from the island degrees

De La Soul Lyrics

"Betta Listen"

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)
(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

Mummy I saw one day
She was on some fume vapors
Givin' me lip so I continued with the caper
Cat litter had me sniffin
Since outside the palace
Eyes sicker than aids
Game harder than a callous
Tried to enter in her shit
She had locks on the session
Tellin me how her last man
Taught her ass a lesson damn
Well, i'm not the mayor
I take care of my dimes
But I excluded I had nickels
Addin' up to her kind
Short stacks with a wristful of jewels

Sayin she didn't need a man
To make her out for a fool
Dig it, miss, my love is credited in cupid account
And if you need that extra help
Gigglin, figurin' I had jokes for her humor
Then she broke out with the words
About knowin all the rumors
"See, all you niggas rappin be like pedigree dogs
Thinkin you can have me leashed
Around your microphone cords"
Somethin 'bout her lit me up like july
And with them onions in the pants
I couldn't help but cry
Seemed lost in the essence
But i had to find my way to take
Action for the digits just to set up a date
Thought my shinin was on
I had the skirts in the bag
Until i took a bit of time
To peep the price on the tag
She said "I'm that salt and pepa

Who like pushin it to sisters
You need to get to walkin with it mister,
I think you betta listen"

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

We was at some outside jam one saturday night
When this pretty ass girl got locked in my sight
She was a ghetto philosopher
Yeah you know the type
Thinkin' Mary J. and sade understood her strife
Caught me lookin', "Yo what's cookin?"
"Nothin' from around here
So don't approach or hope
To be the man of the year"
I said listen deer or rabbit or whatever the hell you be
I'm not the one to embarrass
But the one to emcee
I traveled the world q uarters on my relationships
Used and abused by hoes
So my royalty stubs
But above all
I brought my daughter into this earth
So I understand the need
Of women feeling of worth
She glanced deep in my eyes
And said "oh shit, you're ill
I like the way your mind
Moves around at will
Still, let me apologize for soundin so sassy
But you niggas act as if my ass
Has a sign that says harass me"
Her name was gail from the union of dale
I made her remove the shades
So her eyes could tell me the plan
Yo where's your man?
"Oh that nigga's past tense,
Painted bruises on my face
Haven't seen him ever since"
Gave a pinch to my bottom
And started rubbing my back
She said "i bet your ass is darker
Than a mobb deep track"
Only one way to know it,
And i was down to show it
So we jetted back to my crib to set it
She made it known
"I've owned thoughts of you
Since that song 'meeny-meeny'
Can't believe you're about

To be all up in between me"
Man, the flag was lowered
So my wood was raised
Followed a shielding of my building
To protect me from the blaze
This granted access to
Southern parts of her borders
Did you have her comin'?
Like the new world order
I caught her with the right combination
A good combination
Keepin' it in her hard, man
You betta listen

(Listen all you fellas, here's what good love is)
(Listen all you fellas, the kind she understands)
(Listen all you fellas, then you won't have to worry no no more)
(Listen all you fellas, you betta listen) (you betta listen)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Itzsoweezee (HOT)"

[Intro:]

Great all-dedication
Mos Def affiliation
Adequate representation
This is the phat presentation
De La dedication
Common Sense collaborations
Peace to all of you Haitians
Check it out

[Chorus: x2]

If money makes a man strange -- we gots to rearrange
So what makes the world go round
If love is against the law -- listen I don't know
Gotta change how it's goin down

[Verse One: Dove]

Fell in love with this fish who got caught in my mesh
But yo she burned my scene up like David Koresh
I guess a diamond ain't nothing but a rock with a name
I guess love ain't nuttin but emotion and game
It's a lesson well learned so praise is well due
I'm sendin off from Big I, to Kenny Calhoun
And add a reservation for the resident crew
And yo get your bowl cuz we cookin up stew
See them Cubans don't care what y'all niggaz do
Colombians ain't never ran with your crew
Why you acting all spicy and sheisty
The only Italians you knew was icees, niggaz price me
I'm keepin it clean, like a washing machine
And yo, get your locomotion run into full steam
I'm sending out a greeting to my man Daseem
I got a child so I gotsta get the green, right right

[Chorus]

Itzsoweezee, it's gettin hot this year
Itzsoweezee, it's gettin hot

[x4]

[Verse Two: Dove]

I own the deeds to some acres in the West, indeed
Where my pops is building residence to house my seed
Now here's the lead, y'all niggaz pray to hot rods and not God
While Versace play you niggaz like Yahtzee
Crackin jokes like you Patzi
(When's the last time you had Happy Days?)

Blazin up your herb to escape the maze, but the problem stays
Think big get it big is my motto
You can go and play your lotto, I'll be singin like baby won't you be mine
You'll be pressin rewind, you can never see mine
Keep your eyes focused, you can't touch this or quote this
Style is crazy bogus so you can't try to approach this
Stomp you out like roaches, pullin on my coattail
like some horses pullin coaches, WHOA your roller coasters
It's hotter than the temperature that's cookin in your toasters
While the heat'll put you deep into hypnosis

[Chorus x2]

Itsoweezee, Enoli's in the area
Itsoweezee, Timbo King's in the area
Itsoweezee, Maseo's in the area
Itsoweezee, ninety-six in your area
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd lawd!
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd lawd lawd
Itsoweezee, lawd lawd, for y'all peace
Itsoweezee

Itsoweezee *[x8]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"4 More"

(Never gonna give up on you)
We gonna do it like this
(Just a little bit)
Like that
(just a little bit)
Zhane
(just a little bit)
De La
(just a little bit) c'mon

[Chorus:]

I'll never give you up
No, I'll never stop
Keep it comin'
Keep on comin' 4 more *[x2]*

It's that brown man from long islandin' shores
Got a way with women, so I get away with yours
Because you're whole game's outdated
Which leaves all the pretty women heavily sedated

Mummy you can play your ripley's
Or believe it or not
I shoot gift like heron
With skills of gil-scott
Nights like sir lancelot can get heated
Prescribin' your vibe, love,
I know how you need it

[Chorus: x2]

I like to mingle sometimes
So I head out of state to find a couple of dimes
But a government rate can't settle for no nickels
Even pennies for thought for short
I need connections
With big bank selections
Securing all the sections
With sing-sing corrections
Seedin' like nature, escapin' like gas
Tell me how long this love is gonna last
Thinkin' fast might spoil somethin'
Turn a *[?]* to nothin'
[?] to your lady is special
Seen a bigger picture on the screen
But you're a movie, you move me
You soothe me like holidays, getaways

The brochure said do it
So true
It's not a hold hand mission
Cut the public display
Heard you're headed for the stars
Put the gazers away
Mine times out of ten
We cut to good friends
But when we on the tenth
We gotta go the length
I'm not a playa
Yet i get more play
Than a talk show shown
Cross the USA
Have em' moanin' out the vowels sounds
Ooh, eei, and aahh
And how by now you should know me and my
Do members of the opposite sex
Have their boyfriend screaming out
We got more techs
Than that ball team in georgia
(Yo, he said he's comin for ya)
All because the ho wanna go to the casbah

[Chorus: x2]

You can get with
Some of these women
Some of the time
When your face is in the light
[?] stirred with lime
Is it a crime
To set your mind to death?
Resuscitated
See how many brain cells left
I feel your body's drawn to my positive
Don't even want a baby
If it's that easy to give
I live right around the corner
Three states away
Take a holiday
Come check me
Watch how I set the
Mood, check a movie on the tube
Get your belt mad loose like lee
Phone's turned way down
To avoid the beef
Or the questions
If she's the only one gettin' lessons
You're into crime faces, huh?
Well i'll play your capone
Suzy q got the grill
To make the cake chrome

Situation's gettin absurd
Hot on a plat
So work the format
See how we do that?
And you're figurin
We love on the rock
I'ma keep it up front
To maintain the stock
Displayin all the goodies
From your knuckle to knees
Make it hot like the island degrees
Now that's special

[Chorus:]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Big Brother Beat"

Ha ha ha ha
Ha, ha ha ha ha
Ha! Ha ha ha ha
Ah-ha ha ha, ah-ha ha ha ha, ha!!

[Intro/Chorus: De La + Mos Def]

Now this goes out to all area clicks
Centralized and way out in the sticks
Remember to keep the De La/De La/Native Tongue
in the mix
Just like log cabin syrup my sound is game thick
Now this goes out to all area clicks
From manicured lawns to projects bricks/bricks/from 718 to the 51-6
Remember to keep the Mos Def/Native Tongue in the mix
Straight butter hits, drop as a good as it gets/gets/straight butter hits

[Verse One: Mos Def, Dove, Posdonus]

Now, come on y'all, get live get down
What we have is a brand new sound
So don't none of y'all just be misled
The De La's gonna do the body good like wheat bread

Shakin laces out of shoes, Mos Def bought the brews
Sittin indian squats to make that red tie knots
See I'm out to get the core like in them Rainbow Pops
Swingin life like a hammock, invested like stocks

Via sinus complex, I aims to clog it up
Snappin by the pain as a crew hear the gain
We remain on your mind like skulls, not a golem
I'ma show it in the house all perimeters are blown

Native Tongue come through to make you say yes yes
This is the body Mos Def style fresh like baby breath

We are the killer combination with the size to administer
the beatdown to swell up all three of your eyes

[Chorus]

Now check it out, and ya don't stop
We got the big brother beat, ya don't stop
[x2]

[Verse Two: Mos Def, Posdonus, Dove]

I don't bug out I chill, don't be actin ill
No trick in ninety-six, Native Tongue gon build

But we be easy on the cut, no mistakes allowed
Cause to me, MC mean, make it clean
When I speak on groups and I'm smooth like gabba D
Tryin to hang out with Dove and catch love in Aberdine (word up)
I bag dimes like my man born on August 17
Life be nuttin but a river son I'm swimmin upstream

Playin wait up, with the data servin your ears
with information due to confirmation of the nation's most
wicked ways of livin, like them glassy eyed beans
Inhale to smoke the fiends, while bangin a table
Rated at the high point of the mass
Rippin MC's at the top of a class, occasionally
rippin some sucker's face
Or some suckable ass from a girl
It's a big brother beat for the wide wide world

I'm makin memos off these demos back in eighty-nine
Took you all on encounters of an unknown kind (right)
Did the hustle with a couple of us, but soon noted
That my niggaz buttered Benedict rolls, and then voted
I wrote in the dark so I could feel it like braille (uh-huh)
Heard the big brother beat, got locked with no bail
Came to set like equators invented, with the heat
Yo Mos Def how you radiate to make it complete

RIGHT *[echoes]*, so when I shine the light crabs wince
Manifestin for the future here in the present tense
No doubt, I love the sound biggin out off your Jeeps
Son I want the little kids bangin big brother beats

[Chorus]

We straight butter hits, we straight butter hits
Perfecta, perfecta
[x3]
Word up

De La Soul Lyrics

"Down Syndrome"

[Pos]

I be that mind blessin blessin these lessons we've ignited
Want to bring it to my face man you're cordially invited
cause I've cited, you possess no science in your thinking
So I'm gonna (never) you're blinking!

[Dove]

Fingers be pointin, and leakin falsifyin the stink
You think I'm pink I bl-I-link with them shades of thought and think
(and in this corner be the hush) so play on William Rhodes
Cause at the sound of the bell my circle square controls
And all MC's best sweat, we bringin buckets of heat

[Pos]

So don't fret kid I let you lick the love I secrete, yo
Even my foes give me bravos, and that shows
total domination in this rhyme complication

[Dove]

Yeah the skill is a cinch I rock the womb with a mic
and in the days of the nickel and breast, I knew de yes yes y'allin
was the callin, clearly not for the gat
For combat, I bring a bag of my rhymes for the SAT

[Pos]

I'm Plug One-of-a-kind, for you people's delight
And for you sucker MC's, step to your knees
Ain't no second thoughts and all your thoughts are from Orion
I can tell that you a devil by them rhymes you're designin
Your play doggin tactics can't fuck with my facets
Just because you talk all that glock shit don't mean you can rock shit!
Your identities on freeze
Just a form of protozoa tryin to cross them seas

[Dove]

See high horse riders gettin shot by the sheriff
Cause nobody's safe for crimes
And even all you skirts need to checkin in your upstairs attic
Cause Mase is smackin hoes if hoes is startin static

[Pos]

Now it ain't all good when your jam goes wood
So as a deterrant, I use mental current
Got them brothers shook, peep the look comin out of the face
Cause they all catch a bruise from the hits we make

Your fame and cars should be listed as magnets

Legends never die but they can get shot and killed
Ain't nuttin glitter when you're battlin MC's
you once imitated in a mirror so to down syndrome you kneel

[Dove]

The same status I heard, the same nothin
My ears fears the faulty locks tryin to lock down the stops
but I earn more than your Menudo or your Boyz II Men
While down syndrome keeps you immune to frequencies I send
Fresher than a sniff off havin them J in fifth
I identify with your rhythm
but I exist for more than just a Benz, so mends
I'm cuttin off my friends to keep a smile calicum iron grain

[Pos]

Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making
more money than a pagan holiday
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

[Dove]

Say what man? You gritty like a diamond grenade
For the cameo spot you tries to fool Parade
You acrobats flip the star gazin map, for alla that
you'll be the first to place, and ran it all to a waste
And all the style that you bring (gotta make decks bend)
You gotta rip it from the start (when the beats come in!!!)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Stakes Is High"

[POS:]

The instamatic focal point bringing damage to your boroughs
Be some brothers from the east with some beats that be thorough
Got the solar gravitation so I'm bound to pull it
I gets down like brothers are found ducking from bullets
Gun control means using both hands in my land
Where it's all about the cautious livin'
Migrating to a higher form of consequence, compliments
Of strugglin', that shouldn't be notable,
Man every word I say should be a hip hop quotable.

[DOVE:]

I'm sick of bitches shakin' asses
I'm sick of talkin' about blunts,
Sick of Versace glasses,
Sick of slang,
Sick of half-ass awards shows,
Sick of name brand clothes.
Sick of R&B bitches over bullshit tracks,
Cocaine and crack
Which brings sickness to blacks,
Sick of swoll' head rappers
With their sicker-than raps
Clappers and gats
Makin' the whole sick world collapse
The facts are gettin' sick
Even sicker perhaps
Stickabush to make a bundle to escape this synapse

[POS:]

Man life can get all up in your ass baby you betta work it out
Let me tell you what it's all about
A skin not considered equal
A meteor has more right than my people
Who be wastin' time screaming who they've hated
That's why the Native Tongues have officially been re-instated

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

(Higher than high)

You know them stakes is high

(Higher than high)

When we talkin' 'bout the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high, you know them stakes is high

When we dealin' with the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high
(Hey yo, what about that love?)

[POS:]

Yo, it's about love for cars, love for funds
Loving to love mad sex, loving to love guns
Love for opposite, love for fame and wealth
Love for the fact of no longer loving yourself, kid
We living in them days of the man-made ways
Where every aspect is vivid,
these brothers no longer talk shit
Hey yo, these niggas live it
'Bout to give it to you 24/7 on the microphone
Plug One translating the zone
No offense to a player, but yo, I don't play
And if you take offense, fuck it, got to be that way
J.D. Dove, show your love, what you got to say?

[DOVE:]

I say G's are making figures at a high regard
And niggas dying for it nowadays ain't odd
Investing in fantasies and not God
Welcome to reality, see times is hard
People try to snatch the credit, but can't claim the card
Showing out in videos, saying they cold stars
See, shit like that will make your mama cry
Better watch the way you spend it
'Cause the stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high
When we talkin' 'bout the
(Vibes....vibrations)
Stakes is high

I think that smiling in public is against the law
'Cause love don't get you through life no more
It's who you know and "How you, son?"
And how you gettin' in, and who the man holding
Hey yo, and how was the scams and how high
Yo what up, huh? I heard you caught a body
Seem like every man and woman shared a life with John Gotti

[POS:]

But they ain't organized!

[DOVE:]

Mixing crimes with life enzymes
Taking the big scout route
And niggas know doubt better
Than they know their daughters
And their sons
(Oh boy)

[POS:]

Yo, people go through pain and still don't gain
Positive contact just like my main man
Who got others cleaning up his physical influence
His mind got congested
He got the nine and blew it
Neighborhoods are now hoods cause nobody's neighbors
Just animals surviving with that animal behavior
Under I who be rhyming from dark to light sky
Experiments when needles and skin connect
No wonder where we live is called the projects
When them stakes is high you damn sure try to do
Anything to get the piece of the pie
Electrify
Even die for the cash
But at last I be out even though you wantin' more
This issue is closed like an elevator door
But soon re-opened once we get to the next floor where the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high

When we talkin' 'bout the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

Stakes is high, come on

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sunshine"

(high on sunshine, lightin' my way)

[Dove]

and yes y'all
you are about to build witness
from the lands of Long Island
takin' you to the sky's survival
I am your captain, ain't no lie
on this endless journey
to invasions, to broaden your outer visions
to where you never been before
it's just a one night trip to love
sun shinin' forever, and forever sun shines

[Pos]

yo, leaving lasting impressions like cuts to flesh
be that crew from the five one six point of view
with skills so tight, they the rhymes of a vagina
them clits will turn into a diamond, the level of rhymin'
pressure comes from lessor forms than me and my man
and we go back like life created from um, specks of sand
and there's money to be made 'cause cacaussians are paid
only brothers who rhyme, seek bounce and catch balls
Plug 1, with them rhymes makin' your heart stall
like them girls when you in they room when they man calls
it ain't nothin' but the thing Oneder Why can bring
as we come to the bring the pain everyone will sing

[Chorus]

De La is the crew that you must hear, but please don't rush the stage
'cause even though them stakes are really high, we're really not here to race
we're just here to move your mind and soul with propetuated ease
it's just about the show until it's time to go, and get with the young ladies

[Dove]

I'm on travellin' to places that the eye can't see
but kinder, cause yo' strife don't mean a thing to me
throwin' me criminal looks, y'all need to get in the books
and drop some water in your melon, 'stead of actin' like a felon
aiyo son, who you tellin'? I'd make a mil if it was up to me
but since it ain't I teach my seed to bank hard
and than God, I smoke a substance of a different kind
catch me trippin' on earth when I'm high off sunshine

[Pos]

down right to dirt, Oneder Why makes it work
with access to talent like cacaussins to yellow cabs

with an Arab driver
I liven parties with marvelous confiction
ain't no fricition when life claims them victims who be [?] some dried up funds
best believe that the life is trife
'casue the gun made a man outta pussy's from around my way
who usually wouldn't have a fuckin' thing to say
last year's hard rocks are now petrified boulders
and L.I.'s finest is movin' yo' necks at shows
the anthem of this guy has a place in yo' eye
so you can be blessed to see in 3d double-e

[Chorus]



De La Soul Lyrics

"U Can Do (Life)"

[Whispered]

(ahhhh, ahhhh)

c'mon, c'mon, bounce - bounce

c'mon.. bounce, rock, roll

(ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Chorus: sung]

You can do, whatever you want

Whatever you like

It's your own life

So let me be, to do what I want

To do what I like

Cause this is my life

[Dove]

It's been about ten long years, my skin wreaks

flavors that your incense couldn't match

We burn slow like syphilis in your piss, accomodated

with the penicill-in, you're listenin, to

This "Art Official" will keep your shoes moonwalkin

Soon to talk about, "Pop Music"

You'll buy it cause you choose it

A lot of MC's is really S&M'n

Whips and chains, I maintain like a old jazz singer

Elephants in any location

Held back in rotation, an apple a day

only makes a nigga fruity

I eat responsibilities to carry out my duty

[?] in the MD's, I pull it out just to polish it

Make notes if you earnin or wait your turnbuckle

I stick to gettin mines like stucco (ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Chorus]

[Pos]

I'm that full-time rapper, the nickname's Llama

Part-time father if you ask my daughter's mommas

Missin in action cause the action got a fraction

of the world listenin to me

Got em travellin overseas in lands constantly

Got a sea of hands wavin, ain't misbehavin

but a lot of kids cravin for somethin they ain't got

Like the keys to the ride and a pocket with a knot and it's

holdin they ground til they rot in it

Plottin it, lockin it down strong

cause it's nuttin wrong gettin your bubblin on sticker

But too much bubblin can make you fizz quicker

So watch your stack, keep your fam intact
and pay attention to the now, I'm clearin the mess
While they stressin back in the day, I'm at the front of the night
with my crew shinin light on the (ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Chorus x2]

[Pos]

Now we on top of this like a typical bed position
Peepin your view, got your whole crew wishin and waitin
Makin dollars out of ten dime pieces
who be sippin out the glass suckin on the lime pieces included
In my pieces I pen the good livin
And even when we're stressin from in the hood livin
at least we're livin and there ain't no hell in that
Give me a yell in that, and go (ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Dove]

I wanna see the world ten times over
Dive off cliffs and land on oppotunities unthinkable
You sinkin straight to the bottom; while I float in parades
that St. Patty couldn't put up
All my niggaz tryin to build, then throw your wood up
Design life like PNB gears so stand clear for the blast off
Last off my chest, peace to Dav West
Live your life to the fullest (ahhhh, ahhhh)

[Chorus]

[whispered]

You can do.. what you want.. what you like
Let me be.. what I want.. what I like

De La Soul Lyrics

"My Writes"

(feat. Tash & J-Ro)

[ad libs for the first 30 seconds]

[Dove]

Yo - who hold guns and rock ice bigger than life;
got bitches throwin they drawers on stage - that ain't me!
I raise kids, push whips, piss an MC
Love money like I love my moms
Love my nigga Com Sense when he bang dents all up in they wallets
Wall to wall bullshit I got hardwood floors
Set sail for tour ever since eighty-nine
so y'all are fuckin the same hoes who used to be mine

[Tash]

And I've been waitin three summers to rhyme longside my people
Rico, De La, inject you with the lethal
dose of hop-hippin if you thought CaTash was slippin
then put that drink down, you drunk off what you sippin
CaTash put the dip in dip dive socialize
Fuck around with me and next you'll find yo' crib burglarized

[Xzibit]

Yo you better recognize and try to analyze this
Hand over fist - how can a man act like a bitch?
Change and switch, snitch on his crew
Yo get rid of the niggaz before the same thing happen to you

[Pos]

And they'll leave your ass sticky like glue
Blood leakin out, girls freakin out, motherfuckin cops tweakin out
Got you on your knees like a freak, jugglin deez nuts
Smugglin these cuts from S.C., you best be-
-lieve there's no web or leave a net
We done swallowed 40 bottles of threat, yo

[Chorus: all together]

What you know about my writes? (my writes)
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?
And what you know about an off night? (uhh)
What you know about niggaz frontin for the light?
And what you know about them gun fights? (gun fights)
Got a nigga duckin while them girls show fright
What you know about my writes? (my writes)
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

[Xzibit]

Yeah, yeah, look

I'm Samson without Delilah, the soul survivor
The drunk driver that rolls straight, take the whole cake
Chop it up with the family, wash it down with alcohol
My telly's a Desert Eagle for all the fuckin shots I called
My niggaz gotta ball, never settle for less
Heavy metal, heavy on yo' chest like two breasts
Step into my office cause it's time for you to roll somethin
One false move, and we gon' beat you like you stole somethin

[Pos]

Yo these style I kick should be called *[?]* rap
Drawin the pussy out the nigga after my prize, cause I want it
They stomach what I throw, they know I'm right for they diet
They librarian flow keeps the party real quiet (shhhhh)
The love I lost outweighs the rhymes I gain
but the fact that I spit 'em makes me cherish the name
So pass the mic so I can put in my share
I rip it from home to L.A.
with connectin flights to rip it elsewhere

[J-Ro]

Drinkin up Black & Tan in the back of a van
I learned as a young man - long trip, piss in a can
Gettin a house for two grand, now you got your own land
Let your mind expand, everyday have a plan
Ro-Gram is rare earth, swingin Black Tarzan
You got to live with the cards dealt in yo' hand
Stay young like Peter Pan, like Sly, take a Stand
and go Uptown Saturday Night like Ichiban

[Dove]

I keep it dirty like under the bed (dirty)
Dirty like Uncle Red; aiyyo, *[?]*
Dirty brown Likwit flow thicker than the Yoo-Hoo
Dirt you dishin out, chef tellin it all
Face down in the dirt, doin my dirty work
Expert, tryin to regulate my network
Head jerk, spice it with rice, stick with it
If they ask who cut the grits I'ma say E-Swift did it

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Tash]

And I've been known to get it on, past the break of the dawn
Tash'll punch you in your grill and leave "Potholes in Yo' Lawn"
(C'mon!) You makin diss songs? Spit that rhyme my way
I can shut y'all niggaz down like the Y-2-K
I did a tour in ninety-four with De La Soul and Tribe
We on the same vibe, cause real niggaz coincide
("Right-right-right..") The situation is drastic
but see songs like these is why this album goin classic

[J-Ro]

This is for the DJ, bring it back one time
I drop bombs like when my moms told me to rhyme
I'm - old school like my dad is
So add this, to your collect', Plug Won - who the baddest?

[Pos]

Aiyyo we theme park status, upstage these niggaz like Gladys
Them little Pips, they done tripped the wire
Blamin they legs, while I'm claimin these tunes
In this we'll stay down like seats found in sorority bathrooms

[Xzibit]

Yeah - we flat out classic, seperate the real from the plastic
and I gotta say no names
Play no games, hit the switches, crack the frame
Show no shame or fuck it all up, take the blame
Brand name fresh out the box type hustle
Manpower success is mind over muscle
Grind til the wheels fall off, accept the loss
I never been soft, whatever the cost, addicted to floss
Nailed to the cross it's time to return
My only concern is makin sure that Hollywood burn,
Hollywood burn, burn to the ground, trick-ass niggaz
is all up in the game and don't deserve to be down

[J-Ro]

Four bottle rap, twist the cap and kick back
De La, Xzibit and Tha Liks came to get that
And what you know about us droppin ya
and leavin you with half a face like the Phantom of the Opera?

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Chorus extended]

Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

[Tash]

You got the right to shut the fuck up! *[laughing]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"Oooh!"

(feat. Redman)

[Redman (doing Run-D.M.C.'s "Together Forever (Live at Hollis Park '84)"]

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled
Get your ass up, and let's get ill
That's right y'all, we more than rough, we callin your bluff
And when it comes to rhymes... (Brick City)

[Pos]

Yo, don't scandalize mine
I spent too much time
Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk
Never fetchin for crime, halt! Who goes there?

[Dove]

Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers, puffin Smokey the Bear
Shinin black like Darth Vader caps, they on stare

[Pos]

While we rockin it, I'll rock in it (rock in it)
Like the little ball inside the spray can
Providing three coats for both child, woman and man

[Chorus One: Redman]

God bless the God, lay these Streets Wall to Wall
It go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click
It went - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Pos]

It ain't my fault your ass is on the asphalt
Got your chin touched by my fam who though you brought harm, you see
I'm iced out like a glass of tea
Better yet, oatmeal cookies, y'all just rookies to me
Slidin' up and down the court, but I don't think you can D
Why try? Maseo be gettin high since Luke was Luke Skywalker
Man, my topic of talk is sheddin shame all over your game
Like them shorties who claim that afrocentric lovin is the past drug
A life filled with (TWEET) that's what thugs love
Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice
while it muffles your voice

[Dove]

Now when I'm swimmin through the joint, I put the funk on hold
Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up
We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss
Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kiss

[Pos]

Most crews are post-current while we're forever
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages
Graduated from the you-and-I-versity
of hard-hitters, for real

[Chorus Two: Redman]

I got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the shine
And get - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin your fuck on tonight
Then go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're lovin our sound
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin me down
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Dove]

Yo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostile
Rockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat
Big money's make the big decisions
Keep hip-hop alive, it's just an intermission
Back to the second half of the feature flick
Dick stacks and fuck rap

[Pos]

I had a name for makin paper since paper mache
Now my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquor
Went from God to God damn

[Redman]

Damn God, you're killin it
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it
Rap cats talk with no will in it

[Pos]

Soundin like they virtual
This joint'll hurt you, yo

[Dove]

Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got robbed
(shhh shhh shh, shhhhh) They did a job
Took all my goodies out from under the tree, except the CD's
of shiny-suit rappers and flossin emcees
who fail at takin it to rhyme degrees

[Pos]

Man, you know no wack poems get no play in our homes
You need to not get nappy with me

Or else we gon' "relax your mind, let your conscious be free"

[Chorus Three: Redman]

Yo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

To my women that'll throw they hands against they punk-ass man

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, if you never been shot or stabbed

Brick City go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Thru Ya City"

(feat. D.V. Alias Khrist)

Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh
Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh, ohh
we talkin bout

[D.V. Alias Khrist]

Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*

[Pos]

I ain't no thug son, my name is Plug Won
I drop a certified gem, for him and her
Knockin on your radio, like the Crash Crew
ask whoever you want - I'm managin the funk on the paper
Outside of that we pull capers for days
Ridin throughout the maze of street, while we blaze the beat
Watchin the sweet things wiggle they butt
to Plug Three, on the cut, movin on ya what-
-ever ya got, we gon' get, bringin our point, to ya position
Rippin stages with my thought coalition
Carryin on, eradicate all your stress mode
Just another episode through these area codes
We bankin on

[D.V. Alias Khrist]

Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*
Hmmm..

[Pos]

It's the hot-ness, talked about but never seen
like the Loch-Ness, til ya cop this; drop it inside your vein,
and like a train, we be runnin throughout your legs and arms
You're high off our talent and charm
Check the caliber - this be a smash
like some food on stage for Gallagher
Wear ya bib, cause it's messy
Niggaz schemin on my (Girl) as if my name was +Jesse+
Watch your manners! Now let me pass it off to Dave Banner

[Dove]

Yo, I set travels like Karen LaRue
Small talkin in the big city, it's all about gettin the coins
Everywhere I go I touch a tenderloin
They sportin a dot com Viet marker bomb

on your metro - MARTA order iron horse
Yo take the cross and meet a nigga at the butcher
I'm cuttin your girl - we on a world tour
Supplyin your bloodstream with nothin but the pure uncut, in ya

[D.V. Alias Khrist]

Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. mmmm..

Freak freak freak the funk the funk the funk the funk
funk freak the freak the freak the freak the freak the freak
Freak freak the funk freak freak the funk

[Dove]

We ain't walkin on a yellow brick road
These streets stay red and bloody kid
Study your code, so you can easily pass
I stash a little love when I'm on the visitation
If you crossin my lane, nigga do the same
I guaranteed to run through and prove the game
ain't bigger than the pieces in it
You see the pieces in it had me stuck travellin one side of map
Clappin hands with rap cats who ain't deserve dap
Long hauls and livin out a suitcase man
Chickenheads and gangs of fruitcakes man
Ain't nuttin better than explorin the outskirts
especially when she ain't got no pantyhose on, and it's on

[D.V. Alias Khrist]

Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*
Mmmm..
Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city.. *[echoes]*
Mhmmhmmhmmhmmhmmmmmm..

[Pos + Dove going "Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh" every 2 lines]

Yo - it's like, the Mercenary gettin down
And we got, Dave Banner gettin down
And we got, Maseo gettin down
And of course, my nigga Eno gettin down
And we got, Jay Dee gettin down (say word y'all)
And of course, the Slum V gettin down
And we got my man Khrist gettin down
And we got, Com Sense gettin down
And we got, N.D. gettin down
You know Troy Hightower gettin down
And we got, C. Smith gettin down
And my nigga, Dave West gettin down..

De La Soul Lyrics

"I.C. Y'all"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

Yeah!

[Busta Rhymes]

Ha ha ha-hah ha-hah ha, ha-hah ha-hah ha
Ha ha Flipmode y'all, whatchu talkin bout?
De La y'all, whatchu talkin bout?
Whatchu talkin bout?

[Dove]

Yo, you gettin stomped by the marching band
Keep 'em shook like spray cans (it's so hot)
It's so hot it'll make your face tan (ooh!)
Ace ban rap, the place the wasteland
Bit y'all in my mouth, but you taste bland
I feel fake niggaz and mince these snake niggaz
that hiss but won't bite - false alarm
And if it don't (Rockwild) we fin' to drop a bomb
(Word up) (Strong) grip on a mic like we (Stretch Arm)
I BEEN shine, you been warned and been torn
Get smacked for the B.S. you been on
Storm bad weather/whether or not you stay scorned
For ten years I've baked shit like hot potato
Rhymes still drippin like stu-b's, you groupies
need to show I.D. before the bust down
Touched down the God put 7 to your Zippo
and drop it on you heavy like a hippo
(Now you heard that?)

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all
Ladies get down shake yo' ASS around, I hope you know that
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) I.C. Y'all
To all my soldiers on the corner I.C. Y'all (see y'all)
Women doin what they wanna I.C. Y'all
To them people gettin pulled over I.C. Y'all (see y'all)
I.C. Y'all (see y'all) wouldn't wanna be y'all

[Pos]

It's the one and only effect, that you catch from a cassette
Straight wig out the world and girls we straight dig out ya back
with letters spellin out my name
All over your marquee, cause the spark is me
Currently we can be seen across your screen
Stayin wide-eyed cause you niggaz tryin to scheme
Welcome to the spot - I'm slaying with it

Chop it up and fit it inside your quart of rice
You speak ghetto falsetto on the mic device
Tryin to give me third degree, you just a third of me
Couldn't be the shit if you were a turd of me
A man tight with my funds, crush like Ricky D
who quoted Vance Wright - no one can serve us!
My squad advance heights quite superb
Just kick off your shoes - jump on the jock
It's been a long time comin this you NEED to cop!

[Chorus]

[Busta Rhymes]

It goes one (one) two (two) three (three) four (four)
Bounce so much I ricochet up off the floor (floor)
So raw shit the most raw you ever saw
Quarter after four, niggaz quick to bust the back door
Baby - open your blouse while I joust another nigga's spouse
Quick Jamaican dick style all in they house
I practice to be the all access, you see the fact is
my mouth dirty, so follow while I display the slackness
Yo, you see my slang talk straight from the slums
When I was young, moms put soap on my tongue, and yo-yo
Forever we gettin this CHEDDAR with the quickness
While I cast the spell on these bitches, you can be my eyewitness
Short fuse, nowadays Langston Hughes
We gettin money with whoever - even the Jews
The way we finagle and gain it must be all in my shoes
Fuck a nigga up with De La like [?] can amuse

[Chorus]

De La Soul Lyrics

"View"

[Pos]

Yo.. we bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)
Yo! We bout to get it (get it) get it (get it)
get it (get it) get on down (down) down (down)
Yo!

[Chorus: Pos]

We run it, HOT! When we over the drums
To the, TOP! Cause the bottom we're from
We got the, DROP! On your weekend crew
cause you're full-time talkin while we peepin your view

[Pos]

Rahubat[?], you know my name
I run my humbleness with fame
God-body, nuttin plain
while you claimin shepherd that you heard this
you, heard this on day first
Watch my man, he'll make it worse
Ain't no new click, we still Native

[Dove]

Clothes knit, stitched tight, related
that's the way we handle it
Pin us up or mantle it
We on fire you candle lit
Daydreamin, on a rack
Get bought worn and brought back
We sport rhyme thought real tight

[Pos]

to gain sizes much bigger
Life life well, get mail filled with
checks from sales we deliver

[Dove]

Spend a little, make a little
I want it big like white boy wallets
Credit delievered, Fed-Excellent
To my dot com, we on the web like Charlotte's
Hornet, back her up, she too much on it
Your plastic ass'll get swiped
past the limit see you the type
to get yo' cosmetics smeared on pillows all night

[Chorus]

[Pos]

while we peepin your view
while we, peepin your view
We got they eyes on lock
Let them flock to your wit while I spit after you

[Dove]

Look ma, I'm still rhymin
Baby boy still providin
Breakin bread in four states
Makin these struggles get gone
Private eyes, I see y'all spyin
You watch while I clock
Fertilize my brain data
Makin accounts grow green like the front lawns

[Pos]

Yo I may be old school
but I'm not no old fool
Heard out your mouth words flee
bout "These niggaz ain't nice"
You just barbershop talkin
while we round the world walkin
B, you ain't D.M.C.
You slip and fall on my ice
No lyin, straight shinin
I give you supper from my upper diamond
You got limbs so climb in

[Dove]

Yo, soak up what you find-in
We too pure for you to try
You sniffin maybe's and if's

[Pos]

And if "if" was a spliff
Man we'd all be hiiiiiiigh-iiiiigh.. iiiggghhhh..

[Dove]

.. but it's not, so sober up
You flashin out like you paparaz'
You'll need to take a liver shot
to feel the heat on how we runnin it, YO

[Chorus x1.75 minus last line, 2nd time]

[Pos]

cause you're full time talkin while we, while we
while we lettin you know I'm in a
certified rhyme meadow for days
If you ask Mercenary bout this shit, it pays
Hitting Willie Mays style out the park

Mastering in this (Art) that's (Official)
Your ears absorb this like tears, on a tissue
cause my thoughts are dollar bill crisp
Distinct like E-Double's lisp
L.I. alumni, wonder why I got it
Got it? Get a piece
Got product that you all should own and not lease
Some say drummers play synonymous with ill
with wordplay, that keep us all paid like a bill
We're the parent company
You the sub in my D-I-vision
You don't know how.. *[words fade out]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"Set The Mood"

(feat. Indeed)

Now check it (sup?)
Let me set the mood here aight? (yeah aight cool)
We gonna, set it off with In-dee-dee, dee-dee-dee, -deed
(Yeah that's right) You know
La-la-la-ladies first and all that
(That's right ladies first)
So peep it - you see this girl
who been poppin MAD shit about you
So I want you to get into it a little bit
I want you to cru-cru-cru-crush that [?]

[Indeed]

I was sittin on my lunchbreak, grittin my teeth
It's the last day of the week, man what a relief
My arms are sore as hell, I felt rigid and stiff
so I turned around and I rolled this big fat spliff
That's when I seen her, steppin out a rented yellow Beemer
This local ghetto fame rap cat her name was Tina
She was braggin she was goin on tour
The same shit she was screamin since the year before
Ever since the De La Soul video, she seen me on the TV
Heard that she was holdin a grudge and tryin to see me
Workin underground circuits and mad cyphers of people
When she asked who was ill, all she got was Indeed
She wanna battle (what?) and it wasn't hard to tell
All that I was thinkin bout was tryin to smoke my L
I had four hours left and I was tired as hell
Plus it was 12:55 almost time for the bell
She had an ill screwface mug, frontin like she know Joe
Gangsta bitch profile, boppin like allegro
Forty-below Timbos, fatigues saggin
Pullin all her money out her pocket while she's braggin
on her gold fronts with her name on it
Her ice finger roll hand g-low while she claim fame on it
I peeped the stee' - then I crushed her with ease
just for interruptin me while I was rollin my trees

Alight? (Whoo!)

That shit was bla-bla-bla, bla-blaze! (word)
Now we gon' se-se-set, se-set this one up
for my man Mercenary (aight aight yo let's do this)
(whassup?) Yo, I don't want you to make it like
a story or nuttin (aight)
I just want-want, want want-want
want you to come on some straight rhy-rhy-rhyme
rhy-rhy, rhy-rhyme shit - rip a nigga in his ass!

And let him know how WE do it, y-y-y'know?

[Pos]

Now Maseo puff cheeba, while Rich sniff lines
David J push the whip while Candy Cal pull dimes
And me right behind, with the shorty gettin her math
to do the Savion routine and just, tap that ass
Still the one who kill wackness, man I left them niggaz crippled
Had em all soft to hard back to soft like a nipple
My (Art is Official) while you're art-ificial
Break you down to your very last participle
Let me enlighten you, cause your third eye's on dim
Me gettin taken out is rare like a smile from Rakim
See I'm remarkable, you're just bull
last name shit, y'all niggaz need to quit
Open your mitt, and catch this
I autograph every word you bit
Testify then[?] take your picture
Got an infinity of non-rhymes to hit ya
while your whole clan is blam
Understand that you must be smokin POUNDS of weed out of a pipe
and mistook your munchies, for bein hungry for the mic
And now you have to deal with these cats who's truly right
like estates with a pit on the lawn bark at the gates
Put the whole entire plate in your face
Make the point like who's that on that joint? It's me
I'm in everything you see like [?], yo I'm in demand
I'm in the club man I'm in your hand
bein bought, I'm even in the thought from your girl
The only thing you're in is in acting
Your world'll be smashed
Run against the Won and you'll be last
like that call for alcohol, depletin your cash

That's how you supposed to get in somebody ass
y'knowwhatmsayin? Know-know-know, know-know, know-know dat!
Hahahahahaha

[ghost weed skit 2 follows]

De La Soul Lyrics

"All Good?"

(feat. Chaka Khan)

[Chaka Khan]

Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh
Oooh noo-ohhh, noo-ohhh!

[Chorus: Chaka Khan x2]

It ain't all good, and that's the truth
Thangs ain't goin like you think they should - it's all on you

[Chaka Khan]

I don't care about what you think you see
the thangs you want to know when you look at me
God knows I done been through and paid my dues
Can't change how you feel, cause it's - all on you-whoahhha-ohhh-yeah

[Dove]

I wish that, you could be a little bit more upfront
Weigh the situation how you want (right)
The lovin that you claim is just a four letter word
The third letter's invitin so visualize the verb
You curve thoughtways when you're handlin the candleabra
so you sittin on the baby grand
Transmittin like you're made of man
but you paint a funny face like a chick
When I see you I'ma tell you quick that uhh..

[Chorus 1/2]

[Dove]

I can't believe we built this large pizza pie together
No pepperoni
Yeah you wanted extra cheese, sometimes I gave you extras
How we divided slices like the Red Sea theory
I was Moses hopelessly scorned by your thorn zapora
Tried to bring that fairy-tale life, you wanted horror
but my microscope couldn't see or cope with that
I had to bolt from that, and left you dead in the sea
It's better for me, I'm satisfied with reppin for D

[Pos]

We were certified hot, then dropped to lukewarm
Now we back up in the spot, claimin never been gone
Niggaz who cut us off, wanna reattach us now
(Them girls who brushed us off, say they want some #'s to dial)
Yeah I give that ass a number, and some lumber to pile

Now catch a curve from my kick (or show me lovin by brick)
So stick to the same plan, don't come shakin my hand
like we peeps, it ain't beef but be sure to understand
Between us, it ain't all..

[Chorus]

[Pos] You see them kids be schemin on what we done copped
[Cha] Always out there schemin!
[Pos] They steady fiendin for the moment they can get us off the block
[Cha] Why they always fiendin?

[Pos]

Your people might have your back, but you need to watch your front
Indeed, ain't nothin guaranteed

[Chaka Khan]

That's the truth! Things ain't goin like you think they should

[Pos]

A lot say they wanna walk in my size 10's
Aight then; here's a pair
Lace 'em up tight then you might feel what was dealt to me
You see ain't no young boys up in here; keep a clear head
Tryin to keep my pockets on stuffed - like deer heads
upon the wall, so all the gall we get from y'all DON'T FAZE
So mind your biz and walk away
cause I'm never gonna let you up inside my maze

[Chaka Khan]

I don't care about what you think you see
the thangs you want to know when you look at me
God knows I done been there and paid my dues
I can't change how you feel, cause it's all, on you-whoahhha-ohhhhh

[Chorus]

[Chaka Khan ad libs to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Declaration"

Yo, this girl called me..
"Hi Pos! Heard your shit, back in style baby!"
.. heard the De La, said I'm back in style y'know?
Heh..

[scratching]

"You-you-you.. you need to stop"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"
"There's always ONE.. (ONE!)"
[Rebel INS] "Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains"
"There it is!!"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]

The average MC sells terror
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice
Not one of your top five MC's
but I see clearly with ease you lack this
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast
playin host to your regiment
who rally to boast, but now boast no more
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print
I came specifically, to fracture yo' ability
to grandstand anywhere next to me
This is the year, when the true better man
keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated
by the ones who hated me on spittin tighter
Salute these "Supa Emcees" for bein clever;
and never use the weed as a ghost writer

[scratching]

[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"
[Malik B] "Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment"
"Yeah, word up!"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]

Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared
so in one stare they gettin strapped
Cash rules NUTTIN from below the belt
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?
(Where them dollars at?) Musta been bitten by a rabbit
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change
I'm snatchin the mic, like I'm lootin

with a whole lot of shootin while you're keepin out of sniper range
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze
you dead center in your tracks with your hands high
Ain't no tricks, we set it to fire like Hendrix
All the hard rocks at liquor spots
All over the scene, makin it messy
so we make a clean getaway to a better day
Can't say the same, for them cats who left the game
cause they couldn't claim the better pay
This ain't no masquerade
so the mass parade of people need to stop frontin
There's truly a few makin them hits
while us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin
Make it to third base, but never reach home
The word is, your whereabouts is unknown
While we're that point of view, that you never really knew
with the stitch to keep the cut sewn (De La!)

[scratching]

[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot"

..

ROCK A BYE BABY!! ON THE TREE TOP!!
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS!! THE CRADLE WILL ROCK!!
ROCK!! RO..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Squat!"

(feat. Mike D and Ad Rock)

"Turn that shit off man! What's wrong with you man?
You know we got a party man, get the other record!"

(Here we go..)

[from "Stix N Stonz"] ".. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

[Mike D]

It's the M-I-K, E ohh to the D
I'm comin exquisite and V.I.P.
Tryin to spread some love like roots on a tree
Stayin true to this vision in the Y2G

[Dove]

Two G's got em scratchin it like the fleas
And Ad Rock got it locked like a crooked cop

[Ad Rock]

Nooooooooowww; it's Ad Rock, y'all remember me
The guy ya bit ya style from off the TV

[Pos]

I score Mmma-Zah-Ayy's all day, my essays are felt worldwide
We like four planets on the mic
Aligned arrays retired all in the days
Game (baby-baby) too blam for these lames

[Ad Rock]

When I was nine, I played with slime
Got rhymes ga-lot, got rhymes ga-limes
I got a million like rhymes leavin ya stung
I got my own crew called the nasal tongue!

[Dove]

Yo take a few of these b-boys and call me in the mornin (okay)
Keep it on the crusty eye, bagel with some butterflies
Spit gritty like we in MCA's voice box
Y'all bull and my ox don't fit the mix

(Disc jock!) It be some classic material kid
(Disc jock!) Got the calm cats blowin their lid
(Disc jock!) You get plush off the rack
and buy plenty or more we got em by the stack
(Disc jock!) Got us walkin all over the world
for all the fly fellas and all the fly girls
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough when we servin this

[x8]
Come on - SQUAT!

[Pos]
Now we'd like, to introduce to you, Ad Rock

[Ad Rock]
Ad Rock in the house you don't stop!
It's the B-E-A-S-T-I-E B-O-Y-S with the most finesse
Don't mean to be crude, don't mean to be crass
But listen Guilian you can kiss my ass (what?)
You heard my word, now Dove you play the preacher
Get on the mic if you love all the creatures

[Dove]
Well yeah I got these fishes swimmin round my baracuda
Back in '82 I used to ride a street scooter
Called em cuter than pigtails, sales you keep em level, and
smack you with a shovel and break your lifestyle (owwww!)
Firm on the mic since my days of a child
Got a "License +TOO+ III" to flash to police
The only beast I huddles with the Beastie Boys
Bringin "Noise" like P.E. to your TV

[Pos]
Aiyyo this beat's barefoot and knock-kneed
Stripped to the rhyme!
And every line made from scratch
Attached like stripes to shell-toes
Thin spools that hold the herb
Mike what's the word? (WORD!)

[Mike D]
It's like the ooh-la-la, ooh-ooh-la-la
Rhymin over old breaks like the Mardis Gras
Party people cross and bump they go ooh and they ahh
And Mike D and Ad Rock down with the De La

(Disc jock!) Get the people dancin for real
(Disc jock!) Theater (jock!) holdin mass appeal
(Disc jock!) You can't get enough STILL
so here's another dose for you to feel!
Put ya body in it!

[x8]
Come on - SQUAT!

[Mike D]
I'm feelin good, damn good, but also confused
This stuff from hip-hop that's bein misused
It's desirin, acquirin, tryin to be like Iverson
if it means backstabbin and also conspirin

[all together]

Nowwww, the people in the front - you do the bump bump
The people in the back - they're not the whack whack
The people in the middle - come on and wiggle wiggle
And the people on the side - we can all take a ride!

[Dove]

In my VW I done swung an ep' or two
The rear in my hatchback y'all know I scratched that
Here to haystack, keep it rosy in the Rolls
Skiddin out to place my vote at the polls for Ad Rock

[Ad Rock]

Well I'm the the toe tapper, yes the hand clapper
From the middle school like the educated rapper
I'm known as an occupational MC
You think I lose sleep if you sleep on me?!

[Pos]

Its the rock solid, pilot, here to fly (ROCK!)
Reachin elevations too far for the eye (EYE!)
Miraculous beats over breaks in these packages
Seen (all over the globe) and all the types
who thinks our joints is aight, here's a swab for ya ear
(to clean out ya lobe) and listen to a few views
from two crews spittin for the art of it
We ain't takin over but damn sure takin part of it

[Dove]

Started it ever since we minced meat
You Sloppy Joe's went and took a bit of the corn dog
Stay there! I'ma play there (cuz they pay there)
In the big old Santa Claus bag got discs and now we out

[Beastie Boys]

Signin off, signin off, our work is done
So come on party people..
Have (have) have (have) have FUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[from "Stix N Stonz"] ".. (Let it go!) Just one more time!"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Words From The Chief Rocker"

(feat. Busy)

[Busy Bee]

That's right, I'm dancin y'all
I'm gon' keep on dancin into the new millenium
Ya understand what I'm sayin?
Hey De La Soul, Beastie Boys
I love the way y'all doin this baby
Y'all just gotta keep kickin it
because the kids don't know, the other people don't know
but they all gon' know now because me
the Chief Rocker Busy Bee gon' just keep kickin flava babyyy!
Ah like this

Just dance, and don't quit
cause the music is gonna be the shit
I just dance, and don't quit
cause the music is gonna be the shit
And now once upon a time in the place to be
They was standin in line to see the Busy Bee
When I pulled up to the curb in my ninety-eight
I rushed inside so I won't be late
You know the party was packed, where you couldn't even move
And Busy Bee rocked, to the funky funky grooves
To the beat that makes you want to freak
Ah to the beat that gets rump out your seat
Ah to the beat that makes you say
Busy Bee, Busy Bee is in the house, ha HAH!!

I like the way this is goin down man
Ahh this is just too much
We just gotta keep doin this
Because this is how we do it
No static, no automatics
This is just how we just gon' keep kickin this flavor baby..

De La Soul Lyrics

"With Me"

[Intro/Chorus: sung]

Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby
Dance with me, come on dance - with me baby

[x2]

[Dove]

How you gon' tell me to mind my own biz
when you lookin like somethin I need to know about?
I used to go about it the wrong way, tuggin your arm when you'd pass
But I see you got class besides all that
Yeah I'm picky in my own way too
While the rest of these fools is lookin to screw your brains out
I bling'd[?] out don't[?] wanna stand froze
Practicin my hello's, hey lady, how you doin
Renewin these vows is like fifty steps beyond from here
Shit I don't even know your name yet (word)
Ain't sure what your character contains yet
But damn lady, you could be my Valentine
Cupid got his infrared on my chest clocked
Let the rest flock, they just birds anyway
I grow my confidence in words the Henny way - yeah, buy me a drink
so we can sink into that thought path..

[Chorus]

[Pos]

Now you know you ain't right, eyein me up all night
despite the fact some kid is runnin chitta-chat in your ear
How the hell we get here, with me over here, and you over there
when we can make, such an obvious pair?
Why miss? Have you misread my shyness for conceit?
I'm peepin how you move it to the pace of the beat
Got my eyes on wide as they constantly collide with yours
Your heavenly body rushin the tide to shore
Your heavenly body rushin these guys to the floor
to find pleasure in your double digit design,
but these clowns look hurt
And as a woman's ex-nigga I'm a woman ex-pert
Understandin how the ovaries and all that shit work
Extremely dreamy, my eyes you look surprised
that I'm movin closer - don't be, I'm supposed to D.C.
Are you for real or a tease?

[Dove]

Now let that drink set in sweet, we up close and personal
Ain't nuttin dull about this, sharp like Swiss precision

(Caught you watch-in) my every move from the door
Teran escortin us to V.I.P., we live in D.C.
Shoestring dress I wanna fuck and make your hair look a mess
Suckin the straw huh? You know the head game
First place chick girl I'm all about winnin too
I want my trophy life-sized in a see through

[Pos]

This ain't your average, whippin your batterage
drivin song that probably isn't your type
So I type it long with that ink that won't budge
or smudge off your memory; courtesy of SkyTel
My mail, pop up like some bubbles found on VH-1
Also need the math to your color pH-1
Not the old man in the club who needs his dub to get rubbed
but sound the buzzer, I'm comin to sub

[Chorus x1.25]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Copa (Cabanga)"

Ladies and gentlemen!
We got De La up in the house tonight
They just walked up in here
We gon' see if they can come up here
and do a lil' somethin for us

[Dove]

Yo, it's star-studded in here
I'm on the moon like the first man
First can I grab is gon' get it
She all independent but want her throat wetted
Tight from the floor to height
See I saw the night, in dream bubbles I fiend to see double
so I sip until my bladder bust
You in V.I.P., so why you mad at us? (Word)
By-stand, I'm in the world fox-trottin
gettin my Fred Astaire on, follow my lead girl

[Chorus: x2 uh-huh only 2nd repeat]

Me and you come over, we
do it like the cha-cha, just
like we at the Cop-a, Ca-bang-a (uh-huh)

[Pos]

For all my niggaz runnin around like the mothership landed
Or is it because there's some others who handed
their daughters over to the night life
Yes we tryin to find a night wife to get wit
Interface with they whole clique, I force the draft
I get the first pick, run this easily
?? rule like D, Joey and Jay
Around the way, we're goin
but first tell all these women who ain't knowin

[Chorus x2]

[Pos]

Yo.. I talk no shame upon this
I got aim all on this to shoot and score the trout
who's actin all cute and out of position while I'm wishin
to get her bottom limbs arched like a grasshopper
Puttin in work to make it last proper
Ninety percent of the time is on my mindframe
So I'm game to reign up to par
while my fam runs it cool up at the bar, I stay clearheaded
Lettuce enough cheese to get shredded
We like Navy Seals lookin for the gold

Our natural appeal got them others on hold
Them girls dealin with us tonight
Came with the large appetite and got served
Got nerve to think less, you can bless me and my kinfolk
Rushin up against my yolk-sac promote that
pimp play upon how we get it on for real!

[Chorus]

[Dove]

You see you hopeless up in the spot
Talkin a lot of champagne taste holdin 40 ounce pockets
Switch the sprocket to gear to top of the year
We gon' drop it like confetti on it, get ready on it
Her fast ass wanna get all Andretti on it
Makin my main man Poke like Trakmasterz
Blazin-trail, we Portland to Nor-ton
"Honeymoon" flicks don't exist in this
I sip a little left to twist spines together
Vertical hold, we gon' combine together (yeah)
Even if we spill the love
we got compliments up at the front door
Just tell em Dullah sent ya
Thirty minute Tae*Bo shit's how I bench ya
All on a Saturday night, step to life
I love the way Sally walk
Bow legged in a two piece steel, we live in New York
We live in New York

[Chorus x1.5]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Foolin'"

Who you foolin.. only foolin [x2]

[Dove]

Yo, I stay cousin to this, introducing Mr. Dave Banner
Scannin proper with my sight muscle
This rap shit, is just my night hustle
My J-O's to stay fearin of my G-O-D
Whether what may, meet me at the front door
See the pressure got a nigga knockin shit off his desk
Cause of the stress I stack words make cats bruise they neck tissue
Stay pertinent to the issues
Cut your tag too close, display these verses tight, virtuals
sort of like we supposed to, pantyhose raps you run
Stay [?] like black folks some [?]
mostly fakin it, to make it

[Pos]

I play low-key til it's time for you to know me
Stir my lime with light, drink it down slowly
Holy shit! Now look what I get
A whole string of party people wanna run in my mix
In my world they wanna fit like melanin in a tit
Jam tight, they ain't my fam alright? They ain't my people
Them niggaz screamin fam til they rank measure equal
then vote, without leavin a note, and that was all she wrote
Arranged produced my slang's obtuse
but some distort, tellin stories like Mother-the-Goose
My true fam's [?] back since with Vince Mason
We'll draw on three, leave that body for the tracin
Ultimate high, like them drugs you be lacin
Coulda stood next to me, at the top of the key
but you had to play gutter, didn't want to climb
Now you find yourself talked about in my rhyme

[Dove]

While you fools claim corners, we gon' claim theories
Y'all some stickball niggaz, we the World Series
Been here, just pleadin the same case
ever since we spaced about "3 Feet"
Pinchin your ears, inchin for years
but you still stuck at the mezzanine and
we at the penthouse level with the same old rugs
same old tubs, same old tables and same faults
Same crew and the same old train of thought

[Chorus: De La Soul]

My guess you need to head West (who you foolin)
Thought we'd fall for your phyness you're (only foolin)
yourself, thought you were down - it takes more than a smile
and a couple of pounds to be crew
Man you bound to get your tail caught (who you foolin)
Spreadin yourself thin see you're (only foolin)
yourself, thinkin all you need is the wealth
You need to peep your whole circle out

[Pos]

Yo, since Jam Master Jay been rockin without a band
and that sister k.d. lang been sexin without a man
we brought our ultimate plan to birth
Put in work for this game, it's not a game to me
We've been furnished the props
Now we out to furnish properties we own
That's right (so) cats might know we ain't home
My throne's threatened by fiends, try to do dirt
Play Tony Randall - have that ass cleaned

[Dove]

Unveiled I see your exhibition, y'all need to cover that
Fatherless styles, y'all really need to mother that
Same expose, different page
but when you see me in it it's the same old Dave

[Pos]

Y'all silly, you're just a civili', I'm a soldier
Troopin in this path til the death won us over
So if life is a party begin, to understand
just like the DJ, we stayin to the end

[Chorus: De La Soul]

How you think you gon' get away? (who you foolin)
Changin faces on the regular you're (only foolin)
yourself, big top status, paintin your face
Who you think you really gonna fool huh?
We watch, what we got so (who you foolin)
around on my premises you're (only foolin)
you, into thinkin you can break in too
my place, and not have to face, our position

Who you foolin.. only foolin

De La Soul Lyrics

"The Art Of Getting Jumped"

I WAS..

[Pos]

.. on my way, to the disco
You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night
Midnight to four, name at the door
but the whole crew I can get in as well
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith
Let this be a jam that we need not miss
"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt
Might even jump up on the mic
to make sure that this party's turned out
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line
to stand we find girls screamin the blues
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere
"Yo Mase, what happened here?"
("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules
Bump [?] people and out come the tools
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews
and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped
Done closed the club down,
cause one of they niggaz got jumped
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Uh-huh, you heard the hook
No matter you Braveheart or shook
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left
Kicks to the mids reliev'in you of breath
I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized
Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Dove]

Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included
Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art
When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll start
It only takes a second less you got on ice
Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you twice
Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass
My only advice is don't fall and book ass
For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your mascara)
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair
man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots (ARRRGH!!)
It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops

Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits
Waitin for the first vic to disrespect
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the midst of the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Pos]

It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and bodies
and ya best believe we came to party
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya
for reasons like - not in the right part of town
actin like you wore a crown
Some occasions long and mean to earn the right
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme
And bein positive is no exclusion
That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions
for flossin your hard-earned shine
I'm talkin games *[?]* the longest
then it's some other niggaz time
You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage
Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage
Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!
Jump, jump, jump to it!

[Maseo]

Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped
We had to put this one on the album y'know?
Yeah - this is dedicated
to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club
Tried to knock me senseless
They just couldn't get me though
That's why I second round outside on 'em
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge (HAHAHAHA)

De La Soul Lyrics

"U Don't Wanna B.D.S."

(feat. Freddie Foxxx)

Hahahahahahahahaha!

[Freddie Foxxx]

HA! Check it out!

It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, also known as Freddie Foxxx
That's right, and I came to check my niggaz De La Soul
See y'all niggaz don't really wanna bust dat shit huh
Yaknahmsayin? So I'ma show you niggaz
the super-laser-gamma-ultra-kill-a-nigga special
You niggaz ain't no killers
You motherfuckers ain't gonna hurt nobody nigga
You better keep rhymin nigga
'fore I smack the shit outta you you little fuckin sissy
You niggaz ain't real; that's right
It's De La Soul baby, and Bumpy motherfuckin Knuckles baby
Alright, c'mon on!

[Maseo]

Check my stats, entire - apparat'
Even from the days when I had to roll strapped
Wonderin if I gotta go back to that
Zest to rub records from rap and kick facts
to tracks and stack, one [?] got kayed
Yeah some got paid, some waved in the fades
Fact of the matter my style will never fade
Managin to keep it all A-grade
So you can stay nourish and flourish with the truth
[?] some niggaz I know
If I need a mayday
Bust some fuckin niggaz tryin to play me cra-zay
Causin interruptions to my big pay-day
Playin with them guns make them fuckin lea-ry
but if it's clear-ly
Merely and surely and, how it's gotta be
I got some thorough niggaz that's ridin me
So witcha bullshit I'm not buyin it B
Don't come around thinkin you can try it with me
Cause uhh..

[Chorus: x2]

You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (no no!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (uh-uhh!)

You don't wanna bust dat shit (NO NO!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit (UH-UHH!)
You don't wanna bust dat shit!!

[Maseo]

Shick shick, CLIK-A-CLIK
This is where my people headin at
Innocent people are carryin gats
Now what the fuck is all that?
Is it cause times is live like a wire
gettin shock treated by the crossfire
Ha-siyahh, burn bare well prepared
to make my decision for my livin
I ain't the one (Robin) I'm the one (Given)
Hip-Hop driven, and willin to die for it
When Scott LaRock died man I cried and shit
Then some cats got rich callin a woman a bitch
but ain't no woman like the one I got
and if you call her a bitch well you might get (BLAM)
And I know the feelings is mutual
It's uncivilized and unsuitable
Crips and bloods are recruitable

[Chorus]

[Freddie Foxxx]

Ha ha, yeah you get the motherfuckin point, HUH?
You niggaz get the motherfuckin point, HUH?
That's right so while you niggaz is sittin up in central booking
Crying like bitches, HUH?
I'm in the motherfuckin holdin block
waitin for your sweet pussy punk ass
And I'ma whoop the shit out of you
for gettin on a fuckin record, actin like you a fuckin killer
I'ma show you niggaz what a motherfuckin killer's all about, HUH?
You niggaz ain't no motherfucking gangsters
You don't wanna bust that motherfuckin shit punk
I'll punch your whole chest cavity out faggot
You ain't no real nigga, nigga
I'll smack the shit out of you
cause you ain't a fuckin live nigga
You sittin in central booking, cryin like a bitch
Waitin for your father, to come bail you out
and Freddie Foxxx don't play that shit nigga
That's right, Bumpy Knuckles motherfucker
And if you don't know, now you motherfuckin know
And yo De La, check it out - it's your motherfuckin man
And if any one of them niggaz get sidewindin with you nigga
let me know, and I will send them niggaz hot ones
like I'm a motherfuckin Mexican - feel me on that one HUH?
Cause them niggaz know me nigga
Believe me nigga they know me
The motherfuckin troublemaker, that's right

And De La Soul, is rollin with Bump' Knux' nigga
So WHAT?!?! Tell me, WHAT?!?!?

///AOI :PLAN'BIX'(FULL PROGRAM)
FILE NAME:AOI:BIONIX (20F3)
CODE: TB1362 (WRK8323)

STRUCTURE: LP 12" JACKET
ROTATION: FULL PROGRAM
IMAGE: ///AOI STANDING
3334_346_212



///AOI :12.25"X12.25" (31.11cmX31.11cm)
FULL_LENGTH_COM_RELEASE_FULL
120LB CARD // COATED 1-SIDE (120CMIS)

///AOI
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

INITIAL EVA: EGRESS TO PLATFORM
RELEASE/DESCEND: MSO/DVD/POS
INITIALIZE_BEGIN-SEQUENCE



De La Soul Lyrics

"Bionix"

Welcome to the second installment..
Y'all know my name so we ain't gotta get into alla that
Y'all know the deal
This is AOI part two, and we call this one "Bionix" (Bionix)
And as y'all always know, we gon' hit y'all with that De La shit
Yeah.. yeah..

Uh (better) yea (better, stronger)
Yea (better, stronger, faster)
Yea..

[Dave]

Ladies and gentlemen, we in the trench again
Makin it relevant, just for the hell of it
I'm introducin it, throw a little juice in it
Got on that old bullshit to get you used to it
It's been a minute now, only a minute now
A little re-evaluatin, hope you feel me now
I'm on some new me, focused on the new tree
Tryin to shake the money off the limbs so I can do me
I blame the fans for it, I heard demands for it
Went to Somalia, they holdin out they hands for it
Went to the hood, these niggaz tried to trace a dance for it
Dancefloor it after Mase brings you out of the break

Before we go any further we wanna send a special thanks
To all those folks out there that been supportin De La since '89
Now that's a long time
Overseas, city to city, state to state
Yeah, we gon' keep bringin it live to you..

[Pos]

Unlike these underground MC's who rock for heads
We include the throat chest arms and legs
No need to spit in the cypher to show you I'm a lifer for rap
I cultivate moves larger than that
And I don't ball too much, ya dig
I gotta ball and chain at my crib who want my ass home
My heart-BEAT N.Y.C. metronome
But can't adapt to where I'm at
And even though I sing it sick 'til I'm blue, I'm not a crip
So unlike non-GANG members I won't C-walk to look hip
But if I had to join a gang I think I'd join GangStarr
Me, Guru and Primo with them beats for the car
that bounce trampoline style, revamp the deen child
Hot and mild and I hustle rap the same
Cuff a little shit, due to muscle fat, I gain

We them God type dishin the grunge to make you love

Yeah kids

Just a little taste how we gon' get things started in a minute

Sit back, get your headphones straight

Whether you're ridin in a Escalade or a Pinto son, turn that shit up

Oh remember AOI part three comin soon, on some DJ shit

Yeah - we about to get this shit poppin..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Baby Phat"

(feat. Devin the Dude, Elizabeth "Yummy" Bingham)

Phat Phat, uh
Ain't nothing wrong with big broads
Phat Phat

[Posdnuos]

It's a sure bet
When I stare into your dark browns I get
Overwhelmed, overjoyed, overstep
My bounds, on your touchy subject
Your weight, your shape's not what I date
It's you, my crew don't mind it thick (Uh-uh)
Every woman ain't a video chick (Nah)
Or runway model anorexic
I love what I can hold and grab on
So if you burn it off then keep the flab on
We gonna stay gettin our collab on (Oww)
Girl we gonna stay gettin our collab on (Ooh, ooh)
We gonna stay gettin our collab on

[Chorus: Devin the Dude]

Don't stuck on the things they say, now you know it's a nasty world
Tryin to get with ya anyway cause I know you're a nasty girl
We ain't never gon' discriminate so let me compliment your size
Oooh oooh oooooooooh ooooooh

[E. Yummy Bingham]

Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
It's nothing but a little baby, phat phat
Yeah it's nothin but a litte baby, phat phat

[Posdnuos]

Claim you outta shape, you not outta place (Uh-uh)
You keep it natural with no powdered face
Without exercise you got the eye
Starin you down, make me wonder why
You women wanna frown at them stick figures
On them little ass girls, when a clique of niggas
Run up and try to hurl game for real
Your frame holds appeal in the everyday
World, and conceal is not the way
To go, I'm tellin you I had to let
Ya know, ya need to let it all hang

[Dove]

Don't be scared to show a little of that thang thang
No matter how you weigh it girl, it's feminine
Kinda body everybody wanna know (Yea yea)
Be the private dancer in my Luke show (C'mon girl)
Skip the salad girl, bring us both a menu
Eat the whole box of chocolates I send you (Heh)
See girl, ya more than just an apple in my
Eye/I, confess I wanna get up in ya
Thighs, the rest'll tell you all the things..

[Chorus x1]

[Dove]

I love it when y'all broads wear it skintight (Skintight)
Make the big panties look like little panties (Heh)
Tryin to lose that bottom girl you been right
I saw who make ya cookies I should go and thank ya granny (Uh-huh)
Don't mind you being conscious of ya calories
If gettin paper was fat man you'd be salaries
You ain't in this alone I got a tummy too
Just lemme watch the weight don't let it trouble you (C'mere girl)
Nine ten specimen up in ya jeans
You buy the size seven and just make it fit
Slim Fast, lypo, and body creams
I pray you won't endorse, I got a candle lit

[Chorus x1]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Simply"

[Chorus]

Fear through time, is left behind, when we simply, havin
A wonderful time, a beautiful time, leave the troubles you find at home
Take some time, and ease your mind, when we simply, havin
A wonderful time, a beautiful time, leave the troubles you find at home

[Dave]

Hey, yo last day of spring first day of the heat (heat)
I'm calling out my troops so ya'll best retreat (treat)
Tryin' to win the eyes off of Little Bo Peep
While I'm pushin' Big Bird up Sesame Street (street)
After one nut I'm goin' straight to sleep (sleep)
If it ain't a love affair, its just a late night creep (creep)
Use Colgate when I'm brushing my teeth (teeth)
Favorite MC's Gregg Nice and Smooth B (B)
Keep it old school like "Where's the beef?" and
If you ain't from an era then you up shit's creek (creek)
First B-side is freedom of speak
If you don't speak, well I ain't losin' no sleep.
See me on the cover of your Double X-L (L)
Takin' a holiday at the hotel (tel)
Fans keep sending me back the fan mail
Heavyweights keep it on the grand scale, when we doin' it.

[Chorus: Crowd Cheering and Clapping]

[Pos]

Hey, yo, The sky swallowed the sun
spitted out the moon and stars
Puttin' out shiners that gave the cause
ArmorAll-ed down, the downtown activity
I'm bout to have fun without the problems that live with me
Not tryin' to be posh, but lets stay out the mosh pit
Tonight keep my nose out of trouble
Everybody in my bubble's been breifed:
NO BEEF, JUST PARTY!
Of course your gonna have some clown niggaz try to
take us off course
Always lower levels tryin' to bring out the devil in us
Not condoned but its known
That a party ain't a party if the thugs don't try to shut it down!
Tight security and its still soft
Can't offset the thirty or plus caught in the rush
Keep the door sealed
Cause the floor's filled with action and we don't need
any distractions tonight ya'll.

[Dave]

introduce me to your madaam ?Mauzel?
I'm Tarzan and she's my gazelle
I live at Biggs and say its notorius
Travel through minds, emotions and euphorias
Glorius *[echo]* as I get great *[echo]*
Still kinda smooth like way back in my oldschool tapes
I bring it pronto
Rep the BX like Billy Blanco

[Crowd cheering and clapping]

[Pos]

Treat your troubles like colds
Sweat it out, get it out
So we can get in the right mode
Let it out
No need to pull on the throttle
If I could bottle this love I wouldn't hesitate
Get it straight
Wonder why I can medicate the soul
While takin' its toll
Just for Simply (Simply!) Havin'(Havin'!)
The right record that could bring in the pull
And this must be the right run ya'll
Cause the dancefloor's full CUZ!

[Chorus to fade: Cheering, Clapping, Horns]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Simply Havin"

[Pos]

As we go clubbin

Me and my peoples we be lookin and we buggin
off these ladies talkin bout no dancefloor rubbin

'til we supply 'em with at least two to three mixed drinks from the bar

They must be out they mind, them rookies get dismissed

Cause it ain't hard to find, the ladies that can move it
to the latest bassline, attached to the drum

that'll set it off and make the local DJ a star

But can I get a boost from the bass and the treble?

This record ain't for soothin but for raisin blood levels

We simply havin fun but know that some don't like the music

That it promotes rappin, and global gun-clappin

But still promoters packin in the clubs where I'm at

Plus everywhere I go so just realize the fact

That we won't be denied that respect you try to hide

Shit this ain't rock'n'roll - ("cause the rap is in control" *[Q-Tip]*)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Held Down"

(feat. Cee-Lo)

[Cee-Lo]

Allow me.. to break it down.. ah yea yea yea yea yeahh..
Life.. *[humming]*

[Pos]

This is dedicated to all my folks
Diagnosed with a bad case of that proper upbringing
And never took the time to fall in line or follow
or swallow the thoughts
Of the recognized committees who lurk throughout ya cities
Ya hood, ya town, no matter which type
You from the same type of people try to hold you down
Just because you tailor made for bigger and better things
Never missed a chance to move ahead of things
And what does it bring? I tell you for me
it brought jealousy in back wounds from all the stabbin
Cats posin as my fan just to get grabbin what's mine
I'm livin in times where my daughters are found around
kids who can't afford thinkin caps
But always found drinkin raps and eatin off beats
Claimin laws of the streets - but who made the laws?
Everybody playin (Rebel) with no sign of a +Cause+

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down, just to be down
You've got to make up your mind, where you wanna be
Where you wanna go with your life
With your life..

[Pos]

Yo, I'm never singin the blues but findin the clues to maintain
And I been blessed to reign supreme over nearly every dream
I had, and I made it come true
I'm an imperfect man and I'm holdin the clue
to perfection, it doesn't seem to matter what direction I look
I find people settin traps
Tryin to find the goal - without havin any maps
Even friends of mine, jumped on line, just to become my adversary
They felt they were entitled to the dairy I made
They don't come to chill or behave
And they got, toast ready to burn
Not learnin to live, but they yearnin to take what you earn

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well I, feel the world around me

I've found, that others, will bring you down, just to be down
You see - you've got to make up your mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with your life
With your life..

[Pos]

So quick to place blame.. and deny the shame we bring upon ourselves
So many names held accountable for my own account
When a large amount was weight - that I made and shaped
When I climbed I found
It was hard to find others around to point my fingers at
Which made me realize the truth
The biggest supressor could be your own ego lookin for an excuse
to plant roots, in a field of self-sorrow
to sprout and follow the first thing you feel
Nourishes your hunger to be respected, it gets hectic
And when I'm watchin the news, and my daughter walks in
and choose to ask, "Why were all those people on the floor
sleepin, covered in red?" I told her
that they were lookin for God, but found religion instead

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down; just to be down
You see, you've got to make up yo' mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with yo' life
With your life, with your life..

[Cee-Lo harmonizes and ad libs with choir]

[Cee-Lo]

I need my SPAAAAACE, to live..

Well I, feel the world around me
I've found, that others, will bring you down; just to be down
You see, you've got to make up yo' mind, where you wanna be
And where you wanna go with yo' life
With your life, with your life..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Watch Out"

(feat. Pariquo Fernandez)

[1]

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

WATCH OUT!

[Speaking Spanish]

[Verse 1]

Get up and do the biz, our style is the wild
Hit you with a spell whether Jew or gen-tile
When you enterin' the realm
You find me at the helm
Still standin' like abandoned buildings
In the southern part of BX, can old school it like a T-Rex
Ya well advanced connect dance with thoughts
Deep like Barry White's throat box
I bet you those cops mix
Double high tower my power grants me the chicks
The blows the cars and enemies that wanna spar
You wanna see it no matter who you are
Yeah I'm bound to ground you like that
Put they ass on a mound and introduce em' to a baseball
Face tall, brag about it like teenage sex
Text book characters gettin' etched out to rough draft
Rush Limbaugh autograph her left titty
New Yor, New York yeah we bigger than the buildings
Do it for the love of the art and the childrens
And throw paper machet inside of ya models
See we all throttles, we zip by in this drive
Allergic to ya sperm broke hives
Concerned about ya life when ya down eight lives
Top of the night I'm up in queens like ah yeah

[Repeat 1]

[Verse 2]

Introducin' introducin' to you Dave
Batter on deck, carded every time I set foot in the joint
Cabaret artist I'll two piece ya tray
If she wanna get vamped, bring her to the tent
Touch her till her back indents
Wrap it extra strength
Run a lap on her calculatin' the length
Holdin' mics tighter than hymens

Old school it like Holly-Hobby, Head-to-Head, Easy Bake Oven
Strong Jerome lovin' man I hit the pack
Panther power keep it all relative to the sixties
Bill Bixby green, ATM money
Got my pockets lookin' like I'm rockin' Popeye jeans
Classic like Reuben and Rah
One nigga under the groove we shootin' for that Parliament high
Plus bigger than the fourth of July
Take the back seat drive out
Hey yo, hey yo ain't nothin' street about me more like a light post
Sinin' above all who are y'all to boast
Stayed calm and all came to me to host
My vocab grabs many, long to cultivate raps
It's gettin' filled moms jack penny
It used to be unknown around the way
Now my bix became a bouquet
Every nose in it, fillin' up seats like a session in a Senate
Been a minute since ya heard the souls
So the soul gon' cost ya three
All ya people wanna front like the soul don't hold control
But it don't mean shit to me
Plain to see that a song like this been what ya all missed
Come on, genuine adrenaline from off the wrists
We run the interference throughout the game clout
Can't be denied the bout for the title
Throw up ya guns and hold the pose like an idol
Bring it back to the draw
Ghosts of grand wiz Theodore
Played dirty with ever since played on the floor
Stop verbal assaults just in case a war break out
Steal vaults bigger than giraffes
But they still got a lot for me
Heard em' say alot of nigga with the underground
They'd die for the underground but ain't makin' no money
Stupid

De La Soul Lyrics

"Special"

(feat. Elizabeth "Yummy" Bingham)

[Chorus]

It's gotta be you, it's gotta be right
No time for games, it's gotta be tight
I just want this to be special, special
If it's gonna be you, it's gotta be right
No time for games in my life
I just want this to be special, special

[Verse 1]

This is like the third time ya said you was through
I'm beggin' ya back, we loud in the parking lot causin' a scene
Campaignin' like the love ain't have no resident here
Still I stay all in the cabin
Although I know we've seen enough of good days and dirt
You cut me just to nurse me back but damn I'd understand it
You gave ya all and I just gave it up
Put the truck in ya name
Damn ya should've known I was liability
Ignorin' the ways you would dress for a nigga
Express to a nigga I heard jibber and jabber
My apologies I left the wrong man to conduct
Take these jewels for the inconvenience and neglect
You expect the worst of it
But I realize that I owe you more than explanation
I got my life in a box, what I'm supposin' is a joint account
It's cash on it, let's take our lil' business and incorporate it
It's me and you girl

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

First of all love, your soul caller
Before me helped create and shape your distorted image
See every man don't play or even scrimmage
That's a lie but I'm try to be that only one
You look to, to make you smile
First you need to check my files
Understand I play the partners stereotypical man
An regret the pain I may have left to flame
My people say "Yo that's a fine girl ya mess with"
But I told em' we havin' a mess
Ya charm must have calluses from the grip
That it has on my heart that I ain't tryin' to rip
But by now we both should know
That it's no longer where ya at but where we tryin' to go
So do ya background checks so I can pass through these borders

And stamp my name on a lil' man or a daughter
Come on girl

[Chorus to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sauce"

(feat. Philly Black)

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
Hold that, hold that, hold that
Yo all that, all that tryin'
Y'all, I told y'all about tryin'
Tryin' is later on man
Can we try something for the ladies
Can we try something for the ladies
Can we do that De La
Let's get that goin' on man
Told y'all about those messages and shit man
We get to that later man, know what I mean
Let's just do something for the ladies man
Let's get a chorus goin' on or something
Let's pop a chorus off, ya know what I mean
Let's do that right now, let's get that goin' on
Let's try that out

I see you real niggas do fake things sometimes
One of them is grabbin' on his mic to rhymes
So let us demonstrate the right way ya need to place
Yo, it's De La up in ya face
Better yet ya whole scene, here to pull in the green
With Philly Black

Just layin' back, raisin' my stacks
Cause how they want it I give it to em' rock or the raw
Yo it really don't matter son, some hot shit for y'all
To go cop at the store, I spit, kick at ya jaw
Leave you on the floor on all fours, you slaw

We burn fast in black flag lands
Bringin' herds and caravans
And heat rock rythms, you blink one, two times
In between I do mines
Showboat refs, I put y'all niggas on deck

Yeah son y'all faggots are soft
I been through, carried the torch
Recognized and done married a dwarf
So in-laws pay a writer's fee
My stizzy sets a wiz bitch's eye in me
Pissy in a rizzy
Indian wife I flip em' behind reachin' for sobriety
Blew north, never find me
Reside in this state of mind
Keep my temple developmental

Projects, front-line essential
Reminded of concubines and evil that men do
Cut off Ginsu, carry a brand new
Vandle issues, brandin' issues
Grabbin' tissues, like you didn't know you had it in you

I live it up y'all, givin' you what y'all
Need and can't call, carry the ball
Like a spit-kicker should and ya wish ya could
Hold it down like the digital who stitched the hood
Better yet the whole globe, light it up like a strobe
While you froze panicin'
Went from man to maniquin
We them peaceful rap stars
That can still jab ya in ya face
Leave ya shit redder than Mars

The sauce and shit, of course we it
The flossy shit
Groundin' beef like Maxwell House
Go ask the house
We representatives
Go call ya Senators
Change laws in rap, renovate ya landscape
The man takes for sixteen
And pull a paragraph up out the tango
Hangin' like vango
Water broke flows to c-sec
You read xecs
Miscarried the rap, abortin' ya whole fort

De La Soul Lyrics

"Am I Worth You?"

Ooh, ooh, ooh
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Ooh, ooh yeah

[Verse 1]

It's a pity that you're so dirty
Worthy of some Southern hos-pital
See we them Northern boys with nose and hows
NYC livin' ain't nothin' like it
See how me and my peeps fit, we jigsaw
Sometimes I play big saw to cut the deal
And we keepin' them bills paid with meals in the mouths of many
A noble job at Feni
Money ain't everything but everything makes me want it
But won't dishonor my name so the claim throwers
Act like game on the dice on the mic device
Stay above middle class for life
Not an easy task but I've grown to love it
Dub it to tape, why don't you whip a grin
While I speak to my mens about the world problems
And girl problems with no immediate way to solve em'
But I'm on hits

[Chorus]

I make the best of the life I be with it
Making the most of the moment among the livin'
And it feels good
Being the man that I want to be
Do what I can cause I refuse to see
The best of luxury, God's been good to me
Now I'm asking am I worthy of you, of you
Am I worthy of you

[Verse 2]

Pull them quarters down
I got some things on these nine ounces to vamp
Me on a mission y'all
Dug fresh dirt out the ground
Lookin' for the treasures in life
A bambino picket fence around the residence
I wore these shackles here for thirteen years
But the only real slaves is the ones we record on
We off all checks and God's blessin'
Tryin' to own a thousand island like we salad dressin'
Patience for the main course
Don't have me in position to remain boss

Cause the man next to the man above the exec
Don't give a damn if I papered yet
Sometimes it make me wanna go make a bet
I did away with knock em' and release some stress
By any means, these petty greens will only get me stuck in a box
Doin' a dick shot in Oz, jerkin' off in the J
But anyway I keep my head on

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I know people who tippy-toe through they own stompin' ground
Master not makin' a sound to stay safe
From the local star renaissance
And the response is usually the same
Wishin' like it used to be
Nothin' in that life is new to me
We roll like eyes on a ghetto girl
Brushin' off some no-man cause she's his ghetto pearl
We into livin' beyond not livin' fads
Me and my comrads became dads young
Try to have fun amongst responsibility
Like fillin' these accounts full
Got caught up at a party in Bull's
Sometimes gotta have the nerve to say some rhymes
Because some minds take offense
Try to make ya life tense but we still here
Still gainin' the love, still standin' above most

[Chorus to end]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pawn Star"

(feat. Shell Council)

[Male Announcer]

The following explicit content in this song by "Pawn Star"
Are not necessarily the views expressed by De La Soul
But they understand

[Female Announcer]

Execute porn star NOW!!!

[1 - People having sex]

[People talking]

Pawn star.....Pawn star

[Shell Council]

Check it, pussy got me wide open, writin' the love notes
Butt naked, strippin' out of her trenchcoat
Got me hittin' high notes, pitchin' a deep throat
Bitch be suckin' niggas car door

[Dave]

Yo, I broke my piggy bank just to see that pussy stank
Smelly in Africa then Africa, whoa

[Shell Council]

I know like you know when you spendin' them hundred dollar notes
We box triangles all angles

[Dave]

Yo, throw her on the table Shell

[Shell Council]

No, I tie her with a phone cable *[Phone rings]*
Bound her by her wrists and ankles
I bust right off Pun and Abel

[Dave]

Yo, actin' like we're kidnappers stabbin' the mouth with two dicks
Take a couple of new flicks

[Shell Council]

Click...click give up the money bitch
Had her backin' it up, smackin' it up
Yo, we fucked till the sun came up

[Hook: with 1 in background]

Pawn star, hey there special lady do what you do

Cause I don't care what they say to you
See you're my pawn star
You're beautiful to me in every little way
A very special lady, pawn star
Rather doggy style than missionary
You very, very...very, very...very beautiful pawn star
You're a superstar to me and you came into my life pawn star
Many years ago you made me feel so good
You knew that when no one understood
Cause you're my pawn star
Haey, hey, hey, hey uh
And you could never be my wife, trick

[Shell Council]

Yo I reign supreme, champion back off
Shorty's a five start porner
Turn tricks, wants some dick inside her
Work the spread eagle like National Enquirer
Pussy lips grips the neck of Coke bottles
And turn style will have you nibblin' on a nickel
All of a sudden out came the shackel
Shell ain't go no problem with
You can be my...

[Hook with 1 in background]

Pawn star...pawn star...pawn star...pawn star

De La Soul Lyrics

"What We Do (For Love)"

(feat. Slick Rick)

[Slick Rick talking with "kids"]

[Kid 1] I'm tired

[Kid 2] Me too

[Kid 1] Uncle Ricky

[SR] Hmmm?

[Kid 1] Could you tell us a bedtime story, like you used to?

[SR] Look, don't y'all think y'all too old for that now?

[Kids] No

[SR] Listen, I got an adult question for y'all since y'all like...11 now. Y'all ever get horny?

[Kid 1] Uncle Ricky!

[SR] Now I don't mean to sound perverted, but do you ever have like sexual urges?

Kids - No!

[SR] No? Well you will, so sit your behind down and listen to Uncle Ricky...and De La...tell y'all a grown up story

[Kids] Okay

[Dove]

I remember when Mama spoke of the birds and
The east side kept me off the curb and
Betsy Ross was sufferin from the scaredy cat
Till my man Ricky brought the remedy for that

[Slick Rick]

I massage your mane, coat
Then part your leg's rope
And stroke so hard you'll start to smell smoke

[Posdnuos]

Ain't gotta drug problem but a love problem
But then again that may be one in the same
I claim possession
Pull the girl among the eighth like Charlie Heston
Ride off on the horse and show no remorse

[Slick Rick]

She look niiice
Honey oriental, brown eyes
Want friiiies?
Chicken, vegetable, fried rice
And I'm tryin to (get) you to go
Fast subtraction, grab some
"Oh don't stop nasty black man"

[Dove]

Man that action had me coughin up cars, keys, and cash
Just to sniff a fat rabbit I would give my very last

[Chorus (Slick Rick)]

(When nature calls)
You know them boys will come runnin
(When nature calls)
You know them girls don't mind comin
(When nature calls)
You know them boys will come runnin
(When nature calls)
You know them girls don't mind comin
Just to get it started, for startin something
Is what we do to get some lovin
What we do to get some lovin
This what we do for love (do for love)
This what we do for love (for love)
This what we do for love

[Dove]

You ain't lyin, I
I 9-5 it, more like 12-12
Can't get the thought off (sex)
From off my mental shelf

[Slick Rick]

I'm like Bruce Lee
Beatin up the cootchie profusely
My tomboy chicks that act a little to butchy
Recieve this (uh)
When my semen ceases
They'll be screamin out, "We love bein the female species"

[Phone dialing]

Hello?
Veronica, it's Dove.
Uh, I think you got the wrong number
What?
Veronica, your baby's crying.
Yo, chill
Baby?
Whatever yo, later.

[Dove]

For the past two summers I been sizin up Veronica
Southern belle, I heard she blow notes like a harmonica
Yamacas couldn't satisfy her spendin fetishes
She was all about gettin the head like she was lettuces

[Posdnuos]

Yah, them types be actin like they ain't sleazy

[Slick Rick]

Like this uptown chick playin opposite of easy
Delighted, the honey fly difficult, couldn't knife it
Tiiight
Seen the imprint on honey's private
Now she's love sick
Ruler Rick scoress agaaaaain

[Posdnuos]

Sex present itself like trophies I'm out to win
And it's easier to claim with the fame I've obtained
Her mommy was a liar, she's so ashamed

[Chorus]

[Slick Rick]

Well, I got this rude boy Jamaican honey at the rest home
Complete with yellow hair and Cinderella dress on
Whatever
Been around, stuck her till she poppin bout
"Hey take your blood clot finger off me bottom"
Anyway, another dime I met one time
I'm kiiind, chick in the world, butt fine
And her, structure pumpin, told her
Gotcha mumblin bout
"Slow down, what you tryin to rupture somethin?"

[Posdnuos]

I don't bug out, I chill
Never copped a feel
But these pretty ass girls come and flaunt in the grill
Big ass eyes, with the matchin big ass thighs
Asked her if she spare a moment to exchange some lies
"But you got a girlfriend"

[Slick Rick]

Yah trick, so do you
And I heard there's no preference in what gender ya do

[Posdnuos]

So stop playin so squeaky clean
And let the dirty side see me later
So we can play 'away from the navy'

[Dove]

So stuck on the love you rearranging behaviors
Second episode, and you returnin oral favors
Buyin up groceries
Searchin for hosiery
Holdin hands publicly
And now you supposed to be
Mr. and Mrs. huh, lovin and kisses huh?
But while you away is when the milkman'll visit her
Dear to the heart, we dearly depart the fallen

So skip the games ma, I stay tuned to the calling

[Chorus x3]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Peer Pressure"

(feat. B Real)

[Jay Dee]

Uh uh uh

Everywhere I go (What? What happens?)

People ask me (What, what)

Yo Dilla, you smoke weed (No doubt)

And I just tell 'em yeah!

Two weeks later, they smokin' weed

That's what I'm talkin' about

I ain't here to tell you not to smoke weed

Everybody get high

I'm here to apply the pressure

You, you, you and you

You and you (Especially you)

Come down to the Dee

I got some shit that'll blow ya mind

[B-Real]

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

[Dave]

Yo, what up my nigga (Yeah, what up with your world)

Ain't shit, just got off the cell with this girl (Was up with ya'll?)

Yeah B you know what we about to do (What the hey)

Come on nigga puff it too, yeah right

[B-Real]

Honey draws bees like dookie draws flies

Just like the weed draws me to get high

Now I'm not tryin' to bend ya arm

I just want you to take a hit off the bong

That's all (Just one hit man)

[Pos]

Come on cool it, I'm not foolish

Quit pullin' my leg baitin' me like cod

My name ain't Craig and I ain't lost my job

Don't mind bein' odd from out the bunch

And y'all cornerin' me ain't stoppin' me from doin' it

(Nigga, puffin' so bad, why everybody doin' it?)

Man everybody doin' it (Yo come take a puff, style is real)

[B-Real]

Let it take ya whole style and feel

(Go ahead with that man)

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure
Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)
I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)
I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[Dave]

Come on

Y'all are actin' like this shit is supposed to raise me to the clouds

[B-Real]

Shit the clips we smokin' on would make Bob Marley proud
And he was one of the illest

[Dave]

Shit one of the illest ever
He smoked mad trees and still remained clever
I guess ya right

[B-Real]

Ain't no need to guess, put it to the test
Ask ya questions alphabetically

[Pos]

OK, hypothetically if I did take a hit
Do I necessarily need to be tastin' on your spit?
I mean shit I ain't shared a straw since the fourth grade

[B-Real]

Yeah, but don't you know chicks like to smoke and get laid?
Don't be a dunce it ain't gonna hurt you once
Quit bein' a punk, go ahead and hit the fuckin' blunt

[Dave]

But will it take a long time to recover
(Depends on the brother or sis who's puffin')
Hey yo stop that bluffin' like you givin' a survey
And let us serve the hay
To get yo mind aligned to the ways

[B-Real]

Of the master

[Pos]

Man I seen a cast a spell
To many brain cells and sane cells
A lead to fulfill wants and needs
I heard it's like a gateway to doin' more than weed

[B-Real]

Man I love my relationship, I'm no quitter

Mary Jane's my first love and I'ma stick with her

[Pos]

But won't I feel paranoid?

[Dave]

All ya questions is void unless ya try

Come on man for once get high

[B-Real]

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

[B-Real]

Hey you don't gotta do anything that ya don't wanna

But it's not gonna change you or ruin your persona

[Pos]

Yeah but what if I can't stop

Shit I ain't with bein' no addict (Cut that shit out)

[B-Real]

Man, please tell him to stop bein' so dramatic

Just take a hit and let the weed do the trick

[Pos]

But will this make me sick

[B-Real]

Come on, quit actin' like a bitch

I can blaze the weed and you can make excuses

Now ya gonna smell the smoke my greenest weed produces

You'd probably like the smell too, ya probably wouldn't admit it

You'd probably wanna hit too (Come on man quit it)

Ya clearly in denial (Yo this shit ain't my style)

How do you know come on, let us give you a trial

Let us put chu' at ease with these trees

With the power to heal, put cha' mind at peace

Yeah, increase the level of the highness

Minus the stress accumulatin' through ya blindness

(Come on man hit this shit)

[B-Real]

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

Come here my peer, let me apply the pressure, the pressure

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got the shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

I got some shit to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind, blow ya mind)

I got the smoke to blow ya mind (Blow ya mind)

[Jay Dee]

Let me say something

If you just started smokin' (Please don't smoke too much)

But uh to all my smokers (Smoke enough)

Yeah, let's get 'em

Apply pressure, apply the pressure

Apply pressure, let's get 'em y'all

Apply pressure

De La Soul Lyrics

"Trying People"

[Intro: A friend's voicemail to Dave]

Dave, whattup man?

It's me

Umm.. just callin to see, if possible, if you have any
time today or within the next couple of days
If, if, you're in the studio.. or if you're at home.. or car, whatever
That song.. that.. it's called trying or something, Mase
was tellin me that I needed to hear?
He said it was amazing
Whoo.. the way he was talkin.. man I wanna hear it!

[Dave]

Am I just another lost in the pack?
We for shack ship, you know laugh it off
Years just blow by
My eyes stay fixed but the picture's kinda outta focus
I cry a lot but admit to it
Enjoyin life now but I've been through it
Sometimes I wish that I can go back
No bills no kids just getting tore back
I want a wife, I love women
How could I front like I don't be in love wit em?
A li'l man that I can teach
A li'l sand but not the beach
I figure excess'll only bring an excessive amount of fussin
So when I'm gone, make sure the head stone reads, "He did it for us"
I'm like your modern day Jesus
I cherish warm thoughts like a gray goose
And float soft kisses to my baby
(yo ain't that Dave's little girl?)
Yeah, respect her for that
She gon be somebody
Instead of somebody-baby-mama
You see young minds are now made of armor
I'm tryin to pop a hole in your Yankee cap
Absorb me
The skies over your head aint safe no more
And Hip Hop aint your own
And if it is then you fuckin up the crib son
You make life look like I don't wanna live one
You might as well hold your breath until you die in a
corner somewhere bent over in the crevice
This God Theory overcomes the worst of weathers
As long as you willin to try, you on a good start homie
.. you on a good start.. see nigga tryin

[Chorus: Dave & Children]

[Dave] People are you ready?

[Children] Yes we're ready!

Are you really ready?

We wanna be ready!

Ready for the change that may approach you?

Yes!

Follow down the path that you supposed to?

Yes!

People are you ready?

Yes we're ready!

Are you really ready to try?

We wanna try harder!

You know mistakes are trials that we learn from?

Yes!

I order to live life, you must earn one?

Yes!

People are you ready?

[Pos]

Throughout my change to grow, Some of my people got left behind

They didn't listen for the gun, as I leaped from off the line

Thirteen years deep in this marathon I'm runnin

Paid dues and still got bills to pay

When I came back around the way

Old friends gave me dead eyes

and fake smiles, half wide

We were supposed to rid the world of danger

These days we nod heads and small talk like polite strangers

It's natural to fall off, just land close to the tree

I'll be there if they need me to be

and I know all my local shorties

cuz they all know who I am

and latey wanna flip grammar instead of grams

Like that's the only choice they got

They tell me how they gonna shake up the game

but came to me to see if I could give em guidance for change

Shit y'all, I need guidance myself

and I chisel right words to make gems

Got fans around the world, but my girl's no one of em

And my relationship's a big question

Cuz my career's a clear hindrance to her progression

Said she needs a man and our kids need a father

I'm not at all ready to hear her say don't bother

And break

And this I know I can't take
but uhh

C. Smith said to hold on
My brother Luck said to hold on
My nigga Dave said to hold on
My nigga Mase said to hold on
Yo, Maseo, we need to hold on
Eh, yo, y'all we need to hold on

[Chorus: Pos & Children]

[Pos] People are you ready?
[Children] Yes we're ready!

Well, what you wanna be?
We wanna be ready!

Do you wanna lose hate for love?
Yes!

Do you wanna see these gates above?
Yes!

I said people are you ready?
Yes we're ready!

But are you willing to try?
We wanna try harder!

Do you really wanna carry some weight?
Yes!

Are you ready to design your fate?
Yes!

Yo, people are you ready?
Yes we're ready!

Well what you wanna be?
We wanna be ready!..

[outro: AOL computer honey]

Operation complete. Preparing for.. Installment three



De La Soul Lyrics

"Future"

[1:24 long intro saying "we are the future" repeatedly]

[Intro: sampled vocals]

We are singing, you this message
Through our music, reaching for a, brave and brighter
new tomorrow, is the future
We must make it, safe and happy, for the children
Or... or... they will be lost
Or... or... they will be lost

[Pos]

Aiyyo I jump back, put the aim on my shot
It's mandatory, handle glory over with the rock
I'm not a rough guy but a tough guy to beat over drums
No son to this, I'm a rhyme bastard
Some mastered the art of cash, but not the part that lasts
and disappear after doin two albums
We're not your normal team and we still do ours to fit
hope inside this, don't define it's
quits for those who oppose the new
Playin they've outgrown rap like a size 5 shoe
Oh they all *[?]* now, alternative touch
were surprised, no demise for us
We on the rise to bust big, how you fig' we couldn't
Never run out of verbs for you to sip, I told you we wouldn't
I never popped Crist' or popped fists, girl named Chrissie
was the first, which made it even worse not to miss me

[sampled vocals]

Or... or... they will be lost (the future)
Or... or... they will be lost (the future)

[Dave]

So do you understand it now? Well try standin over
seven box sets, reppin sixteen years
This rap career ain't work, it's the life in-between
bedtime 'til the next said time and date
Know the name and salute them dudes
Put the nutrient in rap when they cook them foods
Gotta be like eighteen million heads served
Shit, imagine if there wasn't no us huh?
So I'd like to take the time to shout out the JB's
Next on my list is A Tribe Called Quest
Latifah my Queen, Monie Love, Dres and Mr. Lawnge
Chi-Ali, on your head God bless
Never ring chasin, the permanent tat
in this rap shit, y'all are just temporary lick-ons

Fadin in the days to come
While the name De La and the legacy built lives on

[sampled vocals]

We are singing (sing it out now)
you this message (sendin you a message y'all)
Through our music (through the music)
reaching for a, brave and brighter new tomorrow
(another day y'all) is the future (it's the future)
(it's the future) We must make it (we gotta make it)
safe and happy, for the children (for the children)

You little brats

De La Soul Lyrics

"Verbal Clap"

"You out there? Louder!
Well clap your hands to what he's doing
On tempo Jack"

[Posdonus]

NYC gave you the ball, so how you gonna hate us?
We creators of them East coast stars
If you ask me I'll tell you there's no comp
But I'm still humble, even though I will crumble halls
Some call 'em songs, I call 'em words from me
that take long to cook
So some feel free in sayin that we don't hunger for beats
Not that we not hungry, just picky in what we eat
Keep food off the mind and keep weight off the body
All you gotta do is keep my name out your mouth
And stop frownin like you hostile
You know that it's a booger rubbin up against your nostril
Nigga how you figure you can play this rap game without the backbone?
It's Maseo, Dave, Wonder Why, givin what you lack holmes

[Dave]

Aiyyo prepare yo'self for the Neutron, bitch!
This is eighty-six, let that neo-rap go
We present these flares to put fire to your ears
to lay smoke like rusty exhaust pipes
We run mics, let Sean run the marathon
Yo raise that money son, we raisin these kids
Get claps when curtains close, stage left
Up your stamina baby, bring some breath
SAT book smart, part ese
Loc'in like Tone, street niggaz get grown
Acquire more couth before you get poofed
Or get some shells sent over to your mic booth
Excuse, my delivery, but when peace don't work
see this piece gon' work, cock aim and SHOOT!
It's my constitutional right to bear arms
Arms and bare hands on mics, make fans unite
Woodstock and white folks involved
Black man get on yo' job!

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing
On tempo Jack"

[Chorus x2: De La Soul]

Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes
(put, all, the things aside)
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes

(put, all, the things aside)

[Posdonus]

The heavyweight L.I. brother with no date, of expiration
On this fate on the mic, them birthday keep comin
I'm hated on by niggaz I love most
So what threat could you possibly pose when I'm on your coast?
So raise your guns or your glasses
Either way there'll be a toast in the air
Markin the return of bare minimums you need to learn
Get your verbs right when you down to clap

[Dave]

See that gun powder calibre rap'll tip hats like gentlemen do
Smash tenements and skyscrapers
Bow-tie papers stacked high
Pay the resident tax or get your street swept
Front row, backstage or the cheap seats
I (Dodge) ricochets like (Ram) trucks, you slow poke to pull it
And I sup-pose you wanna top the Billboard chart
Man I toast these rhymes and then pop like Pop-Tarts

[Chorus]

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Much More"

(feat. Yummy)

"And what we have is much more than they can see"
[scratched:] "ladies and gentlemen" - "here we go again"

[DJ Premier]

No doubt, y'all care anymore, about this hip-hop man?
I mean, how far will you punk motherfuckers go
for 15 seconds of fame? Microwave popcorn-ass niggaz
Yeah, we give you much more, longevity baby
Aiyyo Dave

[Dave]

Yo! It's been instilled in me since infinite y'all
Usin these minutes like I value the call
Put your money in the bank, and hold rank
over friends who ain't got leadership skills
I got the sheep in my eyes so I can't sleep
We like the, land and laid, the brand old way
Grand operate the scandal way, L.I. sheist
I play the X-Box instead of fuckin with dice
I hate losin to those who walk away with my dough
cause I dozed, Tracy broke me
And now she wanna see the resident provokin me
to pop wheelies on my bicycle, watch her eyes twinkle
One house, two houses, third house
House rules so house take bank, watch Dave bank
Banner had 'em on the hawk since Atlanta extravaganza
Gamma ray rap I make the Hulk snap
Jump back like James Brown, hey now
When the liquor over we smokin the hay now
Delegatin numero dos, I holla out the sound of los
And keep the Island close to me

[Chorus: Yummy]

Much more is what we got in store
Just believe me
"And what we have is much more than they can see"
Much more than they can see
is how it'll always be, believe me (gotta believe)
"And what we have is much more than they can see"

[Posdonus]

I got verb skills, babies and bills, brothers who smoke krills
and still tryin to get himself together from it
Knowin he can't quite run it like me
I'm on the cutting edge of what's alleged to be, hot
And when you rock, it's just impersonations of me

The rightest MC, MP with the V in the middle
I belittle your plan, courtesy, of NY dirty C my man
My base of fans are made up of many; with kids allergic
to belts lettin they mind melt from drinkin the Henny
And them straight and narrow types who be waitin to hear
them drums say the revolution is near - are you listening?
Are your eardrums open for christening?
We God Body MC's with these tools
While some others play God, they just God damn fools with it
I don't cuff mics, I rough mics up rough and rugged
Get the girls to love it
Still and all five-oh came to my mic check
Tellin me I left lacerations around my mic's neck
Domestically disputed and you just might get
the undisputed underdog servin y'all threat

[Chorus: 4X w/ ad libs]

"And what we have is much more than they can see"
"And what we have is much more than they can see.."

De La Soul Lyrics

"Shopping Bags (She Got From You)"

(We not goin to JC Penney's, we not goin to Macy's either)

[Chorus: Daniel Wallace]

Shopping bags they weigh down her arm
Popping tags and collars her charm
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you
Manolo and Prada's her style
Louis, Burberry by the pile
All them things she got, she got from you
All them things she got, she got from you

[Posdonus]

Yo she know you come to do it, so what'cha want
Candelight might flick at'cha
Put your credit card to it, she know what to flaunt
Her handle tight like a master
She used to taunt on the runway, yeah she's down to tree
The avenue like her catwalk
Struck a bit to the gunplay, that housing street
looks to die for, ask that chalk man for yo' hand
Spend it, you live to show
All the cash that you can burn
What you need is to end it, cause you give the dough
But get no ass back in return (HA, HA HA)
Stay laughin, straight at you dog
Best believe, you wastin time
Don't deny what's happenin, just clear the fog
And achieve you a peace line, yo it goes like

[Chorus: 1/2]

[Daniel Wallace]

She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it
She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it

[Dave]

Her frame goes beyond thick, she got you stunned
Livin it up off the pop hits
Like a dame on a Bond flick, she's not the one
To give it up 'til you cop shit
Just because she's stacked right, she got your soul
Her every wish you now obey
You should be on that actright, but she got control
She say jump you scream, "OKAY! I'M RELOADED!"
Nigga you shootin blanks
Tryin to front like you got game

Her crib is sugar coated, like she lootin banks
But it's your wallet she done claimed
When the limit of your plastic, reaches the end
You start payin for your time
She'll be in it for the last bit, of money to spend
(HA, HA HA) And you'll be left with dimes
While she fillin up

[Chorus]

[Daniel Wallace]

She got from you, she, sh-she, she got it
She got from you, she, sh-sh, sh-she got it

[ad libs and chickenheads to fade]

De La Soul Lyrics

"Grind Date"

If the meek shall inherit the earth
and not the weak
let me inherit the street, fuck it
you know what I mean?
I mean I love life man, you know what I mean
life is beautiful, it's just the shit in it that's fucked up
it's rough but it's fair
people gotta go out there and bust they, bust they ass for a job
I mean, my dad's got five kids, man and I mean yo
he hates drivin' a bus but he loves five kids
you feel me?

I'm a rhyme artist
out here tryin' to grind my hardest
up early so to milk the cow
keep my john deere out here plowin' the fields
to keep my john hancock's worth up in the now
went from hangin' on blocks to hangin' on charts
positions is parta my mission to hangin' on top
gotta get your polly cracker or with them crackers
and them scheisty ass niggaz if you like it or not
I've been rewired to work more efficiently in the dirt
I'm hands on with it all up in my cuticles
some try to get off the farm but fell into harm
of gettin in the game of those street pharmaceuticals
but, I was raised in those blue collar themes
havin' white collar dreams cause I see what it means
and though the meek shall inherit the earth but don't forget
the poor are the ones who inherit the debt
you can bet I got better things to do than that
I was a dick who got jerked by Tom and his boys
came on my land, seized my cattle, and catalog
as if it wouldn't leave me less than coy
but I'm far from bitter even farther from quittin'
got a grind date to make, no time for sittin'
and playin' xbox, stand up and exercise my rights
as of by seen of through masta's eye
it's the grind date
know what I'm sayin? I'm sick of askin' that
I mean, the street philosophy is that
I'm gonna milk the cow and cook the meat
at least I'm gonna have some kind of food and drink
because sometimes you can't come back
like momma said that if you need 5 cents don't ask for 3
ask for 10, that's for sure
Yo fuck a rhyme artist, I ain't here for that
I was born with the boom bap, respect the name

my hands on experience was hands on my first contract
taught me quick how to respect the game
introduced to the block, got used to the block
but your neighbors be the ones who throw shit on your lawn
it's like every single time we pop, they got annoyed
but we got ahead, and we got along
and puttin' work on the calendars, worse on them calendars
worth of hump days that broke the camel's back
the grind'll make today look gray
and paint a tainted picture of tomorrows in enamel black
meet the rhyme, street grind, son whatever the beast
I'm a take it at the horns till the pinky toe torn
and show you why we here this long
cause when it comes to puttin' in work
once again it's on
I'm just like everybody else man
an average nigga with above average potential
you know what I mean? I'm not sayin' that I'm a gentleman
I'm sayin that I know how to act like a gentleman
in order to get the things that I need
and if I gotta pull out my nickle bag, I'm gonna do that
This ain't no accident, we stayin' here
You damn right I am proud of myself man
and I'm proud of my team man
I don't want you to get the wrong, yo baby on the real?
I don't have sex with people I do business with neither
and that's the real
but I do do business with people that I have sex with
so if there ain't no conflict, let's get this grind on
cause I'm gonna fuck the shit outta you, that's word

De La Soul Lyrics

"Church"

(feat. Spike Lee)

[Spoken Intro: Spike Lee]

Peace - this is Spike Lee
A.k.a. Shelton Jackson Lee
A.k.a. loving husband and father
of Tonya and Satchel and Jackson
I'm here with De La Soul
A.k.a. De La, a.k.a. The Plugs
We're about to get in this song, "Church"
A.k.a. "It's Reality"!

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo, wake up! Wipe the sleep from ya eyecracks
It's time to focus y'all, fix ya I-MAX
In other words, listen to the brother's words
Ingest these anecdotes with HOPE
and ya ass, may learn how to COPE
It's not always good just to get by
Who's coverin' ya stakes when ya bet high?
You're cha-sin', cars, clothes and rocks
Identify with the goods you got
Make sure it's V-S-One, not
and perfect, leavin' you one clear
I really don't care to see ya tattoos there
I'd rather see you graduate the school year
Black folk, go put a book in ya face
But first give the hook a taste
Bring the preacher in!

[Hook]

Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

[Verse 2]

It's a sick world that we live in, let some tell it
Some put it in books, some yell it
You need to make your own choice, be your own voice
Set ya soap-box up, let your talk fight
Pull ya socks up, get ya walk right
Or the chalk might outline ya one day

You oughta try steppin' outside you one day
You circle round yourself like you the answer
To the question of your inner son
But keep ya falsehoods to a minimum (minimum *[echoes]*)

We all need a little church
A life update, keyword - update
If they don't serve change, don't bite the bait
Instead'a givin' you a share, servin' you a dish
I lead you to the water, show you how to fish
Ain't nothin' wrong makin' that bread wid'it
But don't let the bread get to ya head, geddit?
Admit it, when you can't stand alone
I wanna stand up, give all the pretend up
And get a full blast of my demands of
the rhyme runner said the man's come
There's something in our words that reveal (reveal *[echoes]*)
Sho 'nough real!

[Hook]

Heal y'all! We come to heal!
So let it heal you! {It's real!} It's real!
(It's real!) It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We gonna heal it!
So let it heal! {It's real!} It's real!
{It's real!} So real!
It's realer than real, for real, for real

[Verse 3]

The early bird gets the worm in this rotten apple
But explore deep and you will find the seed
Plant more ether, get your mind free
We roll passionate, put your lights last in it
You're holdin fear too close, unfasten it!
And like old age invades youth
Invade falseness with truth
Replace rebelling with rebirth
Face new dwelling, that's your turf
Lean back and put your feet up on the sofa
Relax! (Relax! *[echoes]*) learn how to punch back
And do your work to the max
The payoff's much sweeter than the payback
Even the haysack needle wouldn't play that
So let's pray at, church (church *[echoes]*)

[Hook]

Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We comin' healin'!
So let it heal! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

[Backing Singers]
[Repeat until beat fades]
Realityyyyyyy!
Realityyyyyyy-eeeeeeeeeeee-reeeeeaaall!

[harmonizing and clapping to fade]

[Spoken outro]
You know what I mean? Rap outsold crack
You know, so rap....or hip-hop culture
however you wanna dice it, you know what I'm sayin'
it's the most powerful drug there is, man
it changed corporate America, it changed the way you feel about me
it change the way I, I do my thing now
Busta was the one who came out, on the award show and said that
hip-hop provides jobs for people who don't even love the shit
I mean, come one man, I mean what else is there to say?!

De La Soul Lyrics

"It's Like That"

(feat. Carl Thomas)

[Dave]

It's like, New York without a New York yanks
Better yet, New York without the New York franks
It's like hot summers without no A.C
Or never hitting numbers when you go to A.C
It's like six years of your life, go ask Rob
I'm like "Yo how is it?" he like "It's like hard"
Trying for that queen but you nothing but a man
You wanna keep it clean but you can't
Why it gotta be, like, that
And what the life, see life is like a J shot
Shooters son, they got
One point one second, you half court
I'm feeling the adrenaline like you half court
Like pink slips and dipping these ink tips to paper
Imagine if we fuck around and lose Hip-hop
Imagine if it didn't exist
Imagine nothing shining your wrist
See, imagining to you is a risk
But think about it, like no chrome rims
And tims would be construction boots (ill)
We probably wouldn't even substitute (ill)
For words we use defining our likes
I'm coal mining these mics
To keep that gold nugget like Dave Megget
Giant like a motherfucker, like Dave said it
But ya ain't listening, ya paper gon' stack
Why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dadat, dat
Dat, dadadat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat

[Chorus: Carl Thomas]

Just running, running, fast as I can
I'm trying to be a person but I gotta be the man
If I, can't stand the life that I'm in
I gotta keep running 'cause I'm still gon' win
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)
Yes I got to go on (it's like that, it's like that)

[Posdonus]

It's like, Slick Rick without the eye patch
More like, saying slick shit you won't catch
It's like bed time without your PJ's
Or no fed timing in out the PJ's
It's like, one minute you got it, then you broke

Like what I do with it? I copped a few with it
Looking like a problem, but you won't get it solved
You working but you won't get the job
It's like, who would of thought (thought)
It you would of bought (bought)
Into my religion you'd be more like God
But you were steady swimming so you more like cod
See these fools is fish scale, converting to ish male
See I see it like, A alike, B alike
I was taught, if you play alike, be alike
How they don't see it for one to go pop
And this is how you treat Hip-hop?
Imagine if you didn't have that phantom chrome sitting on a curb nigga
The word nigga wouldn't be a bit disturbing nigga
See them roots are like begging for the rain
You entering my kingdom just a begging for the reign
Putting shit stain to paper
Ink pain feeling like fifty-five licks on a slave niggaz back
And not a one of y'all stopping to hate
But why it gotta be like that?

That, dadadat, dadat, dat, dat, dadat, dat, dadadat, dat, dat
Dadadat, dadat, dadadat, dat, dat, dat, dat, dadat, dadat, dat

[Chorus x2]

De La Soul Lyrics

"He Comes"

(feat. Ghostface)

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Posdonus]

Down, like water, fresh out the clouds clown
Drown you like terrible weather
Nobody does it better than I, so approved by Carly Simon
Most rappers is real hard, but still hardly rhymin
To all - rise and shine - give God the glory
I already give a percent of mine to Bert & Cory
And still got bills and employees to pay
So excuse me Lord, we'll settle up towards the end of my days
My ways of control is hard to swallow
Known to lead, but some would rather see me follow behind
Sorry to dis-appoint, but dis joint's mine
Dis-play your indie but say no -
- more or I'll blind you like spit did to Remo
- to the dirt - and edit the clip and lost Kano
My mens wear problems like Timbs
See it all in they face, ask Mase, he got wars to win
Scores to settle, crews to crush
You rush right in to see him do it with a smile
It's Long Isle y'all, longevity sustainin my celebrity status
From AM to PM, you see him on file y'all
I was told to step righteous, so when it's done
everyone will say I stepped right
And whether through religion, or stopped by the cop
shinin his flash in my face, I'm bound to see the light

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

[Dave]

Aiyyo I'm up against these walls, here's my back stiff straight up
Dazzle and razzlin broads like I'm little Juan Magic
Magnetically handle mics, they don't drop
Top drama every time these commas don't drop
Pop spots like lint on your shirt, the net worth
to shoot the rock homey in many courts of ball
Four couldn't do it, so we bring all six
I circumcise the track, you just a dick - overlapped and hooded
Skin repeated like Stutterin John
I repeat like yesterday, it don't stop
George of this poor life pop, put to Scarlet
in a place she believes, much better than your lies
She say she lookin better in my eyes, bullshit!
Same crock she done ran to duck, crammin to fuck

I put the pudding on her like Bill Cosby
I tried to speak my piece in court but Judge Mills paused me
Bifocusedly die hopeless sometimes
Yo cry your poker face, you oughta try it one time
When God is an non pos', you stand to download
Demanded like slaves on trial - we want free
Man cock aim ready, it's time you MC
So you rappers bust bee-bee guns, graffiti runs
through my veins since cable with the wired remote
Woodgrainin like you wired his float

[Interlude: Ghostface]

C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years old
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our flow
A group of kids so original

[Ghost] You heard?

[Interlude]

[Ghostface Killah]

Tony 'Tana with big hammers for bad manners who got 'em
We kiss cannons for Scragelous crew, and his whack dancers
Bitin is forbidden pah, pay that tax
And don't you ever look at us funny - boy, we'll bring rap back
And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group of men
with dyna-mics, real hip-hop'll do you in
For you like Loo Goo Kim, or Moo Loo Inn
Hula hoop all bitches crew full with brand new Keds
Cutmaster kill 'em, make sure we cut classics
Buck bastards in broad day and tuck caskets
Next to Uday and Qusay, how can the group shoot the PA
and just lay whooptay whooptay?
Use the ruse, sport beads and snatch a dude's toupee
Since tunin into T-La Rock'n AJ
Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of OJ
Girls you can go cruisin in my OJ

"A few short words, and whaddya know?"

"Oh, whaddya know? He comes"

De La Soul Lyrics

"Days Of Our Lives"

(feat. Common)

[Common]

Uh, yeah, uh, yeah, uh

[Chorus: De La (Common)]

[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Com? (I'm just tryin to be)

[Pos] That's it? (Stayin focused so my mind is free)

[Dave] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[Dave] If tomorrow come now (it might be too soon)

[Pos] Too soon?

[Common]

I want the boom in the back of the truck

Ain't nuttin the matter with a good dude havin a buck

With that on my mind, I'm on the grind, it pays

We break it down in these three ways, yo

These days, I travel the Maze like Frank Beverly

To the East, lookin for pieces of a better me

Responsibility of my man's felony fell on me

Celebrity status, make 'em think I got celery

Hell and I do sometimes, still the sunshine ain't even all day

(Yeah) The life of a baller, ain't even all play

I stack 'em, so the chips fall where they must

I ain't far from a Benz, or dude on the bus

Even when I don't have enough, still in God I trust

Said baby you're a star

Said I'm on the car, seen the jiggiest of stars

become dust, and one love become lust for the papers

Had you gassed now that - gas became vapors

Tricked your cash on ice; shoulda had acres

Now your, empire fell like the Lakers

So you're talkin to your maker

It's the nature of the business, they givin niggaz inches

Takin miles and mules, it's the wildest rules

I'm tryin to walk in the black scent of proudest shoes

Makin music that the crowds can use

[Chorus: Pos, Com (Dave)]

[Dave] Yo how the days of your life go Dave? (With sunshine and shade)

[Com] That's it? (Tinted window grades and Kool-Aid)

[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)

[Pos] Too soon?

[Dave]

I want twenty-four plus on these

Put the pinto engine and the bus on these
I get that first class seat to escape the days
We break it down in these three ways

Check the life I got that antidote, canteloupe scent, bent back
in the sunroom froze, put your flick on pause (and pop a cork)
There's no occasion nigga it's just because
I'm celebratin for a hell of a day
Get these barbie filets on hot charcoal tracks, so black
Darko Pecoltrane plays them back
We them freedom fight kids who gon' ball and raise fists
If y'all down for the struggle, c'mon y'all, resist
Everyday script, I exercise cheek
Sixteen on the bar, I exercise speak (ha)
It's been a long time, Long Isle's on the map
While y'all stand on the corner, stoned like Chris [?]
Kiss back, watchin time - wrist back
Every second count but just finish this lap
You gamble on your life like casino slots
and cash out and still walk with a knot

[Chorus: Com, Dave (Pos)]

[Com] Yo how the days of your life goes Merce? (Man I'm just holdin my head)

[Dave] That's it? (Shit, I'm also tryin to hold this bread)

[DeLa] Watch the problems of the world go by like balloons

[DeLa] If tomorrow come now (that might be too soon)

[Dave] Too soon?

[Posdonus]

I furnished the rooms, and mortgage on these
See them quittin ass rappers caused a shortage on these
The soul boys of big illa-noyz get the praise
We break it down in these three ways

My moms died from secondhand smoke; so I wish yo' ass would die
from them secondhand rhymes you wrote
Or shall I call them second rhymes - written seconds 'fore you enter the booth
Words thrown together with very little truth
And a select few can do it (true) you ain't part of them scriptures
And got the nerve to feel you want me out the picture
But I was never in it, I'm the frame around the flick
Or dishin in the mouth of your dame around my dick
Ladies and gentlemen, introducin Workmatic
One of L.I.'s finest, and this is "MY LIFE"
Which is filled with bad minutes and good hours
and, good months and bad years and with my peers
we struggle to juggle the shit
Family life and the music game don't easily fit
My lady wants me home, sayin rap tour three rap whores
and scores of scandal, even more than we can handle
Sometimes, the rhymes I say
Is the fly the currency to save the day
Can't turn it away, cause we out

to find presennce way beyond our measure, so baby don't pout

[Common]

Don't pout, De La Soul now turn it out

Don't pout, Common Sense'll turn it out

Don't pout..

De La Soul Lyrics

"Come On Down"

(feat. Flava Flav)

[Flava Flav]

Look man! You're botherin me G
I got shit to do right now, aight?
This is for De La Soul, y'knahmsayin?
Word up I got shit to do you test tube baby! *[laughing]*

Check one two, check one two
De La Soul, is now back on the map
Long Island, is now back on the map
Good rap music, is now back on the map
Yo check one two, this is the voice of yours truly the Flava Flav
And I just want y'all to know, we ain't goin nowhere
Old school is here to stay BOY!

[Posdonus (Flava Flav)]

On the outskirts, of what works
Live those who go for broke, and merk to get merked
Live by the sword and die by the semi
Not part of my ways, but stays right in my
N.Y. mentality for me to be the best
The current, the ones who weren't
pressed, to confess lies over hot joints
to sell to all who wanna hear some
(Young'uns these days got fireproof eardrums!)

They don't give a SHIT who's hot
Just long as you're not, pussy, and be the would-be King
But once crowned, the same wanna pull you down
(And what makes the world go 'round!!)
And I be the world renowned Wonder Why
Wonderin why you can't stand me
Is it because I'm the main Jackson
and y'all just Titos and Randys? (Yes, it is!)

Bless the kid who hold his own head and expect to last
At the same time, I want respect and cash
And a few paragraphs in them books
Tellin you how us Native Tongues made hits with no hooks
Rapped in every prefixes, gave birth to rap remixes back in '88
No disrespect to Diddy just settin it straight
Instead of zig-zaggin, got a degree in braggin
My daughter says I'm a teen, cause like a teen
my pants always saggin and I walk with a bop
The *[?]* part of my time, I walked from my pop
No longer on timey and was never on Loud
But cooked rhymes that make the Chefs of Wu proud
I'm top cloud to rain on your show
And still "anything goes when it comes to hoes" because

[Flava Flav]

Music (c'mon) New York (c'mon) Detroit (c'mon) c'mon down!
Miami (c'mon) L.A. (c'mon) Vegas (c'mon) c'mon down!
Boston (c'mon) Tucson (c'mon) Long Island (c'mon) c'mon down!
V.A. (c'mon) Portland (c'mon) Chi-Town (c'mon) c'mon down!

[Dave (Flava Flav)]

Make you shake like, sunshine, naked shoe was once mine
Had bottom inner drawers and used to hit it from the mids
Fix your playground player or some kids'll
come stomp in your sandbox, swollen hands cocked back
No knives, no drama, no guns
No disrespectin your seed or Ma Dukes
I puke rhyme and you laugh, take a sniff
of these fricaseed raps on Carribean riffs
See last night's change was today's dough money
No time for your freestyles so roll money
No more whack albums with two joints
No more ballplayin rappers who shoot ya two points
(No more G cause I'm sick of your hip-hop!)
Your flows bore like seashores with no bitches
Switchhittin niggaz will receive no pitches
No diamonds on the field, just keep the game real
simple, see the God flows healthy
Wealth in the mind is like money in the bank
Exchange cash like thoughts in conversation
Thank you for your purchases, we dough out
and roll out the Kool-Aid, [?] see us pimp strut
Ain't really pimpin, I'm tryin to catch the bus
The Krush Groove ain't got shit on Cold Crush!
We dolly dolly babies cause we shootin cats
'Back to the Future' rap with Doc Brown shotgunnin it
And pantyhose your whole style and start runnin it
You dudes fiddle while we stay on the cello
The mush-in-your-room son, we stay portobello
Can't settle for the same picket white fence
I got dreams of barbed wire in front of factories pa
Still push the truck with the factories pa
I'm bound to wreck the whip and turn insurance out, make 'em shout

[Flava Flav]

D.C. (c'mon) Oakland (c'mon) U.K. (c'mon) c'mon down!
New Orleans (c'mon) Little Rock (c'mon) B-More (c'mon) c'mon down!
Memphis (c'mon) Utah (c'mon) Jersey (c'mon) c'mon down!
Atlanta (c'mon) Brooklyn (c'mon) Philly (c'mon) c'mon down!

[Flava Flav]

Yeah that's right! Flava Flav, with De La Soul
Act bold, and we knock you straight up in the hole
Y'knahmsayin? Six feet deep, that's the way that we keep, rollin
Y'knahmsayin? Operation tech sensation in the nation
Ready to take it to Penn Station, y'knahmsayin?

Yeah, ah ha ha ha *[laughing]*
Long Iz one is, that's where we is man *[laughing]*
De La Soul, you done it again!
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*
De La Soul, you done it again! *[laughing]*
Flava Flava, De La Soul, you done it again!

De La Soul Lyrics

"No"

(feat. Butta Verses, Yummy)

[Yummy]

I never can say goodbye
No no n-no I, never can say goodbye
I, I don't know the rest

[Posdonus]

We those pros, we never procrastinate (ah)
Them guardians they shouldn't let you get past the gate
Watch out dawg, the watchdog's showin his teeth
(Guess you bit too much shit) they bitin your beat
While I speak from experience, hunger and hurt
And a little bit of hate from niggaz doin me dirt
I just wash it all out with Tide and show love
to those who ride with me while I'm puttin in work

[Butta Verses]

Full-timin it, 8:30 to 6, the graveyard shift
The three months before the benefits hit
But my position went temp' to perm'
I sat and listened like an intern watchin who applied get fired
Now I'm sittin in the break room, they gotta make room (make room)
My paper stacks, put staples through 'em
So I can keep my money together
Some die-hard fans just don't want it like, "Put Pos back on it"

[Posdonus]

I'm back on it, that's why you never disappointed
We give you what we live through for real (for real)
Don't own a crown but I'm royalty
And tryin to see the royalty checks about a half a mil'
Whether off or on the chart, my cuts grips your heart
(You know we got you open) like your gut splits apart
I never pass the buck, my shoulder holds the weights
So don't beef when we don't pass collection plates

[Butta Verses]

I don't give money, I don't support the needy
Schooled in America, taught to be greedy
And everything ought to be, easy
But I never could say goodbye to my friends who get high
I wonder why, I'm rockin with that guy, it's serious
Still make him cry when the satire's hilarious
Cold for your areas, flows come in various shapes and sizes
so hot that you despise it

[Chorus: Dove (Yummy)]

Never last up to bat (no no no no)
These skills we don't lack (no no no no)
We never fall and pray (no no n-no no)
Make all the ladies say (ooh ooh baby)
You can't knock the hustle - not at all (no no no no)
Can't be budged by your muscle (no no no no)
Never ridin on E (no no n-no no)
It's De La and Butta V (drive you crazy)

[Posdonus]

Yo, if you are what you eat; some of you
cats heads between your girl's legs a lot cause y'all act too sweet
(Go brush your teeth!) Then after that
Put in a little more practice on your rhymin attack
What you write's not the least bit hot
Maybe cause your wrist is so cold from all that ice you cop
Hate to hate a playa but you know what?
I still smother ya like cheese and rockin leaves freshly cut

[Butta Verses]

And we the steak and potatoes and De La's the greatest
And ladies be on the floor thankin the Lord that He made us
I'm tellin you, I swoop her like a pelican do
You sayin - look at that pelican fly; you spittin gelatin rhymes
They shaky as shit, ugly in the mold you fit
We the square peg on the round hole, sound's soulful
Your imitation flavor is tofu
It's true we make our bed all day, and we are..

[Posdonus]

.. the world of rap! Take you back
in the days of all four hundred ways that people lack
It's that (what) authentic, big-nosed mic music
Four to five survive all night to it
I'm tryin to keep up with my Jones' and Thomas'
'til I'm broke like them New Year's Eve promises
And that's alright, I just penned another sixteen
to fill my bank account with the mixed greens

[Butta Verses]

Moms want 5's and 10's
The girls I got is 9's and 10's, VH1 "Behind The Pens"
You anticipate greatness from elder statesmen
I ch-ch-ch-AHH, like Biz Mark' or Jason
I bust one shot just to start the racing
The tortoise and the hare, which one there is chasin?
Slow and steady, we already Andretti
Get ticket take parades, waves and confetti and..

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Pos] Come on y'all

[Yummy: x4]

If the Soul keeps rockin, the streets will keep rockin
If the streets keep rockin, the Soul will keep rockin
If the streets stop rockin, the Soul will keep rockin
If the Soul keeps rockin, the streets will keep rockin

De La Soul Lyrics

"Rock Co.Kane Flow"

(feat. MF Doom)

[Posdonus]

Up in them five-star tellies sayin two mic rhymes
be them average MC's of the times
Unlike them, we craft gems
So systematically inclined to pen lines
without sayin the producer's name, all over the track
Yeah I said it! What you need to do is get back
to reading credits, we them medics
alphabetically stuck on that English shit
now, quick now, before we pour that
sureshot pure Rock Co.Kane Flow

[MF Doom]

From the top of the key, the 3 Villain
Been on in the game as long as you can wheelie your Schwinn
Turn the corner spinnin, bust that ass and get up
Dust off the mask, whoever laugh give him a head up
He got jumped, it pumped his adrenaline
He said it made him tougher than a bump of raw medicine
To write all night long, the hourglass is still slow
Flow from Hellborn to free power like Lilco
And still owe bills, pay dues forever
Slay you(s) when it comes to who's more cleverer
Used to wore a leather goose "V" with the fur collar
Hand charged a fee for loose leaf, words for dollar
Ya heard? Holla -- broad or dude we need food
Eat your team for sure, the streets sure seem rude
For fam like the Partridges, pardon him for the mix-up
Battle for your Atari cartridges or put your kicks up
It's a stick up

[Dave]

Now put your blix up, these Riddick Bowe cuts
is swoll like penile flicks, give 'em 20
The danger in his eyes'll let you know he's a brawler
Bring your tallest champs like that much taller
Ten pounds heavier, one step ahead of it
Vocab, stamina, style's all irrelevant
Camps and cliques, units, squad crews and clans
Even your tongues'll fuck around and leave your mouth

[MF Doom]

Doom brung that bum, there goes that news van again
Act like you knew like Toucan Sam an' 'em
He eat rappers like part of a complete breakfast
Your rhymes ain't worth the weight of they cheap necklace

String 'em up, bring 'em up under whack junk snack
And get that out your hand, punk, jump and get your dunk smacked
foul, we all know the rules bro
You slow, you blow the soup on your fools, his Impulse like Yugo

[Posdonus]

You go lights, camera, action with no makeup
We De La to the death, or at least until we break up
Here's a couple of nice guys who finished first
So nice try, but the prize is ours dispersed
They say the good die young, so I added some
bad-ass to my flavor to prolong my life over the drum
Everyone cools off from bein hot
It's about if you can handle bein cold or not!
And we was told to hop on no one's dick by Prince Paul
We stayed original ever since y'all
First to do a lot of things in the game, but the last to say it
No need to place it on a scale to weigh it
And don't do it for the plays or to raise the bar
Yet it's raised anyway, it's so amazing, are
the three L.I. brothers from a other way of thinkin
Hey your lady's winkin, I think you need to control that whore
or I('ll) have to hold that

[Dave]

The elements are airborne, I smell the success
(Yo let's cookie cut the shit and get the gingerbread, man)
Sacrifice mics and push drugs to these rappers
Puff ponies 'til I turn blue in the lips
Sippin broads like 7-Up (ahh) so refreshing
I finger pop these verses like first dates to birthdates
September 2-1, 1-9, 6-8
Too old, to rhyme? Too bad, too late

and the **ANONYMOUS NOBODY**

by DE LA SOUL

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
—
NOBODY
CAN CONTROL
THEM!



De La Soul Lyrics

"Genesis (Intro)"

(feat. Jill Scott)

Huh! I couldn't be nobody but myself, you know that
But then they all started talking
They were talking about love being gone
In my house
They said that there ain't much left to love
Well, there's always something to love if you're familiar enough to recognize it
I mean have you cried for anything lately?
And I don't mean for your friends or your bills or yourself
I mean, for this!
When do you think it's time to love something the most, child?
When it's successful? And have made everything easy for us, huh?
That ain't the time at all It's when its reached it's lowest and you don't believe in it anymore
And the world done kicked it and its tail enough that its lost itself!
Yes, that's when. When nobody cares. That's right. Nobody

De La Soul Lyrics

"Royalty Capes"

It's the flies
They are so annoying
(Shut up you fool, she's here)
Ladies and gents
Crystal carrying pixie peasants and warriors
Elders, ancestors, sons and daughters
Lion hearted kings and everything in between
Take a seat, be witness

You consider 'em king, about to icing on cakes
Chariots cruise at tortoise speeds
Lay your bifocals on royalty
Longer than Sears catalogue
Stern like matadors and [?] LPs
Mirror the crimson tide
The color of the Rubics
Them duplex fuse got your nose up
But coozy up to this warmth though
That long term froze is up
The jone is up
I get swallowed by the barracuda
Androids read raps off iPhones
I choke the blood out of felt tips
Heavy weights up to the front if the belt fits
The wealth is like ivory toothpicks
One out of each tusk
And must gets bust for each and every hiccup
Salute life when dawn breaks
Foreign colors foreign mink lapel's on these royalty capes
I repeat, salute life when dawn breaks
Foreign colors foreign mink lapel's on these royalty capes
Royalty

Behold this divine alignment scrolled secretly in cloud formations. Waterfall rythmes from crowns containing galaxies. Gems from past dimensions. A bond so strong it has unbreakable status. Spits hieroglyphic scripture like a god from Atlantis

Us three be the omega like fish oil
This royal right be own no rentals
Owners of the cape express
He went from the mind you ate off the plate of fundamentals
Knocked on every door of the country's red rugs
We'll lay on floors
We walk and etched in like testament
And find the atomic number 79
On Vernon's periodic table we dine upon
Sittin' on thrones gettin' blown to bits

By our royal dime, fillet of fine dinin'
News from the east sire
Them east coast kings are still findin' ways to stay on
On for play on like a damn disease
Spread the word of Ramseys and fry up a pan of these
Salute down when day breaks
And give me my checks with the same first name as the cape
I repeat salute down when day breaks
And give me my checks with the same first name as the capes
We are royalty

We are an army of stars unleashed
The sky takes notes when we speak
Our capes move with the wind
Because of the wings beneath
This is royalty
The sky takes notes when we speak
Our capes move with the wind
Because of the wings beneath
This is royalty

De La Soul Lyrics

"Pain"

(feat. Snoop Dogg)

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

Let me see how many palms go up high
If you've ever felt the world
Had you licked
And what you waving side to side to symbolize
Didn't help on the sand you wander quick
Big mama said "the Devil's up to no good"
But we can heal it on a Sunday with a good book
Or we can kill it on a Monday for a good look
Make it part of the campaign, to withstand pain
Me, myself, place it all on my shoulders
And give it my all, like heavy lifting
No gain without tears and sweat
They claim blue skies with white clouds, steady drifting
When pain come to get ya, it hit ya like flu
Better times will pick ya, do what you gotta do
To earn focus in the stormy weather
Come out the tunnel to the light saying

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
(I heard my people say)
Pain will make it better

[Snoop Dogg:]

No wetter, four-letter, mo' better
Slow pain, no gain, go getta
Change like the weather
Solid as a rock, small piece of leather

But well put together
Flames are endeavors
Time to find out that pain makes it better
Pain makes it better
Shades of epiphany, can't let it get to me
Move so differently, do it so swiftly
Ease into my style, lay mine down
King be crowned, look at me now
Teaching my classes by the masses
Used to gang bang, used to love the clashes
Now cash is the only motivation, but not for me G
I'm into public relations
That's food for you, De La Soul, word to the letter...

Pain will make it better
Tell me how you feel
Look over your shoulder
Time will make it real
Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

The bigger the headache, bigger the pill
The harder you fall, stronger the will
We came from the back of the bus
Talking wast to mobile, now we're on a house on a hill
Stronger, while filling ya gas tank
The bank was feeling your loan
The OT couldn't cover the bills
When life came with a couple of spills
But we're gonna use that pain fo' fuel so...

Give me no excuses
I know how ya feel
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
(You and my people saying)
Pain will make it better
(I heard the people say)
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better
Pain will make it better

Your music means everything

De La Soul Lyrics

"Property Of Spitkicker.com"

(feat. Roc Marciano)

Control
Control alt
Shift command
Commanding crowds
Crowd option
Vehicle option
Instrument intern
Quantity 17 played back
Property of Spitkicker.com

[Posdnuos:]

Yo, a slow burn we are
Last long three man act to wake up your thermostat
Blood through the property line
Creative minds crossover and back
Scribble with my knife to earn that slice of life
Cut back, aim, shot the name wherever the price is right
The pain earned is the pain learned and it's talking like burn
Connect (to the same as it ever was)
Respect the lane cause it never flood, it's well irrigated
Looking for my vanity, it's there, the mirror hate it
State it, stop being an MC and give your verses more weight
For being just empty, thoughts are oxidised when I spit em out
And my lungs prefer tastes encrypted words laced to get them out home
We're removal service to get kings out the throne
(More hands on) With hands upon the neck
Of a voice magnifier over decks
The sound is found at the young's in the batch
Lovely how I let my mind flow
You can catch me in the early morning
Find me out with no yawning
Have it been asleep I'm on Q
8 in the corner pocket from the booth all 24 hours like it was our debut
Life edited my etiquette
Dreams beyond your eons
You can't wait this out
Start blitz, starring it's that crew who never call the splits convey lines made from outer spine
So the nerve of us to be so damned crushed
Grit like JDL and we sip from the grail
With a current course connect, so we not unsung
Just vets, this mission's undone

[Roc Marciano:]

We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is

We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

It's a honour and a pleasure
Rappers is not try and see me like a diamond tester
I'm all alone, I'm like a silent investor
Well dressed, my suit and vest is never polyester
Keep a shottie on the dresser
My queen look like a young pepper
Up in her plump compress her
My tongue is forever under the weather, however
My heart was still lighter than a feather
Culturally, snort em like cocoa leaf
Them niggas suck more milk - no tea
I'm on the low though in my Polo tee
The show cost money but the promo's free
My pen collection is interesting
No steal, still niggas will feel threatened
My genetics is comedic
Driven in lanes I was looking angelic
Psychedelic, if you was like it I can sell it
But I don't fuck with that sweet shit, I'm diabetic
This is rapping at it's peak
The bird steady yapping at the beat
Come for parakeet
You're not unique, you're no Kool Keith
Shit is more parody
You get with the hall of rhymes distributor
The verse might rend you an Ed Sullivan

We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is
We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

[Dave:]

Yo put that bread on all fours The Catcher in the Rye
New York City lights look dirty in July
4th, no fireworks will dangle in the sky
Like right there, feeling the night air
Promoting the fair fight
Square dance, men at the face off
Crooked eye letters from Madoff, apologise
Long journeys walking cold hard facts

Once you turn up there, there's no turning back
My cocaine flow's the flows that I crack
The hemline, versus all my land
What did your man?
They hard working through on the scale
I'm Joe Pressure on the disk, so messy on the disk
Puerto Rican mams call me floppy
Leap a tall feeling in a single bound
Way over your head like my ex-girl talking bout mind sex
(Well you're A dickhead)
Two texts away from aww shit
Cause I'm an old fart
Go campaign raise the age
Stay fresh like a pound of sage
That could rake the pound amount of figures
Watch the way they crown is staged
Sipped Crown but I was down in age
See the sailor took a sip so the whole ship drowned in grey
Classmates couldn't find a page
Had the answers written in palm over since power was played

[Roc Marciano:]

We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is
We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

De La Soul Lyrics

"Memory Of...(US)"

(feat. Estelle & Pete Rock)

[Hook - Estelle:]

And it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...
I remember your face, I remember your way

[Verse 1 - Estelle:]

I remember you now
Part of my existence
I remember your face
You came in and got me
All in a day
Yeah, all in a day
I remember your lips
Do you remember the taste?
Remember family names
Your child, my child, our child
Whitney and Dwayne
Different to my world now
Remember the way
You gripped my hips so tight now?
Slow up the pace
Maybe erase, don't remember my words

[Hook - Estelle:]

Cause it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...
I remember your face, I remember your way

[Verse 2 - Posdnuos:]

How could I forget?
A ballad was born upon a demo of a fly love song
Didn't take long before the archer with the wings heard it
Shot us in the heart with a contract, he knew we were a hit
The right amount of soul with a parallel amount of grit
But the archer couldn't see the target of departure
Gave in your pink slip and called it quits
It's understood you would
Label me a mate who wronged you
Cause I kept wanting to feature
With them other females on they songs too
Your words spoken in mono for monogamy
Telling me I had to go cause I chose

Stereo for stereotypical male biology
And now I'm left setting traps
For you to fall in for me again
Who hates you to tell me
"Slow up the pace, maybe erase, don't..."

[Bridge - Estelle:]
Slow up the pace
Maybe erase, don't remember my words

[Hook - Estelle:]
Cause it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's easy to recall the good and fall into place
But you're not easy to love
I love the memory of...

[Verse 3 - Dave:]
Our last trip to Vegas had me feeling like we had a chance
But chance just showed up at the wedding
I guess I didn't read the heading
"Forgive and won't erase the bitter past"
But I ain't up for kissing ass
I bought you everything your pretty feet could fit in
Put you behind the finest steering wheels
Fearing you would drive a nigga crazy
Told you grow up, but shit, you was my baby
Bits and pieces never made nothing decent
When I accommodated you, you played me like a stranger

[Bridge - Estelle:]
I remember you now (Accountability is major)
A part of what I did then
Remember your face
Just don't let me trip over memory lane
Cause time can't be replaced
And I don't want to stay

[Hook - Estelle:]
Cause, oh, it's so easy to fall back to the memory of
And it's so dah-dah-dee-dah
Dah-dah-dah-dah-dee-dah
It's so easy to fall
In dah-dah-dah-dah-dee-dah
Remember your way
Remember your way

[Posdnuos:]
It's De La featuring Estelle
With the Soul Brother Pete Rock

De La Soul Lyrics

"CBGBS"

[Posdnuos:]

Beach boy bonanza, sunrise, get up
Surfin' on a curb from inception of a set-up
Planet in black granite, halos above it
The autopsy can't top me, beloved
Dissect survival, passed on a whisper
Placed on the mother who shunned, now it's the
Boys who shot joy inside the violent
(Hell from New York) with a mars inside it

[Dave:]

This is for the bottom of the deck (yo, who got squad?)
They call us the the little goat cheese (let's get the engine, baby)
I rev it like Run, the squint in the sun
I bet you bottom dollar I get louder than a bomb
A pH balance, son, I walk the phenom
Like typo, might go, dope in the stash

[Posdnuous:]

Crooked counterfeits (we keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (straight cash)
(Cash, cash)

You're a peanut with a cashew

De La Soul Lyrics

"Lord Intended"

(feat. Justin Hawkins)

- Here come the mic dude, so just walk
Hey guys I got your mics
- About time
- What up man?
Who's mic one?
- That's me
And mic two?
- Thanks
- Let's go
Let me get this door for you
Good luck guys

One two, one two
(Hey) Yo Mase, you ready?
Mase is ready!
Yo y'all ready
Yeah they ready
We bout to burn this shit down

Yo, there's a fire in the kitchen, it's like nine cooks
The Kool-Aid got spiked with porcupines, look
Rode into Rigo, this ain't a fast track
Your tickets ain't straight, TSA your ass back
NASDAQ, IBM, the big honcho on the block
Bitch, I be him
The rock mega death, we gonna kill the Kane
Fuck everyone, bitch, bring everything
Swing like a mandolin, this ain't a sex toy
This ain't spanish fly, this hot shit
Push the dagger in the devil's eye
Slick Rick, yo, get the big dick, yo
Blow the dust covers, pick the age on it
A nose full, sniff a Rose Bowl full
New game, new players, new year
The hardest rock shit you gon' hear

You can save your soul
If we are no more
Suffer the consequences
We are the way the Lord intended

Her ass, she got it from her momma
Tits from the doctor
Fingers fiddelin' the puss
She looks like an Octa
Fresh off the pole, hanging from her hook

I'm in her Grassy Knoll to hit
Just to say that I cocked her (click, click)
My hardware is progressive
My sex crime language is leaning on obsessive
The Lord looking down, judging, the room needs smudging
But I'm over your stars screaming the moon ain't budging
Ain't from Hollis, don't need to tell you who is
But who it here raise hell, they be like "you kid"
I'm ambidextrous, liken to Dexter
Lyrical blood splatter over the texture
We live by that code, not to regret living
Electric guitar sparks and ignites gun powder
A sabbath ain't black enough to call my bluff, bitch
The killswitch just turns it louder

You can save your soul
If we are no more
Suffer the consequences
We are the way the Lord intended

Fuck everyone
Burn everything
Leaving an impression not just a dented legacy
Fuck everyone
Burn everything you see
*[Not just clinging to the planet powerless to avoid
That cataclysmic impact of a massive asteroid
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Fuck everyone, burn everything
Never to surrender to the cosmic schadenfreude of only
Meeting your creator on the day you are destroyed
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Just as the Lord intended
(Just as the Lord intended)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Burn everything
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)
Burn everything
(Fuck everyone, burn everything)]*

De La Soul Lyrics

"Snoopies"

(feat. David Byrne)

[David Byrne:]

In a hundred years from now
We will not recognize this place
The dollar store is filled with love
The parking lot is full of grace
Now, judges put their snoopies on
With glorious and true restraint
A child is gonna rule them all
Said the prophets of the human race

Hey now, can you picture yourself
Hey now, in the physical sense
Hey now, a subcutaneous thing
Hey now, like a mother and father

[Dave:]

Pan Am trips, circa 76, the Ritz
Papa hit the belt, to pick up at the JFK
I judge nothing, I let her know, AFK
I'm off the front porch and the front screen
Two shocks on my back, the wise look mean
They told me slow down, baby, but I'm a lummoX
The 8-ball said, Dave, you in the wrong lot
Move like sloth, cut cloth with new scissors
You thinking too big, I call Nell Carter
Somebody give me a break, cut ya toe up
You put both hands up, I put four up
Can't teach a fast dog how to stand still
Mano e mano it's the hand to hand still
Somebody give me a break, the clutch went out
Tags slap hands, I'm about to man out
Can't teach a [?] how to stand to still
See y'all tomorrow for the man to man

[David Byrne:]

Now that was all so long ago
See the babies, they are running wild
If you get too close, they run away
So tonight we better stay inside
So whenever things don't go my way
I simply put my snoopies on
I'll share them with you, I don't mind
Let me be your microphone

Hey now, can you picture yourself
Hey now, in the physical sense

Hey now, a subcutaneous thing
Hey now, like a mama and papa

Will I ever get tired of this
Will I ever get turned around
Will I ever get old of you
Give me a break now, the clutch went out
Will I ever go back again
Will I ever get used to me
Will I ever be smart enough
How do I know if I'm totally clean?

[Posdnuos:]

It's the elastic youth, coming to size up your plastic troop
Keep a pot of caution, boil it in the hot
I wonder why, so why not
Move like a used car and you get used up wherever you are
So they say me and my crew get it new all day
Couple of shots of calamity
But don't mess with the gram to be sniffed
Too messy for the ego, when you come crashing
There ain't no airbag to dash in and catch ya
She goes down and I look down
She looks up, I don't know what to say
Yo, do that shit, yo, do that shit
But she already done done it anyway
But yo, do understand under the man
Lies another line set of value, open a shape
So when I'm speeding too fast, it don't match the brake
(Car braking hard)

De La Soul Lyrics

"Greyhounds"

(feat. Usher)

[De La Soul:]

Fresh from a bible belt town
That's what she's givin' up
Not really livin', just flesh comin' off a greyhound
Right at a blink of an eye he provides her with charm
Hides that he is a shark
Suggests a few apartments, never hints to the home
That's what he wanna do
She just wanna new zip code for an old dream
Lost in an appetite now the big apple might
Find her habit of a queen
Feel the negro that's filled with an equal match road
Destination unknown
She's Little Bow Peep
And her and her whole sheep gonna have their wool unsewn
Now the wolf give a push
Now watch her jump in with two feet
Blue heat don't know how to swim through the limbs
Everyone huggin' her, tuggin' her
Ride on the merry-go-round of four drinks and two white lines
Go fast with the fast life so she needs more
One fun fix, now a daily chore
Provide the score, written and produced so perverse
He's a pro well versed
Told her that the purse that she want
With the shoes that she love and the rent that she need paid
Can be earned with speed in a day
Escort on the high class side
Champagne glass rides
White snow waterfalls, oh how time flies
When you're flyin', crash and burn
She learned that her soul was dyin'
That's worth savin'
She's cravin' that bible belt town
So she crawls back on the Greyhound

[Usher:]

Next stop, NYC
Take your seats please
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face
I know how to get there
And I give you my word that I get you there safe
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

[De La Soul:]

Fresh new Gucci belt, bound
Fast to the city scape
Dash to deliver fate
Stashed in this duffel bag, proud
It's no scaredy cat
Life was always spared in thy name
That the gamblers fold
No chips if the scramble got cold
But them warm cushions and them soft bus seats
Push that second thought along
Beneath the roof of a Super 8, he sleeps till it's night time
Then connects in the streets like a pipe line
In dark shades he supplies dark brigades
Of lost souls with his chemical morsels
He's no lab tech
He was born into a legacy stretched from Aztecs and beyond
Assets he was drawn to
Had him spreadin' the wool over his mother's eye
He's the black sheep
His pops career driven, he's the backseat
The man on the wheel that cruises on sunrise
That the man brought eyes to his pay per view
Kind of paper make a fool shoot his statement through
And take the label too
Till he's can't [?]
Till a pancake pocket change the landscape
Take a short visit home in the town
It's time to re-up, it's back on the Greyhound

[Usher:]

Next stop, NYC
Take your seats please
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face
I know how to get there
And I give you my word that I get you there safe
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed
Forever be changed, forever be changed
So watch where you're goin'
And this food you're chosin'
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive you'll forever be changed
Forever be changed, be changed
You'll forever be changed

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sexy Bitch"

Once upon a time for the minute by the shape of the hour
The unify finds divide in the power you
He talk us in and work us way in and devour you whole
We all know the power do
Damsel in distress, she's not
She lay a muzzle in a jigzaw puzzle
Meaning she's a straight shooter
Shooting straight in your vein
Leave your heart all tatted up
Own the blame
She lives by the name of a sexy bitch
The scratch to my itch, touch capability
Angelic lips, devilish hips
Manage to make a sandwich of a power utility
You feeling me?

Ey yo yo, what's up lady? what up?
Come here for me, come here
Oh, you ain't gonna stop for me? Word! Bitch!
- Should have never did that, atleast not to this one
Man that bitch wasn't even trying to holla at me
- It don't work that way, baby
I mean, I look good man. Man that ass fat
- You just can't look so dusty
What?
- In my days you gotta be versatile, you know
Versatile, huh? So what do you suggest I do next time, old man?
- Don't even look, don't waste your time, baby

De La Soul Lyrics

"Trainwreck"

Don't walk out there with your hand open
Good things come to those who wait
She don't even care about who she is
She don't care about nothing and nobody
Because no class, no representation
Might take on the days woman
You've got so many different flavors
You've got so many different types
We the package deal
Can't go wrong with that
Knowing how to cook a good twenty-two pound ham
Whooty-who
Nothing like a tall six-foot-five woman
For a short man like me
To fill up a good waterbed
I'm only sixty-seven
I still got lot more time to find the right one
And you do need to find the right one

She move forward like proceed
Keep heads up like nosebleed
A piece from the East, from the norm
But she off of the chain
So she cover all globally
Never be touched, so I'm holding
Bullets found a target
The gun know me
The past life bags from my memory
A fan of a large and i'm a member see
I give it to her like that fool
Sucker for love
Yeah I'm that dude
When she's on the wood
She give good oral
When I'm not with her
I get withdrawal
Lord

I'm half a man without a one to call
She claimed a mathin' man
She's a wonder-doll
She keep me floored
Pack an iron-snake on thirt(y) rims
She like the snake in her bird-tim
I'm addicted by design, a fiend
If she ever try to cut me from her team

Don't turn your back

When she's on that track
Watch out for that train-wreck
Cause when she come
You better watch your back
Watch out she's a train-wreck

[James Brown Sample]

She had me at Star-bucks
Sippin' frappuccino
I wanna grind on that coffee-bean
A couple cups of that joe is a pep-back
She'll be swinging on chandeliers
Baby got that skin
I can handle years
And I won't mind if she fucks asleep
Her mouth game is like Rap-A-Lot
Her Facebook say that she aim at this rap a lot
Online surfing for them beach boys
To bring the sand under her feet boys
She my rock bottom like last offers
Wouldn't write me off like the last offer
Even though she a bomb scare
I'm standing right here
I'm right here

Don't turn your back
When she's on that track
Watch out for that train-wreck
Cause when she come
You better watch your back
Watch out she's a train-wreck

De La Soul Lyrics

"Drawn"

(feat. Little Dragon)

[Yukimi Nagano:]

Shadow you're drawn, why don't you go?
In the corner babe watching the snow
Moving afar, rolling away
In the corner, believe, why won't you stay?
Won't you stay babe? Won't you stay babe?

Oh, I never know what come around
I never looked ahead
I'm wreckin' rules and it's pulling us down
The words I wished I'd said
Shadow you're drawn and you got your ways
Shadow you're painted red, red

Moving afar, rolling away
In the corner, believe, why won't you stay?
Won't you stay babe? Won't you stay babe?

It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn
It's drawn, it's drawn

[Posdnuos:]

One, two

Yo, I'm with the paper plate, hold
Too many dreams, a paperweight took a toll
Food on the floor, not on the wasted or knew
Or what's being pasted and know that it's not a copy
I own a prize instead of gas price
Lyrically wonder why I travel past the nicest
Born in a generation that don't generate patience
I travel too fast for you to clock me (time)
Not always a good thing
You can lose the love of your life to a lifetime of love on tour
I didn't mean to be a whore but my hormones
Had me like a fiend screamin' "What you got for me?"
Two words (I'm mortal)
But the fans slid 'em both together and remove the apostrophe
Hip hop's lords maybe but my ways needs laundering
Time's a-ticking, stop squandering!

De La Soul Lyrics

"Whoodeeni"

(feat. 2 Chainz)

Your music means everything to you

Bullet bring the gun, why pull it?
Shoot words to see who's full of it
We from the same place, land of the game face
Plug signs on the jackets
Give props, yo, like a Prop Joe package
It's illegal
How those kids can come from out of the slums and live so regal
Lose it all on a prayer to the ego
Before the loss we earn for the cause
Toast to the life though my liver won't endorse
Currently in time and my enzymes
Are in sync to digest the brink of armageddon
The bedding's over the mattress we lay with the actress
For social media to swallow us
Watch them rap peers who don't reply back
Cause they think we gon' snatch up their Twitter followers
That's some female type foolery
And your females like glue to it
She know it, the scent of a poet
Police buy restraint to cover all the angles
A no opera of operations
See one got all you in your crew all confident with courage
We'll be there jumping your square record
You be like "check it, they stretched the shit into rectangles, damn!"

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

[2 Chainz:]

Born institutionalized
My homie from N.O., find his crib with the roof on the side
FEMA asking for an address, but ain't no mailbox
Nothing left to do out here but to sell rocks
Now they got cellphones inside of the cell blocks
And my cousin on parole cause he sold Glocks
My cousin is so stuck
Told you we have more soul than James Brown
Wearing a gold watch that obviously don't work
Used to go home and rob niggas for homework
See if the chrome work
Might call your girl to see if my phone work

I'm a hood star and the trophy is a gold vert
Mouth full of gold teeth
Niggas might end up obsolete if I'm four deep
Real nigga for real bed full of new sheets
Bedroom floor filled up with the loose leafs
This is a war zone, me and a two-piece
Put another head on and make it a new piece
She be like "ooh wee", I be like "ooh wee"
I love myself so much I'm a groupie
Everybody know my verses is pookie
Had 'em all strung out like it's a drug house
When I'm in the booth I'm MJ with his tongue out
When I'm in the booth I'm Kanye with a gun out
Run in your mom house
Then I'mma lean sideways and burn out
All natural, I hope you got the perm out
I've been straightening that shit
New niggas came and tried to hate on that shit
I'mma use it now, I ain't waiting on shit

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

[Dave:]

Big drawers, where the big drawers at?
I got a case of the little head controlling the big head thinking
Played Honest Abe in the back of a Lincoln
Chopped down a cherry, American Pie varied
Next day she was on my Snapchat sexting
Had her bunny hopping a quick ten seconds
Dear Lord, forgive a nigga, I've been down with doubt
Had the frog legs, now I'mma knock this piggie out
Now Dave like to cuddle, but Dave don't play that
Like Dave had the ring, listen, Dave ain't say that
Courtships to door steps to gettin' ass, and if it's one of my broads
Keep your feet off the grass, size eleven the gas
Mash that potato till we lay in the grass
She mellow like it's a picnic
If she the mermaid, give her the fish stick
First class flight, shoot her out to the district
Wait, cancel the stallion, hold your horses
Kickstart your life and cut your losses
Look how we did 'em, ma, your boy still got it
I quit drinking, I quit the narcotics
Life's a bitch, but she seeing a therapist
This hip-hop done dilly to cameras, huh
We got stoops and [?] to sit on
Bitcoins Vivian Maese to bid on
But we cautious
Never undermine the hate and turn the spell on your evil forces

But this ain't the cha-cha two-step
Been a rider ever since the Schwinn gooseneck
The buck stops here, there ain't no who's next

Dance, freak, get out your seat
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni
Get loose y'all, get up now
Everybody, everybody get down
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

De La Soul Lyrics

"Nosed Up"

And in from the door steps a dumbass struts the fool's gold
Know-it-all, and you wear it well
Funk-less in full length
Too square to stand for anything
Somebody get that man a chair

[Posdnuos:]

No matter where you opt to sit, the opposite-attract law don't fit
Repel even the docile
Always showing your nostrils, got em hostile
The way you're so uppity, till someone barks on ya
You get puppy feet
Quite a laugh, cause you don't know half, but act like you own a puzzle
And everyone allegedly under you, begging just to guzzle from your fountain of fresh
(Hashtag)

Fuck outta here, they rather stay clear
Roll up the papers and pass
While you turn your nose from the smell
Like Stanley on Fridays
Saying we should stay off the grass
As if the lines you sniff is more healthy
Delusions of prestige is not where the health be
B, you need to get it together
But nah, here comes you, part Frank Drebin, part Mr. Magoo
Stay stepping into trouble
Oh so [?] when you're repping for your bubble
But bubbles can get popped, exposed to reality
Watch the words that drop
There's not enough salary to cover the check
'Fore you're behind on cash
People can see you coming like 9/11 ash
Toxic till your last days
And with your shady maneuvers
No one will include you where they ass stays

Behold your royal highness of sinus
It's near 100 miles of running cause your nose needs plumbin'

Captain Nose-dive reporting for duty on the good ship Handkerchief, all aboard
And that goes for you too, Nostril-damus

He who knows nose
And from the from the rooty to the tooty he defines snooty
Somebody asked me the other day is the brother a brother
Does Kleenex wipe?
Yeah I see that

[Dave:]

Like you got one eye on top of your third
A star is born but whose claimin' that birthright
At first sight you the well dressed Park Ave sachet
Acclimated to the scent of your own tail (the bullshit)
The same bull that rage when the buck stops
You'll be walkin' on clouds but that's a smoke machine
See your dineros can't buy bliss, you high fist then
Turn into you flippin' the bird
And every man under your wing
You build your nest egg but you was spoiled rotten
Forgotten you can get robbed of your fame
Beak out like pelicans
You relishin' the fact that you stand feet from stardom
You bargain astonishin' antiques in this modern way of livin'
So tight and not a half size forgivin', you takin' the piss
You got a butler in duplex
Them two Tecs and our God won't protect ya
Can't stay in them white gloves for too long Mr. Handyman
Canaries don't chirp in your candy land
Give them motherfuckin' pigeons a hug

And then he strolls through the valley of dark
Nincompoop, simpleton
Stranger to his own father
Seldom down to get down

And just never stays up
Well, I'm yours son
We talkin' up there like a satellite

Species: canis lupus, unfamiliar
What's happening, dog?
You smell more like pig to me

La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro
La-la-la-la-la
Do-do-do-do
Be careful with your nose bro

De La Soul Lyrics

"You Go Dave (A Goldblatt Presentation)"

[Davey Chegwidden:]

Your music means everything to you
Are you concerned about the status of your playlist and precious collection?
We feel you, and we're here to help
Have no fear, De La Soul is here

[David Goldblatt:]

Hi, I'm Dave
And for the last couple of months
I've been waiting for every new album release in every genre
But all I've been hearing is garbage
I'm just not satisfied
Can somebody help me?

[Davey Chegwidden:]

Well Actually Dave, there's nobody
The Anonymous Nobody
Providing comprehensive substance
For you and your loved ones
We offer peace you of mind
Knowing your investment
In our music lasts a lifetime

[David Goldblatt:]

After I got my copy of the Anonymous Nobody, I felt amazing
I mean, my ears are glowing!

[Davey Chegwidden:]

Sign up today, and receive your 16 handcrafted songs sure to inspire and move you

[David Goldblatt:]

Fuck! I can't stop dancing!
Watch me nae nae

[Davey Chegwidden:]

Call us at 222-2222
Where an agent awaits to help you
De La Soul and the Anonymous Nobody
We're here for you

[David Goldblatt:]

Ooh watch me, watch me
Ooh watch me, watch me

[Davey Chegwidden:]

You go Dave

De La Soul Lyrics

"Here In After"

(feat. Damon Albarn)

Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Yeah we're still here now
We're still

Basic or Asic

I ain't tryna waste this

Took a long time cryin', cryin' ain't a crime
I got my mom, she passed away, my daddy ain't alive
Before they murdered Fudge I prayed for more time
Had y'all on my mind all week

I missed the last

They say a better tomorrow is to sacrifice the calf
Keep that cow in the pasture, knife in the drawer
It's been a long 40 days, it's gonna take 40 more
Make it through losin' love, sorta like rock few
I made the limits, I thought that I run the gas out
When you took your last breath, I only passed out
Laid in the better place but that left me ass out
Hearin' that voice goin' dependent on memory
[?] is fakin' now and I need that energy
Fake to perfection flesh, I should be thankful
From neck to ankle I'm physically [?]

Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Cause we're still here now
Yeah we're still here now
We're still

Dreams

Out of eternal dreams comes delusion
(Cause we're still here now)

Ride into our [?] Rolls-Royce, brown
You silver shadow yeah
(We're still)

Order now beers and wine and if the bar stool's empty
(Cause we're still here now)

And time is a dogma you can't escape
You can't escape, you can't escape
You think you know it, careful what you search for
Stare it in the face
(We're still)
Seasick on Pacific swell
I did it to myself

Stare it in the face
Next day radiant blue

How you gonna recognize it?
Think he cried more than me
How you gonna let go?
Just lookin' at, starin' at his face
How, how, how, how will you ever know?
Just lookin' at, starin' at his face
How will you ever know?
Think he cried more than me
Starin' at his face
Hey, ah, How will you ever know?
Starin' at his face
(Out here the only one)
How will you ever know?
How will you ever know?
Starin' at his face

Instead I hear your voice
I hear your voice
With me
With the way
Gone for now but here to stay
But here to stay
I will always place your memory
For now

De La Soul Lyrics

"Exodus"

It's the years that we own and we earned them
See the bridges we built now are burned down
Even though a few friends just returned them
Shit and shit there we affirm them
Go the path and as always the righteous
We know darkness
So we wipe dust
From our eyes, no surprise when the broom come
We do night like the honor, the moon, sun
People think we are linked to the solvent
Of the problem that's revolvin'
Around music today but it's not true
We just do it our way cause we're not you
But we know you
We embrace you like brothers, we stow you
With an outro that's also an intro
For the east, and the west, and the central

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We are the present, the past and still the future. Bound by friendship, fueled and inspired by what's at stake.
Saviors, heroes? Nah. Just common contributors hopin' that what we created inspires you to selflessly challenge
and contribute. Sincerely, anonymously, nobody